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THE WORKS OF JOHN RUSKIN

EDITED BY

E. T. COOK

AND

ALEXANDER WEDDERBURN

LONDON
GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD
NEW YORK: LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1907

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VOLUME XXXI

BIBLIOTHECA PASTORUM:

THE ECONOMIST OF XENOPHON

ROCK HONEYCOMB

THE ELEMENTS OF PROSODY

AND

A KNIGHT'S FAITH

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INTRODUCTION TO VOL. XXXI

THIS volume collects various books, edited or written by Ruskin, which he published under the general title *Bibliotheca Pastorum*. It thus comprises: (I.) The *Economist* of Xenophon, translated by two of Ruskin's pupils, and prefaced by himself (1876); (II.) Selections from Sir Philip Sidney's *Psalter*, arranged and annotated, with introductory essays, by Ruskin, under the title *Rock Honeycomb* (1877); (III.) an essay by Ruskin on the *Elements of English Prosody* (1880), explanatory of terms issued in the foregoing book; and (IV.) *A Knight's Faith* (1885), under which title Ruskin rearranged, with much matter of his own, the journals of Sir Herbert Edwardes describing *A Year on the Punjab Frontier, 1848–1849*.

It should be explained that No. III. in the foregoing list was not numbered by Ruskin as a volume in *Bibliotheca Pastorum*; it was too short for such. Vol. III. in the series was to have been a further selection from Sidney's *Psalter*. This, however, Ruskin did not publish. He had, however, prepared a portion of it for the press, and this additional matter, now for the first time printed, is here included in *Rock Honeycomb*. Finally, in an Appendix, given in this volume for a reason presently explained (pp. xxxiv., xxxv.), is some matter which will throw a new light for most people on Ruskin's many-sided interests —namely, examples of his setting of songs to music.

The volume belongs, in virtue of its origin and purpose, to the same group of Ruskin's undertakings which includes *Fors Clavigera* (Vols. XXVII.–XXIX.) and the *St. George's Guild* (Vol. XXX.). "A republication of classical authors in standard forms" had "long been a main object" with Ruskin. In his lecture "Of Kings' Treasuries" (1864), he had spoken of "a royal series of chosen books" as a dream of the future.[1] Ten years later, in Letter 37 of *Fors*, he described how, in his community of St. George, "every household would have its library," which was partly to be the same in each home, consisting

[1] *Sesame and Lilies*, § 49 (Vol. XVIII. p. 104).

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of a selection of classical authors.[1] The occasion of his setting himself to provide such a library may be traced to the country-walk at Brantwood, mentioned in *Fors*, during which he chanced to enter a shepherd-farmer's cottage and to examine the books provided for "little Agnes." He found them to be pitiful stuff, and determined, "as a duty which it behoved St. George's Company to do, to see that all the 'bibles' which she has, whether for delight or instruction, shall indeed be holy bibles."[2] This purpose was again described, a few months later, as the provision for every village library of "a chosen series of classical books, perfectly printed and perfectly bound."[3] In January 1876 he was able to announce that a beginning was then in hand;[4] and the present volume contains the contributions actually made by Ruskin towards the completion of his purpose. In what sense he used the word "classical" of books to be included in his *Bibliotheca*, and in what sense it was to be a Bibliotheca *Pastorum*, Ruskin himself fully explains (below, pp. 5, 7).

Ruskin's scheme, as was ever the case with him, was larger than the fulfilment; though, as we shall see, he issued other books, intended to the same end, than those formally included in the series entitled *Bibliotheca Pastorum*. Its scope, as defined in *Fors* and again here in the Preface to Xenophon's *Economist* (p. 20 *n.*), was to include illustrations "piece by piece" of Athenian, Roman, Florentine, Venetian, and English life and history. In Letter 61 of *Fors*, he gives the following list of books which, among others, he hoped to prepare, or to persuade friends to prepare, for inclusion in the Standard Library:—

Xenophon's *Economist*.
Gotthelf's *Ulric the Farm Servant*.
History of England after the Conquest.
Life of Moses.
Life and Writings of David.
Hesiod.
Virgil, *Georgics* i. and ii. and *Æneid* vi. } in one volume.
Livy, books i. and ii. }
Dante.
Chaucer.
St. John the Divine.

[1] Vol. XXVIII. p. 20.
[2] Letter 51 (March 1875), Vol. XXVIII. p. 276.
[3] Letter 58 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 434).
[4] Letter 61 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 499). Compare Letter 67 (*ibid.*, p. 648).

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The Xenophon was duly published as volume i. in *Bibliotheca Pastorum*. Ruskin did not include Plato in the list, but at various times he made considerable progress with a translation of the *Laws*, and in connexion with it he wrote various notes on Athenian history. Of Books i. and ii. he completed a translation, adding a good many notes; this translation was made day by day in his diary between February 1879 and March 1880, and afterwards copied out by his secretary for revision. Ruskin had some intention of publishing it. A translation of *Ulric*, edited by Ruskin, was published, though not included in that series; with other studies of peasant-life, which he issued, it is now printed in Volume XXXII. The History of England, which was to have been written by one of Ruskin's Oxford friends,[1] did not see the light. "Some of the lines of thought," which he had hoped to see followed, may be gathered (as he says) from the few lectures on *The Pleasures of England*.[2] The story of other cities was to have been told in the intended series of studies in national history and character, illustrated by artistic monuments, which he entitled *Our Fathers Have Told Us;* but this scheme was carried no further than *The Bible of Amiens*.[3] The Writings of David were in some sort covered by *Rock Honeycomb*. The other projected volumes of *Bibliotheca Pastorum* were never realised. It may be noted further in this connexion that Ruskin's republication of *Dame Wiggins of Lee*[4] was intended to provide little Agnes of the shepherd's cottage with a nursery rhyme more rhythmical, and therefore, as he characteristically adds, more moral,[5] than those of current "popular literature." His books on Birds, Flowers, and Rocks were also intended, as has been said already in an earlier volume,[6] as "school grammars."

I. XENOPHON'S "ECONOMIST"

The *Economist* of Xenophon, with which Ruskin started his *Bibliotheca Pastorum*, had long been a favourite book with him. It was, indeed, the foundation on which he built all his studies in Political Economy.[7] This was the reason of its selection for the first volume

[1] See Vol. XXIII. p. 57 and Vol. XXVIII. p. 499.
[2] See § 6 of that work (Vol. XXXIII.).
[3] Except for two chapters on the history of monasticism, now appended to the *Bible of Amiens* (Vol. XXXIII.).
[4] See Vol. II. pp. 519 *seq.*
[5] See *Fors*, Letter 50 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 260–261).
[6] See Vol. XXVII. pp. lxvii.–lxviii.
[7] See the letter to his father of November 5, 1861, and the Preface to *Unto this Last*, Vol. XVII. pp. xlix., 18.

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in his library of classical authors. The first law of creation, he says (p. 10), is "that by the sweat of the brow we shall eat bread." Therefore, "the economy of the field is the first science," and this is stated by Xenophon "in terms that cannot be mended." Where in any ancient classic is to be found a model of the country gentleman so admirable and so imitable as Xenophon's portrait of Ischomachus? He apportions his day between exercises for health and strength, and the diligent furthering of his fortunes (xi. 19). He takes an active part in the farming of his land—"always looking at the way the labourers are doing it, and making any improvements he can upon what is being done" (xi. 16). He sifts charges of injustice, and adjusts quarrels and differences (xi. 23). He seems to have practised some form of co-operation, allowing his dependants to share in any abundant good which Heaven might bestow (xii. 6); just, as in the house, his wife made the housekeeper "rejoice with us when we rejoiced" (ix. 12). How well, too, as Mr. James Davies has remarked,[1] does Xenophon put into the mouth of Ischomachus "the cardinal points of husbandry—the criteria of the nature of the soil; the seasons and manner of sowing; the operations of reaping, threshing, winnowing; the directions for planting trees and the precautions to be observed. We may claim every farmer's assent to Xenophon's axiom as to a soil showing its nature even in neglect: 'even when lying waste it shows its nature all the same; for, cultivate the soil which brings forth wild things in beauty, and you will find it yield in their beauty things no longer wild' (xvi. 5). How often is this saying re-affirmed *à propos* of thistles! Again, weak soils must be sown lightly; for a weak soil can as ill ripen much corn as a worn-out sow mature a large litter (xvii. 10). The details of the latter chapters surprise us by their applicability to modern rules of farming and timber-planting, being replete with maxims as to which the pupil will hardly credit his ears when told that they are ancient. Of one thing he may be sure, that Xenophon's teaching herein is for all time, as, indeed, it is in his kindred treatises. True, it was no fashion of his day to cultivate huge farms with a minimum of man and an abundance of machinery, but he makes farming pay so well that Ischomachus used to buy a farm that had been neglected, to get it into cultivation, and sell it at a profit" (xx. 22). *Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere:* Ruskin quotes the familiar lines from the *Georgics* in an early letter of *Fors*,[2] and he issued this translation of Xenophon's book in *Bibliotheca*

[1] In the *Academy*, June 30, 1877.
[2] See Vol. XXVII. p. 144.

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Pastorum for a picture of "the actual life of all glorious human states."

It was not only, however, as a treatise on rural economy that Xenophon's book appealed to Ruskin. It contains also, he says, "a faultless definition of wealth" (p. 25); "the most perfect ideal of kingly character and kingly government"; and "the ideal of domestic life" (p. 26). The definition of wealth and the picture of Cyrus as the ideal king have been touched upon in earlier volumes.[1] The pictures of domestic life are among the most charming passages in Greek literature, and equally charming is Ruskin's characterisation of Xenophon's ideal of the relations between man and wife, and of the sphere of good women (p. 26). Here, again, the book entirely accords with Ruskin's own views, as set forth in *Sesame and Lilies* and on many a page of *Fors Clavigera*. He remarks of Xenophon's pictures that they "cannot be changed or amended but in addition of more variously applicable detail"; and as in the agricultural, so in the moral and domestic, part of Xenophon's *Economist*, every reader must be struck by the modernity of the ancient writer. In what age would the curtain-lecture of Ischomachus (ch. x.) be out of date? And how interesting a commentary it is upon the secrets of Greek toilette, as vases and bronzes and the dainty ladies of the Tanagra figurines reveal them to us! How timely, again, is Xenophon's argument (ch. v. § 5) for the Yeomanry! The reflections by the way, in which Xenophon's book is rich, continually arrest the reader as ancient instances of modern saws. "One hears the maxim 'a place for everything and everything in its place' with an impression," says Mr. Davies, "that it is a sparkle of modern wisdom." But Ischomachus propounds and illustrates it (viii. 16). "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself" was a lesson taught by Cyrus in his park at Sardis (iv. 22). "The master's eye," says a German proverb, "does more than both his hands"; but the German wisdom is adopted from the Greek, as related in a story of a Persian and his king (xii. 20).

In such ways, then, is the *Economist* of Xenophon a "classic," in the sense, understood by Ruskin, of a book which states "unchanging truth expressed as clearly as possible" (p. 5). He commended it also as a model of style; a model, just because it presents "no model of grace, or force in rhetoric. It is simply the language of an educated gentleman," and "for the greater number of us this is the most exemplary manner of writing" (p. 27). Ruskin's characterisation of the style of

[1] See, for Xenophon's definition of wealth, Vol. XVII. p. 288; and, for Cyrus, Vol. XXIII. p. 358, Vol. XXVIII. p. 738, and Vol. XXIX. p. 111.

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Xenophon was anticipated, in some measure, by Cicero, who found, indeed, "the Muses speaking by the mouth of Xenophon," but noted its "remoteness from all forensic clatter."[1] Simplicity and absence of affectation were the points which Ruskin desired his pupils to keep steadily in mind in their translation.

The *Economist* of Xenophon was much admired by the ancients, and also in the days of the Renaissance. Cicero made a translation, of which fragments remain. It found great favour with the Italians of the Renaissance, so that Alberti, or some other, speaks of imitating "*quel Greco dolcissimo e soavissimo scrittore Senophonte.*"[2] An early English translation (1534) of the book has been mentioned in a previous volume;[3] it was a book, said the translator, "whiche for the welthe of this realme I deme very profitable to be red." A German translation followed in 1567, and another English one in 1727; but the *Economist* then fell into neglect in this country, and Professor Mahaffy, who devotes some interesting pages to the book in his *Social Life in Greece* (1874), notes that it had been "strangely ignored by our scholars."[4] Ruskin in 1867 had expressed the wish that "the whole book were well translated."[5] "It was at one of his breakfasts to his 'diggers' and other undergraduates in the spring of 1875," writes Mr. Wedderburn, "that Ruskin said he wanted the translation done. Leonard Montefiore and I, both then at Balliol, volunteered, and started the work; but Montefiore, who was not a 'classical' scholar, decided to give it up, and proposed Collingwood, who was at University, to me as collaborateur. In the Long Vacation of 1875 I joined Collingwood at a cottage he then had on Windermere, and there we completed our first draft of the translation. We then went over to Brantwood for a few days, and stayed, I think, a few weeks. Anyhow, we there revised the translation with Ruskin, reading it out to him, and he following our translation with the Greek. This was our morning's work, and in the afternoons we made the new harbour (Vol. XXIII. p. xxiv.) or went expeditions with Ruskin. It was the first of many long stays at Brantwood for us both."

The book has not hitherto been reprinted; and opportunity has been taken of the present occasion to mark some few places in which the translation seemed to the present editors to require reconsideration.

[1] *Ad Marcum Brutum Orator*, xix. 62; ix. 32.

[2] *Opere volgari di Leon Battista Alberti*, quoted by H. G. Dakyns in *Hellenica*, p. 380. The translation of the *Economist* by Mr. Dakyns is in vol. iii. part i. (1897) of his edition of *The Works of Xenophon*.

[3] Vol. XVII. p. 524 *n*.

[4] Ch. viii. p. 258 (1st edition).

[5] See Vol. XXVII. p. 524.

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The Preface contributed by Ruskin to the book is among the most elaborate and characteristic of his shorter pieces. "I'm just doing a most careful Preface to Xenophon," he wrote to Professor Norton (Oxford, March 1, 1876)—"mapping Greek colonies and religion all over Europe, and am giddy with the lot of things that focus, now, out of past work." The rapid generalisations which he thus mapped out, if suggestive, are perhaps not always firmly grounded; he submitted them, for the most part, as suggestions only (p. 10), and suggestive they certainly are. In style, the Preface, as a reviewer wrote at the time,[1] is "faultless in eloquence, glancing from impregnable invective to enthusiasm, from biting scorn to reverential praise, with the varying brilliance of sunlight, now intensifying the edge and glitter of ice, now falling in showers of jewels on the unfrozen waters."

The *facsimile* of MS. here introduced (p. 21) shows the first draft of the beautiful passage in which national life is compared to the growth and flowering of sword-leaved lilies.

The *manuscript* and corrected proofs of Ruskin's Preface, which are in Mr. Wedderburn's possession, form an unusually complete series. (1) First there is the original MS. Preface. To this, passages were added afterwards by Ruskin; and, on the other hand, some passages were omitted: examples of these latter are now printed as footnotes (see, *e.g.*, pp. 16, 23). (2) Next there is a fair copy by Ruskin of the first part of the Preface. Then follow (3) the First, and (4) the Second Proofs, corrected by Ruskin. These proofs, however, do not contain the last half of § 13 down to the end of the first sentence of § 21—a passage added by Ruskin to the Preface after he had got it into page-revise. A revise with this additional matter in print and some further corrections by Ruskin (written in by Mr. Wedderburn) is in the Coniston Museum (see below, p. 4). Even this, however, did not conclude Ruskin's revision; since (5) the Preface as published again differs somewhat from the last-mentioned revise.

A comparison of the Preface in these several stages shows the great care and constant revision which the author bestowed upon this piece of writing. One or two passages may be given. The first sentence of section 11, for instance, passed through the following stages:[2]—

(1) The third, or Arcadian Doric race gave example of such as was best for uncultivated and simple persons, rendering rude life delightful and untaught life noble, by the virtues of endurance and silence.

[1] In the *Examiner*, September 30, 1876.
[2] The numbers—(1), etc.,—refer to the stages enumerated above.

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(3) The third, or Arcadian Doric race gave example of such a life as was best for uncultivated and simple persons, rendering such untaught life noble, by the virtues of endurance and silence.

(4) The third race, of the Isle of Shade, gave example of such, etc.

Again, at the end of section 2, there is a passage which underwent five revisions, thus:—

(1) . . . a new name written. And this he can do not by knowing all that has been done before, but by seeing some new truth, for revelation of which the time has come, being the part and contribution of such time to the world's treasure of heavenly things. Only this is never possible, except to modest persons, submissive to the scheme of the eternal Wisdom; nor possible in any high degree to persons who have not been in some large measure initiated in the knowledge of the past.

(2) . . . a new name written. Which is done, by those appointed for it, not after knowing all that has been known before, but in seeing some truth which could not have been known till now, the time for its revelation having come. But this is never possible except to modest persons, submissive to the scheme of the eternal Wisdom; nor has it yet proved possible in any great degree except to persons trained reverently in some portion of the wisdom of the past.

(3) . . . a new name written. Which is done, by those appointed for it, not after they have learned all that has been known before, but in seeing some truth which could not have been known till then, the time for its revelation have come. But this . . . wisdom of the past.

(4) . . . a new name written. Which is done, by those ordered to such masonry, not after . . . wisdom of the past.

On the final proofs (not preserved) Ruskin revised yet once again the sentences which had cost him so much trouble, for as printed they run:—

(5) . . . a new name written. Which is indeed done, by those ordered to such masonry, without vainly attempting the review of all that has been known before; but never without modest submission to the scheme of the eternal wisdom; nor ever in any great degree, except by persons trained reverently in some large portion of the wisdom of the past.

Such instances might be multiplied from almost every page of the Preface. As it was ultimately printed, it is one of the smoothest and most felicitously worded of Ruskin's shorter pieces; but, as may be traced in the passage just given, he revised his sentences constantly

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in order to put the greatest amount of ideas into the fewest and clearest words, and his verbal felicities did not always occur to him upon first thoughts.

II. "ROCK HONEYCOMB"

(For the title, see the 16th verse in the 81st Psalm: "With *honey* out of the *rock* should I have satisfied thee." "To those who have really known either David's joy, distress, or desires," Sidney's Version of the Psalter will, Ruskin says (p. 136), "be enlightenment of heart and eyes, as the tasted honey on the stretched-out spear of David's friend.")

The second volume in *Bibliotheca Pastorum* was a selection from the metrical paraphrases of the Psalter by Sir Philip Sidney and his sister, Mary, Countess of Pembroke,—the lady celebrated in the famous epitaph commonly ascribed to Ben Jonson:—

"Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

It is not known when the paraphrases were made. In 1580 Sidney, having fallen into disfavour at Court, stayed for several months at Wilton with his sister, when they pursued their literary studies together and the *Arcadia* was begun. Perhaps it was at the same time that they planned the version of the Psalms, which the Countess is supposed to have finished after her brother's death.

The history of this work, at once celebrated and little known, is one of the curiosities of literature; but indeed Sidney's literary productions generally have been, except among the inner circle of his day, more talked about than read—an unconscious illustration, perhaps, of an underlying conviction that the man was greater than his work. His work as a poet has, indeed, high value and importance; but his contemporaries seem to have felt that his life was his greatest poem. None of his books was published while he lived, though they circulated freely in manuscript, according to the fashion of the day, among his friends and the learned world; and the *Arcadia*, published after his death, passed through seventeen editions before 1674; but not until

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1873 were his poems fully collected and properly edited. The metrical version of the Psalter, by Sidney and his sister, had to wait more than two and a half centuries before being printed at all. The version was well known, by manuscript copies, at the time of its composition. It is mentioned by Fulke Greville (see below, p. xxv.); and Ben Jonson told Drummond that "Sir P. Sidney had translated some of the Psalmes which went abroad under the name of the Countesse of Pembrock."[1] Praises of the Psalter appear among the multitudinous tributes, to the number of some two hundred, it is said, which were penned to Sidney's memory. The poet Donne wrote a piece, full of curious conceits, "Upon the translation of the Psalmes by Sir Philip Sydney and the Countess of Pembroke, his sister"; and Daniel, in a dedication of his *Tragedy of Cleopatra* to the Countess, declared that

> "Those Hymns, which thou dost consecrate to Heav'n,
> Which Israel's singer to his God did frame,
> Unto thy voice eternity hath given,
> And makes thee dear to him from whence they came."

But time was tardy in embodying the verdict of eternity. The Psalms of Sidney and his sister were occasionally mentioned, and a few excerpts were sometimes given—as by Steele in the eighteenth number of the *Guardian* (April 1, 1713), who, as the versions "have never been printed," presented his readers with a transcript, from a MS. in the possession of a friend, of the paraphrase of Psalm cxxxvii. Steele, referring to "our gallant countryman, Sir Philip Sidney," as "a noble example of courage and devotion," was "particularly pleased to find that he hath translated the whole book of Psalms into English verse." But the version as a whole still remained unprinted; its authors had long passed away, and it remains somewhat uncertain what share each of them had in the work.

For two hundred and fifty years the Sidney Psalter thus slept in unmerited obscurity. The credit of calling it to the life of print belongs to James Boswell, the younger, who, however, died before writing the Introduction which he had planned to the work.[2] Ultimately the Psalter was printed in 1823 in a series of "Select Early English Poets" issued "from the Chiswick Press by C. Whittingham for Robert

[1] See p. 15 of *Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond of Hawthornden*, January 1619. Printed for the Shakespeare Society, 1842.

[2] The editor of the reprints of Early English Prints issued by the Chiswick Press, in which series the Psalter (as projected by Boswell) formed part, was Samuel Weller Singer.

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Triphook, Old Bond Street." As the little volume is scarce (the edition being limited to 250 copies), I transcribe its title-page:—

"The Psalmes of David Translated into Divers and Sundry Kindes of Verse, more Rare and Excellent for the Method and Varietie than ever yet hath been done in English. Begun by the noble and learned Gent. Sir Philip Sidney, Knt., and finished by the Right Honourable The Countess of Pembroke, his sister. Now first printed from a Copy of the Original Manuscript, transcribed by John Davies, of Hereford, in the reign of James the First."

The "Sidney Psalter" is still little known, and it is curious that J. A. Symonds in his account of Sidney in the "English Men of Letters" dismisses it in a few lines.

The manuscript from which the Chiswick Press edition was printed was copied by John Davies of Hereford,[1] himself a poet and a contemporary of Sidney. It passed from the Bright sale to Penshurst (for the small sum of £4, 16s.), and is remarkable for its fine penmanship. It is referred to in this volume as "the Davies MS."

The editor of the Chiswick Press edition refers in his Introduction to other MSS., but it does not appear that he had collated them. Ruskin expresses the hope that "a critical edition will in good time be undertaken by some accomplished English scholar, and a chastised text given us, collected from whatever fragments exist of authoritative MS." (p. 113). This work had, however, already been accomplished for a portion of the "Sidney Psalter," as for Sidney's poetical works generally, by the late Dr. A. B. Grosart in 1873. The Psalter was given in the second volume of a work with the following title-page:—

"The Fuller Worthies' Library. The Complete Poems of Sir Philip Sidney. For the first time collected and collated with the original and early editions and MSS. Edited . . by the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart. 2 vols. Printed for Private Circulation, 1873. 100 copies only."[2]

The manuscript which Dr. Grosart adopted as most authoritative is in the Bodleian Library (Rawlinson, Poet. 25). It is written by Dr. Samuel Woodford, divine and poet (1636–1700), himself the author of a paraphrase of the Psalms. Woodford's copy is neatly

[1] 1565?–1618. He was writing-master to Henry, Prince of Wales, the eldest son of James I. of England, who died in 1612 at the age of eighteen.

[2] A new edition in 3 vols. was published by Chatto & Windus in 1877.

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written; he signed it at the end with the date 1694–1695, recording that "for Sir Philip Sidney's sake and to preserve such remains of him," he had undertaken "this tiresome task of transcribing." The special importance of Woodford's transcript lies in the probability that it was taken from the MS. of the scribe who copied under Sidney's own superintendence. In the margin of Psalm xlix. Woodford makes the following note: "The very manner of this Psalm being cross'd and altered almost in every line, and in many words thrice, makes me believe this was an originall book—that is, the book before me was so—for none but an author could or would so amend any copy." These corrections are all recorded by Woodford, and one series of them is of special interest. In the case of Psalms xvi., xxii., xxvi., xxix., and xxxi. Sidney[1] had followed a practice common in Elizabethan poetry, and ended the poem with a stanza containing supernumerary lines to the extent of half a stanza. In the MS. which Dr. Woodford copied, Sidney struck out these final stanzas, writing in the margins, "Leave a space here"—that is, for a revised stanza without the supernumerary lines—the revisions being afterwards inserted. One of the original final stanzas appears in the Davies MS. (see p. 221 *n.*).[2] The Woodford MS., however, is neither complete nor final. It lacks the conclusion of Psalm lxxxvii. (after the fourth stanza), and omits all thenceforward up to the twenty-third line of Psalm cii., Woodford noting that "all the leaves are torn off." He leaves blank pages in his MS. book, hoping, as he further notes, to complete his transcript from a MS. at Trinity College, Cambridge. The Woodford MS., in the case of the later Psalms, is moreover not final. Many of the paraphrases are crossed through, and are entirely different from the versions as given in later MSS. To this matter I shall have to return presently.

The MS. at Cambridge to which Woodford refers was much used by Dr. Grosart in editing his text, and it is clearly later than the Oxford MS. There are also two MSS. of the Psalter in the British Museum (12,047 and 12,048), which substantially agree with the Cambridge MS. The former (12,047) contains only a portion of the Psalter. These British Museum MSS. were formerly in possession of Dr. Samuel Butler, headmaster of Shrewsbury and Bishop of Lichfield. From No. 12,047 Dr. Butler printed a few of the Psalms in a volume of

[1] And Sidney or his sister in the case of several of the later Psalms.

[2] The supernumerary lines in last stanzas are, then, (1) sometimes curtailed; as in Psalms xvi., xxii., xxix., xlix.; (2) sometimes curtailed in the Davies MS., but expanded in others (*e.g.* Psalm xxvi., expanded into two full stanzas); and (3) sometimes retained in the Davies MS., but curtailed in others (*e.g.* Psalm xxxi., curtailed in the Oxford MS.).

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Sidneiana issued in 1887.[1] The other MS. in the British Museum contains the whole Psalter.

Only Psalms i.–xliii. are given in Dr. Grosart's book, because only those Psalms can certainly be ascribed to Sidney. The Davies MS. (followed in the Chiswick Press edition) gives, it should be explained, no indication of what portions of the Psalter were the work, respectively, of Sidney and of his sister. Ruskin, who had only the Chiswick Press edition before him, attempted no conjectures on the subject (pp. 113, 304); and he speaks of the versions for the most part in general terms as "Sidney's," though sometimes he qualifies the ascription and speaks of "Sidney or whoever the writer was" (*e.g.*, p. 245). In *Fors*, however, he speaks of the relations between Sidney and his sister "terminating in the completion of the brother's Psalter by the sister's indistinguishably perfect song."[2] Other MSS. of the Psalter contain a statement which has been taken as settling the question of the divided authorship. The Bodleian MS. has at the end of Psalm xliii., "Thus far Sir Philip Sidney," and the MS. 12,048 in the British Museum has at the same place, "Hactenus Sir P. S." These statements agree with a letter by Sidney's friend Fulke Greville, describing the writings left by Sidney, in which he speaks of "40 of the psalms, translated into metre."[3] It has been assumed, therefore, that only the first forty-three Psalms can be attributed to Sidney, and that the rest are the work of the Countess of Pembroke.

This is perhaps the more probable assumption; but some doubt is thrown upon it by a feature in the Woodford MS. which I have noted above, but to which Dr. Grosart does not refer. That MS. transcribes frequent revisions later than Psalm xliii. (for instance, in Psalms xliv. and xlix.), and gives versions of other paraphrases (for instance, l., liii., lviii., lxii., lxix., lxxi., lxxv., lxxx.) which in the Oxford MS. are often queried or crossed, as if for subsequent revision; and which were afterwards entirely re-written, sometimes in different metres, and always (as it seems to me) with great advantage in compression and directness. The question is, who made the revisions, and who re-wrote these other versions? Woodford says nothing to suggest

[1] *Sidneiana: being a Collection of Fragments relative to Sir Philip Sidney, Kt.* Edited by Samuel Butler for the Roxburghe Club. The Psalms printed are lxviii., lxxv., lxxxix., civ., and cxxii.

[2] Vol. XXVIII. p. 373. In a letter to Miss Susan Beever, on the other hand, he says, "His sister finished it, but very meanly in comparison; you can tell the two hands on the harp a mile off" (*Hortus Inclusus*, ed. 3, p. 73). The letter is undated, so that it cannot be known whether it gives Ruskin's earlier or later opinion; but in all probability it was a first impression, afterwards revised.

[3] *Quoted* by Grosart, vol. i. p. xix.

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that Sidney's corrections stopped with Psalm xliii.; he gives no intimation of any change (in the MS. from which he was transcribing) in the handwriting of the marginal corrector after that point. On the contrary, he continues occasionally to note the corrections which he transcribes as being "by the author under his own hand" (Psalm lxxvi.). It would, therefore, seem that Sidney's revision went further than Psalm xliii.;[1] and it is possible that the final versions of the other Psalms, noted above, were his work, and not his sister's. That Sidney first wrote the versions of Psalms i.–xliii., and his sister those of the others, certainly seems probable; but to what extent brother and sister collaborated, especially in the case of the later Psalms, must, I think, remain an open question.

Dr. Grosart, claiming for Lady Pembroke the undivided authorship of the versions after Psalm xliii., says that "there can be no doubt that the Countess's portion is infinitely in advance of her brother's in thought, epithet, and melody."[2] Readers of the present volume will, I think, agree with this preference for the later versions. Ruskin, it will be noted, though he does not discuss the question of authorship, remarks that "the translations attributed by tradition to Sidney include many of the feeblest in the volume" (p. 113); and it is of the later Psalms that he speaks with the highest admiration. Thus, Psalm lv. shows "the best art of verse, and is one of the notablest pieces of rhythmic English in existence." In Psalm lxv. "the melody and beat are very beautiful." Psalm lxxi.[3] (quoted also in *Fors*) is "very sweet and passionate"; while Psalm lxxii. is "throughout magnificent and beyond praise." All these Psalms must perhaps be attributed to Lady Pembroke. Her work has been subjected to a double slight. Some said that it was not hers, while others have denied its merit. The former statement evoked a spirited reply in the eighteenth century from the author of a vindication of women's rights in literature:—

"She translated many of the Psalms into English verse; which are bound in velvet and, as I am told, still preserved in the library at Wilton. But then we are informed by Sir John Harington, and afterwards by Mr.

[1] But though it went further, it was not completed upon the MS. from which Woodford transcribed. The theory cannot wholly be dismissed that "thus far Sir Philip Sidney" meant not "here ends Sir Philip Sidney's authorship," but "to this point Sir Philip Sidney finally revised." When we pass to Psalm xliv. in the Oxford MS., we find the version queried but not finally corrected.

[2] J. A. Symonds (p. 76) is of the same opinion: "her part in the work exhibits the greater measure of felicity."

[3] Ruskin refers to the final and re-written version, not to the earlier one in the Oxford MS.

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Wood, and from him by the late learned Dr. Thomas, that she was assisted by Dr. Babington, then chaplain to the family, and afterwards Bishop of Worcester; for, say they, 'twas more than a woman's skill to express the sense of the Hebrew so right, as she hath done in her verse; and more than the English or Latin translation could give her.' But why this should be thought a cogent argument to prove it, I am very much at a loss to know."[1]

A modern critic, while not disputing the ascription of the greater part of the "Sidney Psalter" to Lady Pembroke, commits himself to the general statement that her verse "has few poetic qualities."[2] This is a matter on which readers of the present volume may be left to form their own opinion.

It was the little Chiswick Press edition of 1823 which chanced to fall into Ruskin's hands, and caused him to include a selection from the Sidney Psalter in his *Bibliotheca Pastorum*. With Ruskin study of the Psalms had begun in his early childhood, and he pursued it throughout his life—not, indeed, critically or historically, but for edification. "The Psalter alone," he says, "which practically was the service book of the Church for many ages, contains merely in the first half of it the sum of personal and social wisdom."[3] The Sidney Psalter appealed to him further for the author's sake. His interest in Sidney—which appears in several of the early letters of *Fors Clavigera*—had perhaps been quickened at Brantwood by local tradition. Looking from his study-window across the lake, he saw the old Hall where Sidney is supposed at one time to have stayed (p. 105).[4] On reading Sidney's paraphrases, Ruskin found in them an "almost fiercely fixed purpose at getting into the heart and truth" of the matter (p. 116). They contained "many illustrative or explanatory passages, making the sense of the original more clear" (p. 131). They "continually interpret or illustrate what is latent or ambiguous in the original" (p. 118).[5] The very familiarity of the Bible and Prayer-book versions deadens the reader's perception. The

[1] See *Memoirs of Several Ladies of Great Britain, who have been celebrated for their Writings or Skill in the Learned Languages, Arts, and Sciences*, by George Ballard: Oxford, 1752. The statement that Lady Pembroke was assisted by Gervase Babington was made by Sir John Harington, not of knowledge, but as a conjecture ("I suppose" are his words) on the ground quoted by Ballard: see Sir John Harington's "Briefe View of the State of the Church of England" in H. Harington's *Nugæ Antiquæ* (1779), vol. i. p. 149.

[2] "S. L. L." in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

[3] *Bible of Amiens*, ch. iii. § 50 (Vol. XXXIII.). For Ruskin's very numerous references to, or quotations from, the Psalter, see the General Index to this edition.

[4] See *The Book of Coniston*, by W. G. Collingwood (1900), p. 74.

[5] See, for instance, Ruskin's notes on pp. 187, 207, 257, 291.

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novelty of Sidney's version, with its forthright directness, would, Ruskin hoped, stir the heart and quicken the conscience. But, in the second place, Ruskin saw in the Sidney Psalter excellent material for a song-book to be used in "St. George's schools." The provision of such song-books was, as we saw in describing his scheme of elementary education,[1] an object which he had much at heart; and in the Preface to *Rock Honeycomb* he explains his point of view very fully (pp. 107–112). One of the great merits that he saw in the Sidney paraphrases was that they readily sing themselves. But just as Ruskin objected to nonsense exercises in drawing—just as he wanted to combine lessons in outline with lessons in botany or heraldry,[2] so in the case of songs he desired that children should learn concurrently something both of music and of literature by the study of accurate words set to tune. It was possibility of this conjunction that he found in the Sidney Psalter, "being better written than any other rhymed version of the Psalms at present known to me, and of peculiar value as a classic model of the English language at the time of its culminating perfection" (p. 112). And again, he says, "Their exquisitely accurate use of the English language renders them, on the whole, the best examples known to me for the early guidance of its faithful students" (p. 131). Ruskin's own notes, in his commentary, are full of instruction in the scholarly use of words.

The commentary follows the lines suggested in preceding remarks. It studies the Psalter, first, for its moral and theological lessons; with frequent applications to modern conditions. "That *Rock Honeycomb*," he wrote playfully to his publisher (July 3, 1877), "is as spicy a bit of spiteful Christianity as I've done, I think." He was determined to have the Psalmist on his side against modern "progress."[3] Into critical and historical inquiries he does not enter. He accepts the traditional ascription of the Psalms to David; sometimes finding perplexity in the tradition, but never turning aside to the theories of "the higher criticism." Where he expressly notes the old assumptions as confusing or unconvincing, references have now been given in editorial footnotes to the theories of modern scholarship. Secondly, Ruskin calls attention to the metres of the Sidney paraphrases; and lastly, he gives notes on words or expressions.

It remains to give some account of the *text* in Ruskin's edition of Sidney's Psalter. Ruskin, as we have seen, had before him the Chiswick Press edition only, printed from the Davies MS. That text, as he says,

[1] Vol. XXVII. p. lxxiii.
[2] See Vol. XXI. pp. xxx., xxxi.
[3] See, for instance, p. 291 (note on 2258).

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was clearly inaccurate (p. 113); but it would be beyond the scope of this edition, which is of Ruskin's Works and of Sidney's Psalter only as included in the former, to amend the text in the light of the Oxford and other MSS. which Ruskin had never examined. Readings from these MSS. have, however, been occasionally given in footnotes, at places where they seem desirable for clearing up obscurities. The main text (except for the correction of obvious misprints) remains as Ruskin printed it.

What he printed was not, however, the Chiswick Press text as he found it. In the first place, his volume consisted only of "broken pieces of Sir Philip Sidney's Psalter." He first discarded those paraphrases which seemed to him "greatly below the general standard"; and next, those in which "quaintness of thought or word" might unduly tax "the patience of existing taste." Finally, he made further selection and included those only "which contain lessons, or express feelings, applicable to or natural to our own modern life." The volume issued by Ruskin begins with Psalm i. and ends with Psalm lxxii. He gives all the Psalms up to xx.; not because all of these paraphrases met the three tests above specified, but because he thought it right to begin with a complete sample, as it were, of the whole work; he did not venture to begin his omissions, as he explains (p. 143), until after Psalm xx.

The Psalms which he then excludes are xxii., xxiii., xxiv., xxvii., xxxii., xxxvi., xxxvii., xxxviii., xxxix., xl., xliii., xlv., xlvi., xlvii., xlviii., li., lii., lvi., lvii., lix., lx., lxi., lxiii., lxiv., lxvi., lxvii., lxviii., and lxx. Thus, of the first 72 Psalms he gives 44 and omits 28.[1] The matter for his intended second volume of *Rock Honeycomb* which Ruskin had prepared for press begins with Psalm lxxiii. and ends with lxxxix. He omitted Psalms lxxvi., lxxvii., lxxix., lxxxi., lxxxii., lxxxiv., lxxxvi., and lxxxviii. There is nothing in his papers to show which of the remaining Psalms he meant to give, and which to exclude.[2] Thus, of the whole 150 Psalms, 53 are given in the present volume, as rearranged and annotated by Ruskin. Taking, then, the "broken pieces of the Psalter," as above explained, Ruskin very conveniently numbered

[1] See his statement on p. 114. It should, however, be added that he omits the greater part of xxi.; and, on the other hand, gives a few lines of xxvii., a stanza of xlviii. (in his Preface, p. 131), and some stanzas of lii. (*ibid.*, pp. 132–133).

[2] Except that in the prefatory matter, he quotes from the paraphrases of Psalms xc. and xci. (pp. 131, 106, 117). Apparently, after Psalm lxxxix. he meant to include nearly all the paraphrases; for on p. 133 he speaks of the "two volumes" of *Rock Honeycomb* as giving "120 paraphrases." Up to lxxxix. he had given only 53. There remained 71 available; to bring his number up to 120 he would have had to exclude only 4.

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the lines of his selection consecutively throughout, referring to the numbers in the notes which he appended to the several Psalms. The arrangement of the notes appears at first sight somewhat anarchical. Thus, in the case of Psalm i., notes on lines 16 and 20 precede notes on lines 3 and 17. The explanation will be found in § 8 of the essay "Of the Sidney Metres" (p. 135). Ruskin first gives notes "relating to points of general knowledge"; then, states the rhythm of each Psalm; and, finally, adds notes "of verbal criticism." The present editors have thought it right to resist the temptation—with some difficulty, it must be confessed—of rearranging the notes in numerical order.

So much for Ruskin's choice of "broken pieces," but he also "laid up" the pieces "in store"; that is to say in prosaic terms, he altered the text of the edition before him. His alterations fall under four heads. First, he modernised the spelling throughout, "unless here and there when the former meaning of the word requires also the former lettering" (p. 113).

Secondly, Ruskin altered words or lines in order to remove expressions "too quaint to be borne with" (p. 113). These alterations occur in lines 213, 1042–1044, and 1326; whilst after line 1070 a whole stanza is omitted. The nature of the alterations is now explained in editorial notes.

Next, Ruskin freely revised the punctuation (p. 113). A close comparison of the Davies text with Ruskin's shows how much the latter gains in easy intelligibility; but it has not seemed necessary to note all these *minutiæ*. Attention may, however, be called to some instances in which Ruskin's revision of the punctuation affects the meaning of the words. "I am a little proud," he says at line 620, "of some of my alterings of punctuation." Line 586 gives another instance of an ingenious emendation, and line 1013 a third.

Lastly, Ruskin states that he has "replaced the visibly needful readings" (p. 113). These alterations, as distinct from revisions of punctuation, are, however, neither numerous nor important. Many of them have now been noted under the text, and a list of them all is given in the Bibliographical Note (p. 104). Occasionally an obvious error is corrected; as, for instance, the restoration of "Syon" for "Sun" in line 1673. In some other cases a doubt is permissible whether Ruskin's alteration is an improvement (as, for instance, in lines 357 and 1670); and occasionally it has been assumed in this edition that a variation between the Davies MS. and Ruskin's text was only the result of a misprint or an error in transcription (as, for instance, in line 462).

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Ruskin remarked on the irksomeness of press-correction in this book, and said that there were some errata.[1] A considerable number have now been detected and corrected (as noted on p. 103).

Of the original *manuscript* by Ruskin of *Rock Honeycomb*, the greater part is in the possession of Miss Anderson. This comprises the Preface; Ruskin's notes on Psalms i.–lxxii.; and the greater part of his notes on Psalms lxxiv.–lxxxix., as now added. The MS. of i.–lxxii., as is apparent from numerous small variations between it and the text, was a first draft. "I am sick," wrote Ruskin to his publisher (January 20, 1877), "of having the proofs of *Honeycomb* clogging my drawers, and must get them out in numbers." The book had thus been in preparation for some time. The Essay "Of the Sidney Metres" (not included in the Anderson MS.) was a later addition, as also was the specification of the rhythms of the Psalms in the notes. The Anderson MS. shows also the first notes on Psalm xviii., to which Ruskin afterwards added a later impression (see pp. 191–192).

The *facsimile* here given (p. 105) is of the first page of the Preface.

The book was printed (as is the additional portion now added) from a transcript by Miss Anderson, who assisted Ruskin throughout.

An *index* to words explained in his commentary was begun by Miss Anderson—no doubt for inclusion in the projected second volume of *Rock Honeycomb*. This index has now been completed and printed at the end of the book (p. 319).

III. "ELEMENTS OF PROSODY" (1880)

The consideration of the metres employed in the Sidney Psalter led Ruskin to take up the subject of English Prosody. He seems to have begun his essay at the time when he was editing the Psalter; for in that earlier work he mentions his "little introduction to English prosody" as nearly ready (p. 132 *n.*). Elsewhere in *Rock Honeycomb* he speaks of the *Elements* as "already written" and as containing "the laws of Latin mediæval metre," and also as explaining "some points respecting the musical value of the Paraphrases" (p. 114). These promised subjects are not given in the *Prosody* as we have it; the essay, being long on the stocks, was doubtless much revised; it was ultimately issued in October 1880. A few sheets of the first

[1] See Vol. XXIX. p. xxxv.

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draft have been found among Ruskin's papers, but they are of the beginning of the essay only.

Ruskin's way of taking up a subject was always, as he somewhere remarks,[1] to start writing a book about it. Also he always started afresh for himself, with little endeavour to assimilate other men's labours in the same field. It may be noted, further, that Ruskin's habit, in later years, was to write his books piecemeal. They were largely composed during his travels; as may be seen in the present case—the *Prosody* being dated at the end "Abbeville, 26th August, 1880," while the Preface is dated "Chartres, 15th September, 1880." Ruskin's work, as has been truly said, was not done without much reference to books, but it was never compilation.[2] He read widely and his memory was retentive; but he wrote what he had seen, felt, or worked out for himself.

Ruskin's habit of starting afresh, with neglect or reversal of recognised technicalities, is likely to cause some confusion. It may be useful, therefore, to note here a few of his peculiar usages. He calls "feet" *metres*, and he spells "hexameter" *hexametre;* in *Rock Honeycomb* (p. 134) he had promised an explanation of this spelling, but he does not give it. The accepted meaning of *trochee* (for which name he uses *troche*) is a long syllable followed by a short, – ⏑. Ruskin, however, calls this *choreus* (p. 330), and applies *troche* to the metre usually called *pyrrhic* or *dibrach*, ⏑ ⏑ (p. 332). Whilst he calls "trochee" *troche*, the "spondee" becomes *spondeus*. But he does not firmly adhere to this new nomenclature. In the notes on Sidney's Psalter, *troche* means – ⏑ (p. 367), and even in the *Prosody* "trochaic" is applied to all verse "composed of either *choreus* or *troche*" (p. 333). Yet his *choreus* is a three-time metre and *troche* a two-time metre. This, it must be admitted, is somewhat confusing. Of his other terms, it should be noted that his *trine dactyl* corresponds to what is usually called *first pæon*, and *trine anapæst* to *fourth pæon*.

"I have never hitherto printed any book," he says, "falling so short of what I hoped to make it as this sketch of the system of English prosody." The subject is intricate to the last degree, and Ruskin left its full treatment to "better scholars." What he has to say is, however, full of interest; especially as a study by a master of English of the way in which poems in various metres should, to his ear, be read. Among such points may be noticed Ruskin's analysis of Hood's measure in the "Bridge of Sighs" as double tribrach (p. 344),

[1] *Proserpina*, Vol. XXV. p. 216.
[2] W. G. Collingwood, *Ruskin Relics*, p. 191.

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and not dactylic, as other writers on the subject define it; his quotation of Byron's "Bright is the | diadem, | boundless the | sway" as a perfect specimen of dactylic verse (p. 337), as opposed to the reading of it as anapæstic with initial truncation;[1] and the reading of George Wither's "If she love me," etc. (p. 331). Many of his suggestions will probably not commend themselves to students of English prosody,[2] but his essay has the root of the matter in it. It is, says one of the leading authorities on the subject,[3] "the work of a man of genius brought for the first time in his life face to face with metrical questions and attacking them with characteristic self-reliance. . . . The acute intellect of Ruskin fastened at once on essentials. He saw that metre and music were akin; that the former, too, contains 'measured rests, filling up the time required, as in bars of music'; that the primal essence of a poet is in his being a singer, actually and not metaphorically. He recognises that usually it must 'depend on the reader's choice to fill up the time with his voice, or to give an interval of silence.'" But when he begins applying these principles, he encounters many difficulties; his laws are arbitrary, and he has to fall back upon the doctrine that the most beautiful verse violates them. "Technically," continues Mr. Omond, "I should say that Ruskin more often goes wrong than right; what redeems his tract is its emotional receptivity. He *felt* the cadence of particular lines, felt it deeply and truly, and tried by artifice and caprice to translate his feelings into prosodic theory. Ruskin's wild speculation at least aims in the right direction; students 'in St. George's Schools' will get from him a truer idea of what verse really is than if they had read a hundred treatises on the old lifeless orthodoxy. But they must not think him infallible."

The use of musical notation for prosody, which Ruskin adopts, is now commonly followed; he had been anticipated in it, though he was not aware of the fact, by Dr. J. H. H. Schmidt.[4] Ruskin, in his Preface, expresses the hope that his harmonic friends would construct

[1] See Joseph B. Mayor's *Chapters on English Metre*, 1901 (2nd ed.), pp. 139, 120.

[2] Compare with the passages cited in Mr. Mayor's book, Mr. Omond's criticism (pp. 175, 176) of Ruskin's division of "If she love me," etc., in § 6; of his reversing of the accent in "bonnie lassie" and "Aberfeldie" (§ 7); and of his treatment of Scott's Coronach (§ 20). Ruskin's essay is, on the other hand, followed generally in the "Essay on Elementary Metres" in L. H. Victory's *Imagination in the Dust* (1903).

[3] T. S. Omond: *English Metrists in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries, being a Sketch of English Prosodical Criticism during the last two hundred years*, 1907, p. 175.

[4] In that writer's *Leitfaden in der Rhythmik und Metrik der Classischen Sprachen: Leipzig*, 1869. An English translation appeared in 1879.

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or choose for him passages of music to fit the verses, note to syllable; and as they failed him, he put a few chords to some simple measures, "merely to show what he wanted." Similarly, in the Preface to *Rock Honeycomb* he insists that "songs should be sung to their accompaniment, straight forward" (p. 109)—a rule which is generally accepted in these days, when accompaniments are, as the Germans say, *durch-componirt*. In an Appendix to this volume a few other examples are given of Ruskin's own attempts to set poetry to music. His writing shows a fine sense for rhythm, and, as every one who heard him lecture is aware, he was an exquisite reader. It is not generally known that throughout his life he was a student of music, and it was to these lessons, perhaps, that he owed the mastery of voice which he always showed in the lecture-room. As an undergraduate at Oxford, he took lessons both on the pianoforte and in singing.[1] The singing lessons were continued at intervals even up to old age; and when at Sandgate in 1887, he took music-lessons from Mr. H. S. Roberts of Folkestone. His music-master for many years had been George Frederick West, who taught him something of composition; but, reports Mr. Collingwood, he "was a most difficult pupil, wanting at every turn to know why; incredulous of the best authority; impatient of the compromises and conventions, the 'wohl-temperirtes Klavier'; and eager to upset everything and start afresh."[2] "But you wouldn't be ungrammatical, Doctor Ruskin?" was the despairing appeal of Mr. West (who always so styled his pupil). He was fond of transposing songs. He was a regular concert-goer, and used to like staying at the Queen's Hotel at Norwood, "to be near the Manns concerts." On arriving at Paris or any great foreign town, his first question was always, "What about the opera?" John Hullah was one of his friends. He delighted in the singing of "Claribel" (Mrs. Barnard), whose acquaintance he had made at Miss Ingelow's, and the pleasure which Mrs. Severn's singing gave him is told in the chapter of *Præterita* called "Joanna's Care." Old English, French, and Scottish songs were his great delight, though some he rejected. "Of 'Charmante Gabrielle' he said once, 'It might do when a king sang it.'"[3] Haydn, Mozart, Handel, Bach, and Corelli were among his favourite composers. Mendelssohn, as readers of his books know, he detested. His books abound in incidental references to music;[4] though, here, as at so many other points, what he said was but a small part of what he had it in his mind to say. In passing lightly over

[1] See *Præterita*, i. § 204.
[2] W. G. Collingwood, *Ruskin Relics*, p. 154.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 159.
[4] See the summary in Vol. I. p. 266.

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his music-lessons at Oxford, "I nevertheless," he writes in *Præterita*, "between my fine rhythmic ear, and true lover's sentiment, got to understand some principles of musical art, which I shall perhaps be able to enforce with benefit on the musical public mind, even to-day, if only I can get first done with this autobiography." "It will never be known," he wrote in one of his latest pieces,[1] "either from my works or my biographies, how much thought I have given to music, in the abstract forms of melody which correspond to the beauty of clouds and mountains."

It was from about the year 1880 onwards—the year, that is, in which he sent the *Elements of Prosody* to press—that Ruskin took to amusing himself with little compositions of his own, essays not without merit, as some who are acquainted with his "At Marmion's Grave" have thought. For the most part, his tunes were for rhymes of his own making or for favourite bits from Scott and Shakespeare. Thus, in *Rock Honeycomb*, he stated how "Come unto these yellow sands" should not be set to music (p. 109); to illustrate his ideas of how it should be, he composed a setting of his own (see p. 520). He wrote tunes also for two of his favourite Odes of Horace—"Faune Nympharum" and "Tu ne quæsieris." The former of these is given below (p. 516). The other examples given in the Appendix are: "At Marmion's Grave," "On old Ægina's Rock," reproduced from the manuscript in the Coniston Museum; "Trust thou thy love," and a little Note of Welcome. The words of "Trust thou thy love" are Ruskin's: see the *Poems*, Vol. II. p. 250. The Note of Welcome is given as an illustration of Ruskin's pretty domesticities; whenever Mrs. Severn returned after an absence from Brantwood he would sit down at the piano and sing his little rhyme of home-coming. "At Marmion's Grave" is reprinted from Mr. Collingwood's *Ruskin Relics*;[2] the other pieces are reproduced in facsimile in the MS., and it will be observed that they were not fair-copied. Ruskin's efforts at musical composition are very slight, and not free from technical solecisms, but they are of interest perhaps as affording an addition to the instances which biographies contain of men of genius who, excelling in one art, have sought unsuccessfully to attain mastery in some other,

> "Using nature that's an art to others,
> Not, this one time, art that's turned his nature.
> Does he paint? he fain would write a poem,—
> Does he write? he fain would paint a picture."

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[1] *Christ's Folk*, "Addio, Cara!" (1887): see Vol. XXXII.

[2] At pp. 160, 161. At p. 163 the facsimile of "Trust thou thy love" is given.

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IV. "A KNIGHT'S FAITH" (1885)

The fourth volume in *Bibliotheca Pastorum* grew out of a lecture which Ruskin delivered to his neighbours at Coniston at Christmas-time 1883. The lecture—announced under the title "The Battle of Kineyree"—and the book into which it was expanded—*A Knight's Faith*—introduce us to another of his many interests. The reader "would not have guessed from my general writings," he says, "that I have been a constant and careful student of battles" (p. 477); though there are references in those writings to the Crimean War which show that he had been a careful reader of Kinglake's history.[1] Ruskin used, it seems, to invent battles "geometrically on known dispositions of ground for his own pleasure," and in all his mixed reading took careful notes of the conduct of campaigns. He had intended to summarise his studies in an abstract of the battles of Frederick the Great (p. 478). That remained one of his many unwritten books, and *A Knight's Faith* is the one work in which this side of his interests comes to the front.

The book has, however, as its title indicates, a wider and a different range. It gives some account of the work and character of a great Anglo-Indian soldier-administrator. The Knight who is the subject of the book was Sir Herbert Edwardes (1819–1868), one of the most brilliant members of what may be called the school of Lawrence. Edwardes was exactly of Ruskin's age; and, as he was educated at King's College, London, they may have attended lectures together, though Ruskin does not mention Edwardes among his companions there. In any case their ways in life had soon widely parted. Edwardes, at the age of twenty-one, had been nominated to a cadetship in the East India Company, and in the following year (1841) was posted as ensign in the 1st Bengal Fusiliers. He rapidly acquired reputation in his profession, and became proficient in many Eastern languages. He served in the First Sikh War (1845) as aide-de-camp to Sir Hugh Gough, and at its conclusion was appointed third assistant to the Commissioners of the Trans-Sutlej Territory. It is important, for the understanding of *A Knight's Faith*, to remember the general arrangements which were made by the Viceroy (Lord Hardinge) after the war. The usual traditions of Indian policy were followed, Lord Hardinge's object being to obtain a control over the Punjab without actually saddling himself with its administration. Protectorate, not annexation, was therefore

[1] See, for instance, Vol. XXVI. p. 308, and Vol. XXVII. p. 339. See also (in Vol. XXXIV.) the letter on "Modern Warfare" contributed to *Fraser's Magazine*, July 1876.

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the policy pursued; and the government of the Punjab was entrusted to a Council of Regency, consisting of Sikh nobles, under the guidance of Sir Henry Lawrence as British Resident at Lahore. In the following year (1847) Edwardes became first assistant to Sir Henry Lawrence. For Lawrence he ever entertained an affectionate reverence,[1] and Lawrence, on his side, had the highest opinion of the talents of his young disciple.

Edwardes's first opportunity for distinguishing himself on his own account came in the same year, when Lawrence gave him the conduct of an expedition to Bunnoo, an Afghan district tributary to the Sikhs. This is the subject of chapters i.–viii. in *A Knight's Faith*. By his resourcefulness and tact, and by the confidence which he inspired in himself, Edwardes subdued the wild tribes of Bunnoo without firing a shot, while the administrative arrangements which he left behind him obviated all difficulty in the future. This was the exploit which Edwardes always looked back upon with pride; but it brought him little renown, and though he was afterwards covered with honours, it may be gathered from his writings that he felt some little soreness at his first and (as he held) his greatest service having received no official recognition.[2] It was of this, too, that Ruskin was thinking in a passage of *Fors Clavigera*.[3]

Edwardes's work in Bunnoo was done by March 1848, and he was transferred, as Ruskin describes (ch. ix.), to a local magistracy in a small village on the eastern bank of the Indus. A few weeks later occurred the revolt at Multan which precipitated the Second Sikh War and the British conquest of the Punjab. The steps which it fell to the lot of Edwardes to take in consequence of this revolt form the subject of Ruskin's chapters ix.–xvii. The British Resident had requested the Sikh Governor of Multan (Dewan Moolraj), who held an almost semi-independent position as trader-prince in the middle valley of the Indus, to render account of his stewardship. He preferred rather to resign, and two young English officers, Mr. Vans Agnew and Lieutenant Anderson, were sent to take over the government of Multan. They were returning from the fortress, which had been duly surrendered, when they were attacked by fanatical soldiers and severely wounded. They sought shelter in a mosque, at some distance from the fort, but commanded by its guns. Vans Agnew, while his wound was being

[1] His *Year on the Punjab Frontier* was inscribed to Lawrence.

[2] One object in writing the *Year on the Punjab Frontier* was, he says, "to put on record a victory which I myself remember with more satisfaction than any I helped to gain before Mooltan—the bloodless conquest of the wild valley of Bunnoo. . . . Yet so little is it known, that to this moment I have never even been thanked by my own Government for this service."

[3] See Vol. XXVII. p. 248 *n*.

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bandaged, dictated an urgent despatch to the British Resident at Lahore,[1] two hundred miles off, and pencilled also the note to the Commissioner of Bunnoo which Ruskin prints, with the signature of Vans Agnew in facsimile (p. 455). On the following day Moolraj, who had regained possession of the fort, trained its guns upon the mosque. There are few more touching incidents even in the history of British India than the death of Vans Agnew and Anderson. "When the guns from the fort had done their work, the city rabble rushed in, but paused for a moment at the sight of Vans Agnew sitting quietly on the cot where Anderson lay unable to move, holding his friend's hand and calmly awaiting death. The soldiers and better sort of people stood still, and shrank from taking the lives of defenceless Englishmen. But presently a deformed low caste ran in on the two wounded officers and hacked off their heads. 'We are not the last of the English,' were Vans Agnew's dying words."[2]

A hundred miles away was another of the English—a young officer, of daring and resource, who was not afraid to take responsibility. Vans Agnew's pencilled appeal "to General Cortlandt, in Bunnoo, or wherever else he may be," was brought, as it chanced, to Lieutenant Edwardes in his solitary tent on the banks of the Indus. Edwardes tore open the letter, and instantly resolved to march, with such forces as he could muster, to the help of his countrymen (p. 457). The story of his march and of the summer campaign of 1848, crowned by the victory of Kineyree (June 18), is told by Ruskin in Edwardes's own words. He had only 400 men upon whom he could surely rely, and Moolraj met him on the way with 4000 men and eight heavy guns. "I am like a terrier barking at a tiger," he wrote.[3] But his levies from the Mohammedan State of Bahawalpur proved faithful; and he succeeded in driving back the enemy to the walls of Mooltan.

Edwardes acted throughout on his own initiative, and the urgent appeals which he addressed to headquarters were not favourably received by the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Gough, whose policy of inactivity until the summer heats should have abated was approved by the Viceroy. Edwardes was impatient and desired that Mooltan should at once be besieged. "A few heavy guns, a mortar battery, as many sappers and miners as you can spare, and Major Napier to plan our operations, are all we require," he wrote; and again, "As if the rebellion could be put off like a champagne tiffin with a three-cornered note

[1] Then Sir Frederick Currie, acting for Lawrence, who was on sick-furlough.

[2] *Rulers of India: the Marquess of Dalhousie*, by Sir William Wilson Hunter (1890), p. 70.

[3] After the battle of Suddoosâm on July 1.

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to Moolraj, to name a date more agreeable."[1] The frank expression which Edwardes thus gave to his views explains what Ruskin says (p. 491 *n.*) about the little favour which the publication of them found at headquarters. The case has been judicially summed up by Sir William Hunter:—

"It is impossible not to feel enthusiasm for the young lieutenant who, during the long burning months of the hot weather of 1848, had almost single-handed held the field against the revolt, and driven the arch-rebel to the ignominious shelter of his walls. It is difficult not to be carried away by the magnificent verve of the pages in which he has rendered immortal the heroic deeds of that summer. It is difficult also to refrain from censure of the inability to move which the Commander-in-Chief betrayed during that period, in spite of his two great camps of 9000 men apiece, standing in readiness to march at a day's notice. But it is right to state quite frankly that Lieutenant Edwardes underrated—indeed, from first to last failed to perceive—the military difficulties of the situation. It was indeed a blindness glorious to himself, and worth to the British name the keenest eyesight of a dozen elderly generals. Let it suffice for Herbert Edwardes that he, a young subaltern, maintained the prestige of England through the critical months during which the head of the British army in India was unable, or thought he was unable, to place a force in the field."[2]

In the course of the larger operations which were ultimately undertaken, Edwardes again distinguished himself; and at the conclusion of the Second Sikh War (1849) he was given the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, was promoted major by brevet, and created C.B.; receiving also from the directors of the East India Company a gold medal and a good-service pension of £100 a year. After the peace, he came to England on leave for the benefit of his health, and he was married during his stay to Miss Emma Sidney. She was a step-daughter of Dr. Grant, the "affectionate physician" of Ruskin's father,[3] and she and her husband were on terms of friendly intimacy with the household at Denmark Hill. It was during this period that Edwardes wrote and published the fascinating book describing his experiences during *A Year on the Punjab Frontier, 1848–1849*. To the same period belongs the lithograph portrait (published in 1850) now reproduced as frontispiece to *A Knight's Faith* (p. 377). His subsequent

[1] *A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. ii. p. 350; *Rulers of India* (as cited), p. 73.
[2] *Rulers of India: the Marquess of Dalhousie*, p. 74.
[3] *Præterita*, ii. § 5.

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career does not directly concern us; but it may be stated, summarily, that he rendered services of the utmost value in the Punjab during the Mutiny, returned to England in ill-health in 1859, and was created K.C.B. with the rank of brevet colonel. In 1862 he again returned to India, but in 1865 the state of his health compelled him finally to retire. He died in London, December 23, 1868. The *Life* by his widow, of which Ruskin speaks as being in preparation (p. 481), was published in 1886.

During Edwardes's sojourns in England, he and his wife often visited at Denmark Hill; and it was during one of the earlier visits, either in 1849–1851 or in 1859 (for Ruskin's father was still alive at the time) that Ruskin had "the most grave lesson he ever received from friendship."[1] It was when Edwardes read to him Wordsworth's poem of "The Happy Warrior":—

> "Whose high endeavours are an inward light
> That makes the path before him always bright—
> Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
> Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim—
> Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
> Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
> A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
> But who, if he be called upon to face
> Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
> Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
> Is happy as a lover; and attired
> With sudden brightness, like a man inspired;
> And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
> In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
> Or if an unexpected call succeed,
> Come when it will, is equal to the need."

Edwardes "showed me," says Ruskin, that the poem "was no symbol of imaginary character, but the practical description of what every soldier ought to be." This in its turn was the keynote of the study which Ruskin after many years made of his friend in *A Knight's Faith*.

He had been asked to lecture at Coniston in 1883 in aid of a local charity, and he selected for his subject "The Battle of Kineyree." He had intended to repeat the lecture in London, but he was prevented.[2] He then decided to expand the lecture into a volume for

[1] See below, p. 506.
[2] See *Pleasures of England*, § 80 (Vol. XXXIII.).

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Other Designs for "Bibliotheca Pastorum"

By Edward Burne-Jones

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Bibliotheca Pastorum; and this he did by giving a condensation, with running summary or comment, of Edwardes's own "lovely book" (p. 492 *n.*). He chose Edwardes because he had known the man, but he knew him to be a type of the noblest sort of soldier-administrator. As such, this study of Sir Herbert Edwardes fills an essential place in the body of Ruskin's work. "The most beautiful characters yet developed among men," he had written in the *Crown of Wild Olive*, "have been formed in war."[1] It is a sketch of such a character that is presented in this volume. He had urged in *Fors Clavigera*, as a vital element in any sound system of education, the study of famous knights; it is the story of "A Knight's Faith" that is here told—of faith in the sense "of trust not only in the protection of God, but of the nobleness and kindness of men" (p. 482). This is the lesson which Edwardes himself most desired that readers should draw from his book. "If there is any lesson," he says, "that I have learnt from life, it is that human nature, black or white, is better than we think it; and he who reads these pages to a close will see how much faith I have had occasion to place in the rudest and wildest of their species, how nobly it was deserved, and how useless I should have been without it" (p. 411). This book may thus be called a commentary on one of the articles of "St. George's Creed"—"I trust in the nobleness of human nature."[2] Ruskin had proposed that the commandants of his ideal community should be veteran soldiers; explaining that he had based the idea upon "the beneficence of strict military order in peace, and the justice, sense, and kindness of good officers acting unrestrictedly in civil capacities."[3] The life of Sir Herbert Edwardes was, here again, a case in point. He was a first-rate fighter; and Ruskin found, in the whole range of battles from Marathon to Inkermann, no positions "so absolutely swift, ingenious, and successful" as those of Edwardes.[4] But it is principally on the bloodless victories of his hero that Ruskin dwells. In this book, he says elsewhere,[5] "you will see how a Christian British officer can, and does verily, and with his whole heart,

[1] Vol. XVIII. p. 515.
[2] *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 58 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 419).
[3] Vol. XXX. p. 46.
[4] Edwardes himself was not entirely of this opinion. The following is a note from Ruskin's diary of 1854:—

> "Human success: its incompleteness. *Vide* Carlyle, *Sartor*, p. 133: 'Do what one will, there is often ever a cursed fraction: oftenest a decimal repeater and no net integer quotient so much as to be thought of.' Major Edwardes spoke to me in exactly the same sense of the want of 'roundness' in all his victories—something had always gone wrong—a regiment had behaved ill—or there had been a heavy loss or an uncertain result, never quite satisfactory."

[5] *Pleasures of England*, § 80.

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keep in order such part of India as may be entrusted to him, and, in so doing, secure our Empire." The passages with which he closes his Preface and the book itself (pp. 384, 505, 506) are a noble tribute to a noble character.

With regard to the *text* of *A Knight's Faith*, it is largely a reprint (often condensed) of Edwardes's own book. Such passages, in accordance with the uniform practice of this edition, are now printed in smaller type; and the references to the original are supplied. Ruskin's division of the book into parts is retained; but, for greater convenience of reference, the chapters have been numbered consecutively throughout.

Portions of the *manuscript* are at Brantwood, together with several sheets of a first draft of the book. Some passages, hitherto unprinted, are given in an Appendix. The first passage, on "The Geography of India," is of interest in connexion with the criticisms made by Ruskin elsewhere on modern maps.[1]

The *illustrations* in this volume are new (with the exception of the map on page 456). The frontispiece and Plate I. give designs which Ruskin asked Burne-Jones to make for *Bibliotheca Pastorum*. The artist made first the two round ones, and Ruskin complained that the legend of St. George, "The land shall not be sold," etc., was not seen at all in the one, and was not prominent enough in the other. Burne-Jones then did the square one, and Arthur Burgess cut it; but Ruskin was hard to please. He wrote to Mr. Wedderburn that he thought the shield too insignificant, and he found the twist in it "like a wry mouth." Burne-Jones would perhaps have tried again to please his difficult friend, but the first volume of *Bibliotheca* (as explained on a slip issued with the earlier copies[2]) could wait no longer.

The portrait of Sir Philip Sidney (Plate II.), with the gardens at Wilton in the background, is from an engraving published in 1745 by G. Vertue after the miniature by Isaac Oliver (1556–1617) at Windsor Castle.

The portrait of the Countess of Pembroke (Plate III.) is from the painting, probably by Marc Gheeraedts, in the National Portrait Gallery (No. 64).

The portrait of Sir Herbert Edwardes (Plate IV.), from a lithograph published in 1850, has already been mentioned (p. xxxix.).

The coloured map of India (Plate V.) is a *facsimile*, in size and colour, of Ruskin's drawing. It primarily illustrates the text (pp. 388 *seq.*), and is of further interest in connexion with the other passages on

[1] See, for instance, Vol. XXIX. pp. 504–506.
[2] See below, p. 4.

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maps, referred to above. The following map (Plate VI.) is reduced from a larger drawing which Ruskin made for exhibition in the lecture-room. Another map (IX.) has been introduced to make the earlier chapters more easily intelligible; it is founded on one given by Edwardes at the end of his book.

Ruskin exhibited also large drawings, made for him by Mr. Arthur Severn, of one of the enemies (VII.) and one of the allies (VIII.) of Sir Herbert Edwardes. They are referred to in the text (pp. 396, 398).

The plan of the fort (Fig. 1) built by Edwardes, is here reduced from *A Year on the Punjab Frontier*. The outline map to illustrate his march on Kineyree (Fig. 3), and the facsimile of Vans Agnew's signature (Fig. 2), were included in the original edition of *A Knight's Faith*.

E. T. C.

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I

THE ECONOMIST OF XENOPHON

(1876)

(VOL. I. OF "BIBLIOTHECA PASTORUM")

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

BIBLIOTHECA PASTORUM.

EDITED BY

JOHN RUSKIN,

HONORARY STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

VOL. I.

THE ECONOMIST OF XENOPHON.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BY

ALEXANDER D. O. WEDDERBURN,

AND

W. GERSHOM COLLINGWOOD.

WITH A PREFACE BY THE EDITOR.

ELLIS AND WHITE, 29 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON;

AND

GEORGE ALLEN, SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON, KENT.

1876.

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[*Bibliographical Note.*—The title-page of this work, forming Vol. I. in *Bibliotheca Pastorum*, was as shown on the preceding page.

Royal octavo, pp. xlviii. + 141. Half-title, with blank reverse, pp. i.–ii.; Title-page (with imprint on the reverse, "Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Printers, London and Aylesbury"), pp. iii.–iv.; Contents (as here, pp. 33–35), pp. v.–viii.; Editor's Preface, pp. ix.–xliv.; Translators' Preface, pp. xlv.–xlvi.; Fly-title (with blank reverse), pp. xlvii.–xlviii.; Text of *The Economist of Xenophon*, pp. 1–130; Index, pp. 131–141. The imprint was repeated at the foot of the last page.

Issued on July 31, 1876, in thick white paper boards, lettered on the front "Bibliotheca Pastorum. | Vol. I. | [*Rose.*] | The Economist of Xenophon," enclosed in a double-ruled frame. Lettered up the back "Bibliotheca Pastorum. Vol. I." 1000 copies. Price 7s. 6d.

The volume is now out of print, and has not hitherto been reprinted.

Some early copies of the book contained a slip, thus:—

> "I have spoiled the engraving of Mr. Jones's design by my interference with it: and the publication of this volume has been so long delayed from the spring time, for which it was prepared, that I have ordered the old stamp of *Fors* to be employed instead,—Fors will have it so.
>
> "J. Ruskin.
>
> "Brantwood,
> "*Longest Day*, 1876."

On this subject, see the Introduction, above, p. xlii.

In the Coniston Museum is a volume containing the translation and the Translators' Preface, bound up with the second paged revise of the editor's preface, on which some of his further corrections (see above, p. xix.) are written in. This volume is bound in thick white paper boards, plain on the front and lettered on the back, "Bibliotheca | Pastorum. | Vol. I. | The | Economist | of | Xenophon. | 1876." This appears to have been an experimental, and afterwards discarded, cover.

Reviews of the volume appeared in the *Examiner*, September 30, 1876; the *Monetary Gazette*, November 8, 1876; and the *Academy*, June 30, 1877 (by James Davies).

Variæ Lectiones.—In this edition, the place of the "Contents" and also that of the "Translators' Preface" have been altered, and the translation is printed in smaller type.

In ed. 1 the *headlines* were, on left-hand pages "The Economist," and, on right-hand pages, the subjects of the sections contained in the several pages. These were as follow:—

Ch. i.—"The Purpose of Economy," "What is Property," "The Tyranny of the Passions."

Ch. ii.—"The Poverty of the Rich," "The Use of Experience," "How to Learn Economy."

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Ch. iii.—"The Virtues of Economy," "The Results of Economy," "A Wife's Duties."

Ch. iv.—"Of Mechanical Arts," "Agriculture and War in Persia," "Cyrus the Younger," "A Princely Example."

Ch. v.—"The Virtues of Agriculture," "The Praise of Agriculture," "The Necessity of Prayer."

Ch. vi.—"Recapitulation," "The True Gentleman."

Ch. vii.—"Socrates and Ischomachus," "The Wife of Ischomachus," "The Helpmeet," "The Divine Ordering," "The Queen Bee," "The Pleasure of Duty."

Ch. viii.—"Of Real Property," "The Value of Order," "The Phœnician Merchantman," "The Beauty of Order."

Ch. ix.—"The House of Ischomachus," "Household Arrangements," "The Housekeeper."

Ch. x.—"Wifely Obedience," "Of False Beauty," "A Wife's Nobility."

Ch. xi.—"The House of Nicias," "The Right Use of Wealth," "A Well-spent Day," "A Serious Arrest."

Ch. xii.—"Of Goodwill," "Of Carefulness," "'The Master's Eye.'"

Ch. xiii.—"Of Managing Men," "Reward and Punishment."

Ch. xiv.—"Of Justice and Injustice."

Ch. xv.—"The Courtesy of Agriculture."

Ch. xvi.—"The Nature of the Soil," "Of Fallow Land."

Ch. xvii.—"The Time of Sowing," "The Manner of Sowing," "Of Hoeing."

Ch. xviii.—"Of Reaping," "Of Threshing and Winnowing."

Ch. xix.—"Of Planting Trees" (2), "Of Vines and Olives," "Agriculture Easy to Learn."

Ch. xx.—"The Secret of Success," "The Need of Carefulness," "The Evils of Sloth," "Love of Work."

Ch. xxi.—"Of Managing Men," "The Evil Plight of Tyrants."

The following are the alterations made (as explained above, p. xviii.) in this edition in the text of the translation. Except where otherwise stated, the reading first given is that in the present edition:—

Ch. i. § 14, "if, that is, they are" for "if only they are." § 16, the last sentence in ed. 1 was, "What can we say but that their knowledge is to them neither property nor possession?" § 17, the second sentence was, "Surely not, said he; but I meet with many men who are skilled in the arts of war and of peace, who yet . . . use of them, and that for this reason . . ."

Ch. ii. § 1, line 4, "estate" is substituted for "position." § 7, line 5, ed. 1, "as if there were no harm in them." § 11, line 5, "do" for "could."

Ch. iii. § 7, "And so, Socrates, I seem to you ridiculous?" for "And so now I seem to you somewhat ridiculous." § 10, ed. 1 read, ". . . find in them fellow-workers, in increasing their position, whilst others find them a special source of ruin." § 11, "When it goes ill with a sheep" for "When a sheep is diseased"; "he finds her ignorant of these things" for "he takes her ignorant service." § 12, "converse less" for "have fewer discussions."

Ch. iv. § 3, footnote †, ed. 1 had "Though slaves might." § 6, "at a fixed place" for "at a fixed time." § 7, "their garrisons" for "their officers of the garrisons." § 16, "in stocking the land in protecting the stocks" for "in keeping up an estate, and in defending the same." § 17, "a county" for "an estate," and "stocking it well" for "keeping it up." § 24, "or by pursuing some object of honourable ambition" for "ever in the pursuit of some object of my ambition."

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Ch. v. §§ 4–5, ed. 1 had ". . . heat of summer. And those whom it makes work with their own hands, to these it gives increase of strength, whilst it makes the earnest labourer in the field very manly, by rousing him up early, and compelling him to journey to and fro. And, again, if any one wishes to serve his state in the cavalry, then it is agriculture that will best support his horse; or if in the infantry . . ."

Ch. vii. § 1, ed. 1 had "all the day long" after "market-place." § 6, "appetites" for "passions." § 7, "Not until I had offered" is now substituted for "For first I offered." § 13, ed. 1 had, "But at present, indeed, our common house and home is this; all my fortune which I put into the common stock . . ." § 14, "act discreetly" for "keep my honour." § 22, the words "from the first" are now inserted. § 34, "attendants" for "subjects."

Ch. viii. § 1, "diligence" is now substituted for "earnestness." § 10, "approve" for "think on"; and "where the things are safe or not" for "what is used and what is left." § 12, "tackle of wood and rope" for "oars and cordage." § 15, "that could be used" for "ever used." § 16, "slack" for "foolish-hearted"; and "save all hands aboard that serve" for "keep those that serve Him." § 17, "slack," again, for "foolish-hearted."

Ch. ix. § 2, "is not decorated with various ornamentations" for "had no decorations." § 4, ed. 1 had, "I next showed her how the rooms of the house, which *are* well ornamented, are cool in the summer, whilst in winter they have the sun upon them; and then I let her see . . ." § 6, "woman's adornments for festivals, and the man's clothes for festivals and war" for "women's holyday clothes, and those of the men, with their armour as well." § 8, "how long things are likely to last" for "how everything is finally spent." § 11, ed. 1 had, ". . . the passions were concerned. Nor did we omit to take into our consideration the best memory and foresight, which aimed at avoiding punishment for neglect, and at looking how she might give us satisfaction. . . ."

Ch. x. § 11, "responsibility" for "employment."

Ch. xi. § 4, "the animal" for "him." § 22, "give a reason and get one given you in argument" for "render account of yourself, and require it of another." § 23, "putting all this into words" for "interpreting all this."

Ch. xvi. § 12, "before they can" for "nor can they any longer."

Ch. xix. § 10, "eyes" for "buds." § 13, "and that the part of all the plants above ground is covered up to protect it" for "and upper parts of all the plants."

Ch. xx. § 7, "soldiers" for "persons." § 16, ed. 1 read, "For generally one man in a gang* is marked by being . . . ," and added a footnote, "* 'παρὰ τοὺς δεκά.' Greek and Roman slaves worked in gangs of ten."

Ch. xxi. § 6, "individual private soldiers" for "individuals." § 12 "self-command" for "true goodness."

In the *Index*, line 3, "die" was a misprint in ed. 1 for "idle."]

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

1. THE Athenian writing, here presented to Saxon readers, is the first of a series of classic books which I hope to make the chief domestic treasures of British peasants.[1] But to explain the tenor, and show the grounds, of this hope, I must say in what sense the word "classic" may be rightly applied to Books, and the word "peasant" to Britons.

The word "classic," when justly applied to a book, means that it contains an unchanging truth, expressed as clearly as it was possible for any of the men living at the time when the book was written, to express it.

"Unchanging" or "eternal" truth, is that which relates to constant,—or at least in our human experience constant, —things; and which, therefore, though foolish men may long lose sight of it, remains the same through all their neglect, and is again recognized as inevitable and unalterable, when their fit of folly is past.

The books which in a beautiful manner, whether enigmatic or direct, contain statements of such fact, are delighted in by all careful and honest readers; and the study of them is a necessary element in the education of wise and good men, in every age and country.[2]

2. Every nation which has produced highly trained Magi, or wise men, has discerned, at the time when it most flourished, some part of the great system of universal truth, which it was then, and only then, in the condition to discern completely; and the books in which it recorded

[1] [See the Introduction; above, pp. xiii., xiv.]
[2] [Compare *Val d'Arno*, § 209 (Vol. XXIII. p. 123).]

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that part of truth remain established for ever; and cannot be superseded: so that the knowledge of mankind, though continually increasing, is built, pinnacle after pinnacle, on the foundation of these adamant stones of ancient soul. And it is the law of progressive human life that we shall not build in the air: but on the already high-storied temple of the thoughts of our ancestors; in the crannies and under the eaves of which we are meant, for the most part, to nest ourselves like swallows; though the stronger of us sometimes may bring, for increase of height, some small white stone, and in the stone a new name written.[1] Which is indeed done, by those ordered to such masonry, without vainly attempting the review of all that has been known before; but never without modest submission to the scheme of the eternal wisdom; nor ever in any great degree, except by persons trained reverently in some large portion of the wisdom of the past.

8. The classical* scriptures and pictures hitherto produced among men have been furnished mainly by five cities, namely, Athens, Rome, Florence, Venice, and London, —the history of which cities it is therefore necessary for all well-trained scholars to know.[2] Hitherto, by all such scholars, it has indeed been partially known; but by help of recent discoveries we may now learn these histories with greater precision, and to better practical advantage; such practical issue being our first aim in the historical classes instituted in the schools of the society called "of St. George."

* As distinct from inspired. I do not know, and much wiser people than I do not know, what writings are inspired, and what are not. But I know, of those I have read, which are classical,—belonging to the eternal senate; and which are not.[3]

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[1] [Revelation ii. 17: compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 84, § 22 (Vol. XXIX. p. 302 and *n.*).]

[2] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 8, § 10 (Vol. XXVII. p. 143). See also (in Vol. XXXIII.) *Pleasures of England*, § 6, where Ruskin explains "the reasons for this choice" of five cities.]

[3] [For a different sense in which Ruskin uses the word "classical," see *Modern Painters*, vol. v. (Vol. VII. pp. 315–316).]

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These schools, as elsewhere explained (see *Fors Clavigera* for August 1871),[1] are for the education of British peasants* in all knowledge proper to their life, distinguished from that of the burger only as the office of each member of the body is distinct from the others on which it nevertheless vitally depends. The unloving separation between country and town life is a modern barbarism:[2] in classic times, cities never were, or will be, separate in interest from the countries they rule; but are their heart and sanctifying force.

4. The Metropolis is properly the city in which the chief temple of the nation's God is built (cathedral cities being minor branches of the living whole). Thither the tribes go up,[3] and under the shield, and in the loving presence, of their Deity, the men of highest power and truest honour are gathered to frame the laws, and direct the acts, of State.[4]

* Or sailors: but it remains questionable with me at present how far the occupation of entire life on the sea is desirable for any man: and I do not here therefore make any distinction.

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[1] [Letter 8, § 10 (Vol. XXVII. p. 143).]

[2] [Compare *Guild of St. George, Master's Report, 1885*, § 1 (Vol. XXX. p. 93).]

[3] [Psalms cxxii. 4: compare an Additional Passage about St. George's Guild in Vol. XXX. p. 156, and (in a later volume of this edition) the letter of August 13 on *The Lord's Prayer and the Church*.]

[4] [The following passage in the first draft of the Preface shows how carefully Ruskin revised and chastened:—

"... acts of State. The sects of modern Christians which pride themselves on their insubordination and irreverence controversially assert that God is everywhere, and dwelleth not in temples made with hands. Doubtless this saying is true; and in the grand stand of the Race course, behind the scenes of the Theatre, and in the office of the Bank, God makes up the betting books, directs the arrangement of costumes, and counts the gains of the Usurer. 'If I go up into Heaven, Thou art there. If I make my bed in Hell, behold Thou art there also.' But as, in the first prayer which Christians are ordered to offer to Him, they are directed to think of Him as 'in Heaven,' so in the final directions given for their prayer, He has told them that where two or three are gathered in his Name, there He is in the midst of them in a special manner; certainly, therefore, when many are gathered in His Name—and even gathered always—and these the noblest men of the nation, and their noblest men to judge in the nation's name its most grave judgments and perform its most solemn acts, their God must be in the midst of them always. And the actual fact is that the life and virtue of these five cities has been always dependent on their unquestioning faith that ..."]

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Modern theologians, with proud sense of enlightenment, declare, in denial of these ancient imaginations, that God is everywhere. David and Solomon, even in their days of darkness, were not ignorant of this; yet designed and built a local temple to the God who, if they went up into Heaven, was there; if they made their bed in Hell, was there also. And if the promise of the One who was greater than the Temple be fulfilled; and, where two or three are gathered in His name, there He is in the midst of them,[1] with a more than universal Presence,—how much more must it be fulfilled where *many* are gathered in His name; and those gathered always; and those the mightiest of the people; and those mightiest, to judge its most solemn judgments, and fulfil its fatefullest acts;—how surely, I repeat, must their God be always, with a more than universal Presence, in the midst of these?

Nor is it difficult to show, not only that the virtue and prosperity of these five great cities above named have been always dependent on, or at least contemporary with, their unquestioning faith that a protecting Deity had its abode in their Acropolis, their Capitol, and their cathedral churches of St. Mary, St. Mark, and St. Peter; but that the whole range of history keeps no record of a city which has retained power after losing such conviction. From that moment, its activities become mischievous,—its acquisitions burdensome,—and the multiplied swarms of its inhabitants disgrace the monuments of its majesty, like an ants' nest built in a skull.

5. The following noble passage out of the Fourth Book of the Laws of Plato expresses the ancient faith, and, I myself doubt not, the eternal fact, in the simplest terms:—

(The Athenian speaks.) "As you say, shall it be done. Well then, we have received the fame of the blessed life of those then in being, how all things were without stint to them, and all things grew free.

[1] [For Bible references in this and the original draft (p. 9 n.) see Psalms cxxxix. 8; Matthew xii. 6; xviii. 20; Acts vii. 48.]

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And the cause of these things is said to have been this, that Kronos, knowing (as we before went through the story) that no human nature was so strong but that, if appointed itself alone to order human affairs, it must fill everything with insolence and injustice;—considering these things, I say, the God gave for the kings and rulers of cities, not men, but, of diviner and better race than men, angels; just as now we do ourselves for the flocks, and the herds of all creatures that are tame: for we make not the ox lord of oxen, nor the goat of goats; and so, in like manner, the God, in His love to man, set a better race than ours above us,—that of the angels; which, to its own great joy and to ours, taking care of us, and giving us peace, and shame, and order, and full frankness of justice, made the races of men free from sedition, living in gladness. And this word, rich in usage of truth, goes on to say, that, for such cities as no angel, but a mortal, governs, there is no possible avoidance of evil and of pain."[1]

6. Such being the state and sanctity of a city built at unity with itself, and with its God, the state and serenity of the peasant is in undivided peace with it. Withdrawn, either for delight or for labour, from the concerns of policy, he lives under his fig-tree and vine; or in pastoral and blossomed land, flowing with milk and honey: confident in the guidance of his household gods, and rejoicing in the love of the Father of all, satisfying him with blessings of the breast and of the womb,[2] and crowning him with fulness of the basket and the store.

All which conditions and beliefs have been, are, and will be to the end of this world, parts and causes of each other. Whatsoever life is in man, has arisen from them, consists in them, and prolongs them evermore. So far as these conditions exist, the world lives; so far as they perish, it perishes. By faith, by love, by industry, it endures: by infidelity, by hatred, and by idleness, it dies; and that daily; now around us, visibly, for the most part, lying in such dismal death; the temple of the city being changed into a den of thieves,[3] and the fields of the country into a labouring ground of slaves.

[1] [*Laws*, iv. 713 (the translation is Ruskin's). Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 84, § 16 (Vol. XXIX. p. 297), where Ruskin refers to this passage.]
[2] [1 Kings v. 25; Exodus iii. 8; Genesis xlix. 25.]
[3] [See Matthew xxi. 13.]

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7. How long the Holy and True Lord of Creation will endure these things to be so, none of us can in anywise know. But the constant laws of that Creation, and the written tenor of His statutes, we can all of us, who will, both learn and obey. And the first of all these statutes is that by the sweat of the brow we shall eat bread:[1] and the economy of the field is the first science, therefore, that we have in the course of righteous education, to learn. Which economy has been, in terms that cannot be mended, and will receive no addition, stated by an Athenian gentleman, a master at once of philosophy, of war, and of agriculture; and this statement two of my youthful scholars at Oxford—one English, the other Scottish,—in good love, and obedience to my wish, have translated, with painful addition to their own proper work at the University: and it is published in this spring-time, 1876, for the perpetual service of the peasantry of Britain, and of all countries where their language is, or may hereafter be known, and into which the happiness and honour of agricultural life may hereafter extend.

8. What it is needful for us to know, or possible for us to conceive, of the life and mind of its author, can be known or imagined only so far as we recognize the offices of teaching entrusted to his country. I do not know enough of Greek history to be able to give any approach to a conclusive abstract of the mental relations of Greek districts to each other: but the scheme under which those relations are mapped out at present in my mind is one of many, good for first tenure of them. For it does not matter how many of the branches of any richly-growing tree of knowledge are laid hold of in the beginning, so only that you grasp what your hand has first seized, securely. Other gatherers will approach to bend more down from another side; all must be content to recognize that they touch, to begin with, few out of many, and

[1] [Genesis iii. 19.]

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can only after long patience trace the harmonious growth of all.

9. You will find, then, that it is useful in the outset to conceive the whole of Greek living soul as divided into three orders: the vocal, or Apolline, centred at Delphi; the constructive, or Athenian, centred at Athens; and the domestic, or Demetrian, centred at Sparta. These three spiritual Powers taught the Greeks (in brief terms) Speech, Art, and Conduct.

The Delphic Power is Truth; its antagonist is the Python, the corrupting or deceiving Serpent.* The Athenian Power is the Grace of Deed; its antagonists, the giants, are the confusions of Deed.[1] The Spartan Power is the Grace of Love; its adversary is the Betrayer of Love.[2] The stories of Argos and Sparta contain the myths of this betrayal, of its punishment, and redemption. The ideal of simplest and happiest domestic life, is given for all time, and recognized as being so, in the later strength of the Peloponnese.[3] Brief of syllable, and narrow of range, the Doric word and Arcadian reed remain measures of lowly truth in the words and ways of men.

* Falsehood in the moral world being what corruption is in the physical. Read Turner's picture of the death of the Python with that clue to its meaning.[4]

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[1] [Ruskin constantly cites the selection of the story of the War with the Giants for the subject of the embroidery on the robe of Athena, as symbolic of the Attic genius in its instincts for humanising the monstrous and ordering the chaotic. See *Queen of the Air*, § 15 (Vol. XIX. p. 306); *Aratra Pentelici*, § 106, and "The Riders of Tarentum," § 7 (Vol. XX. pp. 269, 392); and, for incidental references, see also *The Schools of Art in Florence*, § 124 (Vol. XXIII. p. 275), and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 26 (Vol. XXVII. p. 485).]

[2] [In one of the proofs Ruskin would seem to have inserted in explanation "(Discord)"; his reference being to the cycle of legends connected with Agamemnon (Argos) and Menelaus (Sparta) and Helen. Elsewhere, however, he takes the Thessalian story of Deucalion as the central myth of "the Betrayal and the Redemption": see Vol. XXVI. pp. xlvii., 98, 335.]

[3] [The first draft has:—

"The ideal of domestic life—only in simple music vocal itself; in simplest work constructive for itself—is given for all time, and recognized as being so, in Arcadia."]

[4] [Compare the chapter on the picture in *Modern Painters*, vol. v. ("The Hesperid Æglé"), especially pp. 419, 420 (Vol. VII.).]

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10. This being the spiritual relation of the three great powers of Greece, their social relation, in respect of forms of government, of course necessarily follows from it. The Delphic power is the Greek Theocracy: expressing so much as God had appointed that the Greeks should know of Him, by the mouths of Hesiod and Pindar. The Ionian or Attic race express all the laws of human government, developed in the highest states of human art. These are first founded on industry and justice in the dominion of Æacus over the ant-made race at Ægina,[1] and on earth-born sagacity and humanity in the kingship of Cecrops; fulfilled in chivalric heroism by Codrus and Theseus, whose crowning victory is over the forms of evil involved and defended by the skilfullest art;[2] and whose statue,[3] the central labour of that art itself, has been appointed by Fate to remain the acknowledged culmen and model of human labour, to our own days: while, in their scriptures, the Ionian race recorded the two ideals of kingly passion and patience, in the stories of Achilles and Ulysses[4] (both under the sweet guidance of their own tutelar Goddess); the ideal of legal discipline,* under the dominion of the

* Here, and in the world to come. The analysis of the three forms of impiety, and of due relative punishment, in the tenth book of the Laws,[5] will be found to sum, or supersede, all later conclusions of wise human legislature on such matters.

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[1] [Compare "The Tortoise of Ægina," § 17 (Vol. XX. p. 387).]

[2] [For Theseus and the labyrinth, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 23 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 400 *seq.*); and for Dædalus, *Aratra Pentelici* (Vol. XX. pp. 352–354).]

[3] [See Plate X. in Vol. XXVII. p. 396.]

[4] [Compare *Queen of the Air*, § 16 (Vol. XIX. p. 307).]

[5] ["First, there is the impiety of those who deny the existence of the Gods; these may be honest men, who are only dangerous because they make converts; but there is also a vicious and self-indulgent class of them. The first class shall be only imprisoned and admonished; the second should be put to death, if they could be, many times over. Secondly, there are those who deny the care of the Gods. They, who have learnt to blaspheme from ignorance or evil education, shall be imprisoned for five years at least, and not allowed to see any one but members of the council who shall converse with them touching their souls' health. Thirdly, there is a class of monstrous natures who believe that the Gods are negligent and may be propitiated. They shall be bound in the central prison and shall have no intercourse with any freeman" (compressed from Jowett's summary of *Laws*, x. 908, 909).]

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Cretan king Minos,[1] whose daughter taught their hero the way of victory; and the final facts yet discovered by men respecting the connection of the state of the soul in future life, with its art and labour in that of the world.

To the hands of this race, in life, is entrusted the delivery of their country,* and to the work of their hands, its material immortality,

11. The third race, of the Isle of Shade,† gave example of such life as was best for uncultivated and simple persons, rendering such untaught life noble by the virtues of endurance and silence; their laws sanctified to them by the voluntary death of their lawgiver;[2] and their authority over conduct, not vested in a single king, but in a dual power, expressive of such mutual counsel and restraint as must be wise in lowliness of estate and narrowness of instruction; this dual power being sanctified by the fraternal bond in the persons of the Dioscuri; and prolonged, in its consulting, or consular form, in the government of Rome, which is in Italy the Spartan, as Etruria the Attic power.[3]

* Plato rightly makes all depend on Marathon; but the opinions he expresses of Salamis, and of oarsmen in general,[4] though, it seems to me, in great part unjust, ought yet to be carefully studied by the University crews.

† "Isle of the Dark-faced." Pelops; the key to the meaning of all its myths is the dream of Demeter at the feast of Tantalus.[5]

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[1] [For Minos and his function, see again "The Tortoise of Ægina," Vol. XX. p. 383.]

[2] [See Plutarch's life of Lycurgus.]

[3] [For other passages in which Ruskin notes the Attic character of Etruria, see below, p. 21 n.]

[4] ["*Clinias* (a Cretan): We Cretans are in the habit of saying that the battle of Salamis was the salvation of Hellas.

"*Athenian*: Why, yes; and that is an opinion which prevails widely among Hellenes and barbarians. But Megillus and I say, rather, that the battle of Marathon was the beginning, and the battle of Platæa the completion of the great deliverance, and that these battles made the Hellenes better; whereas the sea-fights of Salamis and Artemisium, for I may as well put them both together, made them no better."—*Laws*, iv. 707 (Jowett's translation). For passages in which Plato pours scorn upon the sailor mob (ναυτικὸς ὄχλος), see *Laws*, iv. 705, and *Phædrus*, 243, where the haunts of sailors are spoken of as places where "good manners are unknown."]

[5] [See *Queen of the Air*, § 23 (Vol. XIX. p. 316). For the first drafts of this passage, see the Introduction (above, p. xix.).]

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Finally, both in Sparta and Rome the religion of all men remains in uninformed simplicity, setting example of the fulfilment of every domestic and patriotic duty for the sake of earthly love, and in obedience to the command of the dark, yet kind, Demeter, who promises no reward of pain, but honour, nor of labour, but peace.[1]

12. Having fixed, then, clearly in our minds, the conception of this triple division of Greece,[2] consider what measure of the perpetual or enduring knowledge of the earth has been written, or shown, by these three powers.

The Oracular, by the mouths of Hesiod and Pindar, set down the system of Theology which thenceforward was to fill and form the entire range of the scholarly intellect of man, as distinguished from the savage or pastoral.

The general ideals of the twelve great Gods,* of the Fates, Furies, Sibyls, and Muses, remain commandant of all action of human intellect in the spiritual world, down

* Mr. Gladstone, in common with other passionately sentimental scholars, does not recognize the power of Hesiod, thinking the theology of Greece to have been determined by Homer.[3] Whereas Homer merely graces the faith of Greece with sweet legend, and splendid fiction; and though himself sincere, is the origin of wanton idealism in the future. But Hesiod and Pindar wrote the Athanasian Creed of the Greeks, not daring to dream what they did not wholly believe. What *they* tell us, is the Faith by which the Greeks lived, and prevailed, to this day, over all kingdoms of mind.

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[1] [On "the rule of Demeter, the earth mother," see *Queen of the Air*, § 11 (Vol. XIX. p. 304).]

[2] [Here the first draft has an additional passage, thus:—

"... triple division of Greece, into the Vocal or Oracular Power, the Constructive Power, and the Moral Power, we may perfect the plan into a pretty cinquefoil by putting on, like the ear-rings of the Greek Goddesses, the Powers of the two islands East and West; Ægina and Ithaca—ruled over by Justice, or Æacus with the Æacides, and Prudence, or Athena the Counsellor with Ulysses;—the reign of Justice and the Myrmidons connecting itself with the Centaurian traditions of Thessaly and Olympus—into which I cannot here enter further, nor do I wish these two lateral branches of the Greek power to be thought of otherwise than as pendants or offshoots in our estimate of the classic gifts of the three Central States. Consider then what measure ..."]

[3] [See chap. vii., "The Olympian System," in Gladstone's *Juventus Mundi* (1869), where Homer is described as "the maker of a religion," and the power of Hesiod is belittled.]

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to the day when Michael Angelo, painting the Delphic and Cumæan sibyls in equal vaults with Zechariah and Isaiah on the roof of the Sistine Chapel; and Raphael, painting the Parnassus and the Theology on equal walls of the same chamber of the Vatican, so wrote, under the Throne of the Apostolic power, the harmony of the angelic teaching from the rocks of Sinai and Delphi.*

Secondly. The Athenian, or Constructive, Power determined the methods of art, and laws of ideal beauty, for all generations; so that, in their central code, they cannot be added to, nor diminished from. From the meanest earthen vessel to the statue of the ruler of Olympus, the fiat of the Greek artist is final; no poor man's water-pitcher can be shaped wisely otherwise than he bids; and the utmost raptures of imagination in the Christian labour of Giotto and Angelico are inflamed by his virtue, and restrained by his discretion.

Thirdly. The Demetrian, or Moral, Power set before men the standards of manly self-command, patriotic self-sacrifice, and absolute noblesse in scorn of pleasure, of wealth, and of life, for the sake of duty; and these in a type so high, that of late, in degraded Christendom, it has begun to be inconceivable. Even in her days of honour, her best saints exchanged the pleasures of the world for an equivalent, and died in the hope of an eternal joy. But the Spartan disciplined his life without complaint, and surrendered it without price.

* Any reader acquainted with my former statements on this subject (as for instance in page 107,[1] vol. iii. *Stones of Venice*) will understand now why I do not republish those earlier books without very important modifications. I imagined, at that time, it had been the honour given to classical tradition which had destroyed the schools of Italy. But it was, on the contrary, the disbelief of it. She fell, not by reverence for the Gods of the Heathen, but by infidelity alike to them, and to her own.

[1] [Of the original edition (ch. ii. § 102): see now Vol. XI. p. 130, and the note of 1881 appended by Ruskin to the passage. See also *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, § 125 (Vol. XII. pp. 148–149 and *n.*).]

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13. Such being the classic authority of the three states, it cannot but be wise for every statesman, and every householder, in the present day, to know the details of domestic life under this conclusive authority in Art and Morals. And the account of that domestic life is given in the following pages by a simple-minded Athenian warrior, philosopher, and, in the strictest sense of the word, poet, who in the most practical light, and plain language, exhibits especially the power of domestic religion, or as we habitually term it, "family worship," in a household of the imaginative race of whom St. Paul said: "Ye Athenians, I perceive that in all things ye are, more than others, reverent of the angels of God."* Respecting the sincerity of which family worship, I beg the reader to be sparing of his trust in the comments of modern historians; for all the studies which I have hitherto noticed of Greek religion have been either by men partly cretinous, and born without the cerebral organs necessary for receiving imaginative emotion; or else by persons whom the egotism of Judaic Christianity † has prevented from understanding, as it was meant, any single religious word which Egyptians, Greeks, or Latins wrote, or so much as one sign or form of their sculpture.

14. To take a quite simple instance in classic work;—

* I translate "δαίμων" always by one word, "angel," in the sense of a personal spirit delegated in this service of God.[1] There is no need, I hope, to vindicate the rejection of our vulgar translation of the text, no less injurious to our conception of St. Paul's kindness of address, than subversive of the power of his argument.[2]

† I use the word "Judaic" as expressing the habit of fancying that we ourselves only know the true God, or possess the true faith.

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[1] [On the meaning of *δαίμονες* in Greek authors, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 82, § 19 *n.* (Vol. XXIX. p. 240).]

[2] [Acts xvii. 22: "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious." The Greek is *κατὰ πάντα ὡς δεισιδαιμονεστέρους ὑμᾶς θεωρῶ.* The Revised Version has "ye are somewhat superstitious"; adding, in the margin, "or, *religious*"! The writer of the essay on Xenophon (H. G. Dakyns) in the volume of essays entitled *Hellenica* (1880) refers (p. 340) to Ruskin's correction of the mistranslation, in a passage dealing with Xenophon's piety (*δεισιδαιμονία*).]

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When Horace says that a man of upright conduct and stainless spirit needs no weapon; and that he himself proved this, because as he was walking in the woods, thinking of his mistress, a monstrous wolf met him, and shrunk away, —the profanest order of readers suppose the whole poem to be a pure fiction, written by way of a graceful compliment to Lalage.[1] The next higher order of reader admires and accepts, from the consent of former students, the first verse, as a very grand and elevated sentiment; and the second, as very beautiful poetry, written with sincere feeling under excited imagination, but entirely without regard to facts.

A reader of the third order—(omitting of course the crowds hazily intermediate in thought)—perceives that Horace is stating an actual fact; and that he draws his corollary from it in the entirely deliberate and confirmed temper of his religious life: but proceeds to reason, from his own superior knowledge, on the self-deception of Horace, and the absurdity of the heathen religion. While only the fourth and centrally powerful reader imagines it to be possible that he may himself know no more of God than Horace did;—discovers and acknowledges in his own mind the tendency to self-deception, but with it also the capacity of divine instruction,—and, feeling this teachableness in himself, admits it in others; with the still more important admission, that the Divine Being, who in all ages made the best men the most docile and the most credulous, is not likely to have done so that He might amuse Himself with their docility by telling them lies.

15. Whereupon the vitally practical question instantly follows: Is it then true that a man upright and holy leads a charmed life? that the wolf's path and the lion's den shall be safe to him as his own hearthside? that the angels of God have charge over him, lest he dash his foot against

[1] [*Odes*, i. 22 ("Integer vitæ scelerisque purus"). For other passages in which Ruskin insists on the sincerity and piety of Horace, see *Queen of the Air*, §§ 47, 48, and *Rede Lecture*, § 13 (Vol. XIX. pp. 173, 348–349), and *Val d'Arno*, § 220 (Vol. XXIII. p. 129).]

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a stone? and that he shall not be afraid of the terror by night, nor of the arrow that flieth by day?[1]

Of the arrow,—perhaps not,—thinks the cautious Christian, who has even timidly reached so far in faith as this; but of a twenty-five-pounder shot,—he does not know. The breast-plate of Providence, and rib-armour of God, may perhaps not be quite strong enough to resist our last inventions, in that kind, at Shoebury! "Whereupon let us vote again our thirty millions of assurance money; and so keep the wolf from the door, without troubling God for His assistance. His disagreeable conditions of integrity of life, and purity of soul, may then, it is to be hoped, be dispensed with."

16. It is not possible, I repeat, for men in this diluted and poisoned condition of religious intellect to understand a word of any classic author on this subject, but perhaps least of all, Xenophon, who continually assumes, in his unpretending accounts of himself and his master, the truth of principles, and the existence of spiritual powers, which existing philosophers have lost even the wit to imagine, and the taste to regret. Thus, it is no question with Xenophon in the opening of the *Memorabilia*, nor does he suppose it possible to be a question with the reader, whether there are gods or not; but only whether Socrates served them or not:[2] it is no question with him, setting out with the army of which he became the saviour, whether the gods could protect him or not, but in what manner it was fittest to ask their protection.[3] Nevertheless, the Greek faith in the days of Xenophon, retaining still this hold on the minds of the noblest men, stood in confusion of face before the scornful populace, led, in nearly every mode of thought, by rationalists corresponding to those now vociferous among ourselves; and was on the eve of perishing

[1] [Psalms xci. 12, 5.]
[2] [Compare Vol. XXIII. p. 133.]
[3] [See *Anabasis*, iii. 1, 4–8. Xenophon asks not "Shall I go?" but "To which god should I sacrifice on this journey?"]

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The life of all such inspired nations, hitherto, has been like that of sword-leaved lilies, (ensatal) (fleur de lys.) First a cluster of swords, enclosing the strength of the flower between stem ~~sw~~ edges; — the nation also wrapped in ~~and~~ swaddling armour of ~~flexible st and growing~~ springing steel. This is the ~~Kings~~ time of the Kings, and of the first pein ~~w~~ pieces the Earth-Erechtheian; the whole being of the wars: all the ~~creature~~ ~~being one of the nation~~ people ~~gathering~~ in Draconian Unit ~~subdued into~~ ~~strict~~ strength, ~~and vital in every~~ ~~disciplined limb~~. and glittering in every Serpent-spartan limb.

The second ~~time~~ area ~~age~~ of the lily is the springing of its stem, and branching into buds ~~on this side~~ either & thither ~~and that~~, pregnant, ~~perfect~~ ~~perfect~~ — fall of hope.

In like manner, the constrained ~~an life~~ force of a great nascent people springs from ~~between~~ among the sword leaves; ~~flings or~~ & rises into a branching fountain of life. It is the time of Colonization; every bud

"First the blade — then the ear — after that the —
the full corn"? Nay — but first & perhaps last ~~the rather the~~
the full flower. For then comes the age of ~~glorious~~ crowning to triumph
~~manifestation~~ ~~confirmation~~; in ~~act~~ in labour of the hands and
song on the lips. And if there be faithful and true, + and
the ~~truth~~ grace and word of God be in them — then for ever
the full corn remains, immortal food, for immortality. But if they
be untrue — then, the fairness of the flower
to day is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven.
Rapidly comparing
In the five cities whose story we have to learn.
for Athens the Draconian time is reaches to the death
of Codrus; — for Rome, to the battle by the
lake Regillus; for ~~Venice to the~~ Florence to
the death of ~~Bo~~ Buondelmonte; for Venice
to the standard-planting on Byzantium by
Henry Dandolo; for London to the death of the
Black Prince.

A PAGE OF THE MS. OF THE PREFACE (§§ 17, 18) TO XENOPHON'S "ECONOMIST"

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in the pollution of a licentiousness which made the fabled virtues of the gods ridiculous, and their fabled faults exemplary. That the reader may understand the significance of this period in the history of Greece, he must observe briefly the laws of life hitherto definable among races inspired, or informed, by any force rendering them notable in history.

17. The life of all such inspired nations, hitherto, has been like that of sword-leaved lilies. First, a cluster of swords, enclosing the strength of the flower between its stern edges;—the nation also wrapped in swaddling bands of steel. This is the time of the Kings, and of the first fiery wars, the whole being of the people knit in Draconian strength, and glittering in every serpent-spartan limb.

The second era of the lily is the springing of its stem, and branching into buds, hither and thither, rich in hope. In like manner, the constrained force of a great nascent people springs from among the sword-leaves, and rises into a fountain of life. It is the time of colonization; every bud beating warm from the central heart.

"First the blade, then the ear. After that the full corn"?[1] Nay, but first,—and perhaps last,—the full *flower*. For then comes the age of crowning triumph, in labour of the hands, and song on the lips. And if these be faithful and true, and the grace and word of God be in them, then for ever the full corn remains, immortal food for immortals; but if they be untrue, then the fairness of the flower to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven.

18. Rapidly comparing the five cities, whose story we have to learn; for Athens, the Draconian time reaches to the death of Codrus; for Rome, to the battle at the Lake Regillus; for Florence, to the death of Buondelmonte;[2] for Venice, to the standard-planting on Byzantium by

[1] [Mark iv. 28; for other Bible phrases in § 17, see Revelation xxi. 5; Matthew vi. 30.]

[2] [For the significance of this event (1215), see Vol. XXIII. pp. 58, 268; and for the capture of Byzantium by Henry Dandolo (1203), *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 42 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 96).]

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Henry Dandolo; for London, to the death of the Black Prince.

Then for each comes the day of Manifestation:—

For Athens, The Ionian migration, and Homer.
For Rome, The Tyrian war, and Regulus.
For Florence, The year of victories,[1] and Giotto.
For Venice, Her towers on the Ægean Isles,[2] and Carpaccio.
For London, Her western sailors, and Chaucer.

And then, for each, their crowning work, and noblest son:—

For Athens, Marathon, and Phidias.
For Rome, Her empire, and Virgil.
For Florence, The laws of commerce, and Dante.
For Venice, The laws of state, and Tintoret.
For London, The laws of home life, and Shakespeare.

And, of all these, we have only now to seek, among the shreds of their fallen purple leaves, what seed is left for years to come.

I trace rapidly, into such broad map as I may,* the root-fibres of the Athenian and Dorian powers, so far as it is needed for the purposes of this book.

19. The Athenian race is native, and essentially, with the Etruscan, earth-born. How far or by what links joined I know not, but their art work is visibly the same in origin; entirely Draconid,—Cecropian, rolled in spiral folds;

* It would be hopeless to expand these notes within my present limits, but as our Shepherd's Library increases, they will be illustrated piece by piece.[3]

[1] [For this year (1254), see the title-page of *Val d'Arno* and § 121 (Vol. XXIII. pp. 3, 73–74).]

[2] [For the events of 1207 here referred to, see again *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 42 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 97).]

[3] [The Library did not, however, so increase as to illustrate the points in question.]

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and it is the root of the Draconian energy in the living arts of Europe.[1]

The kingly period of Attic power extends from Erysichthon and Cecrops to Codrus.[2] The myths of it relate the birth of Athenian life from the brightness of the dew, and from the strength of the rock, partly breaking through the grass * as envious of it, partly shading it. "Io sono

* Read the account of the former Acropolis in the end of the *Critias*, and compare it with the incidental reference to the crocus meadows under its rock, in the *Ion*,[3] and read *both*, if you can, among high Alpine pastures.

The few words by which Plato introduces the story of the Acropolis must find room here:—

"And they, the Gods, having thus divided the Earth for their possession, nourished us their creatures as flocks for their pastures, taking us for their treasures and their nurslings; but not with bodily force compelling our bodies, as shepherds ruling by the scourge, but in the way by which a living thing may chiefly be well bent, as if from the high deck directing it by the rudder; thus they drove, and thus helmed, all mortal beings. And Hephæstus and Athena, brother and sister, and of one mind, in their love of wisdom and of art, both received the same lot in this land, as a land homely and helpful to all strength of art and prudence of deed. And they making good men thus out of the earth, put the order of state into their mind, whose names indeed are left us; but of their story, little."

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[1] [On the connexion between Greek and Etruscan art, and the permanence of the Etruscan influence, see Vol. IX. p. 36 *n.*; Vol. XV. pp. 345, 379; Vol. XXIII. p. 342; and Vol. XXIV. p. 456. The first draft has a characteristic addition here:—

". . . living arts of Europe—of the Spiral, that is, with a head to it, as opposed to the mere earth Ammonite, or headless serpent of Teutonic art (ending in German Philosophy Constrictor powers—with no eyes)."]

[2] [Ruskin here, and in subsequent passages, follows the legendary chronology as given by Pausanias or others. Pausanias, however, as appears from the following passage, does not accept the kingship of Erysichthon: "They say that Actæus was the first who reigned in what is now Attica; and on his death Cecrops succeeded to the throne, being the husband of Actæus' daughter. There were born to him three daughters, Hersē, Aglauros, and Pandrosos, and a son Erysichthon. The son did not come to the kingdom, but died in his father's lifetime, and Cecrops was succeeded on the throne by Cranaus, the most powerful of the Athenians" (i. 2, 5). Next in the mythical genealogy came Erichthonius, the eponymous hero of the Athenians. Child of no mortal parents, but of gods, he was given by Athena in a basket to the care of the daughters of Cecrops—Aglauros, turned into stone, and Hersē and Pandrosos (both named from the dew).]

[3] ["The Acropolis was not as now. For the fact is that a single night of excessive rain washed away the earth and laid bare the rock" (*Critias*, 112A). For the passage of the *Ion* of Euripides, see *St. Mark's Rest*, § 87 (Vol. XXIV. p. 276 and *n.*).]

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Aglauro, chi divenne sasso."[1] Theseus, fifth from Erechtheus, destroys the spirit of brutal pleasure; human sacrifice is abolished,[2] in the divinest of sacrifices, that of the patriot for his country,—Codrus being exemplary of all future heroism in this kind;[3]—of Leonidas, Curtius, Arnold of Sempach, and Sir Richard Grenville.[4]

Against which voice of the morning winds and the sun's lyre, the leathern throat of modern death, choked inch-thick with putrid dust, proclaims in its manner, "Patriotism is, nationally, what selfishness is individually."[5]

The time comes at last for this faithful power to receive the Dorian inspiration; and then Ion (*ἰόντι δῆθεν ὅτι συνήντετο* *) leads the twelve tribes of Athens to the East.[6] There Homer crowns their vision of the world, and its gods: while, in their own city, practical life begins for them under visible kings. For Æschylus, first historic king of Athens,[7] as for the first historic king of Rome, take the same easily remembered date, 750.

* *Ion*, 831.

[1] [*Purgatorio*, xiv. 139 (in the circle of the envious): "I am Aglauros who was turned into stone." For the story of Agraulos (or Aglauros), the daughter of Cecrops, thus punished by Mercury because she in jealousy tried to prevent him from visiting her sister Hersë whom he loved, see Ovid's *Metam.*, ii. 737 *seq.* Compare *Queen of the Air*, § 38 (Vol. XIX. p. 334), and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 12, § 5 (Vol. XXVII. p. 202).]

[2] [In the victory of Theseus over the Minotaur.]

[3] [The legend ran that the Peloponnesians were told by the Delphic oracle that they would capture Athens, if they did not kill the king Codrus; who, having heard the oracle, determined to save his country by sacrificing himself. Disguising himself as a poor man, he was gathering a bundle of sticks by the city walls when the enemy approached, and was slain. Pausanias (as Ruskin here) refers to the sacrifice of Codrus as an exemplar: see viii. 52, 1. It is related further that, in order to do honour to his memory, the Athenians resolved that no man after Codrus should reign in Athens under the name of *King*; the subsequent rulers being elected as *archons*.]

[4] [For other references to these heroic types, see—for Leonidas, Vol. XXIII. p. 116; for Curtius, Vol. XVIII. p. 285; for Arnold von Winkelried, *ibid.*; and for Grenville, Vol. XVIII. p. 538.]

[5] [Herbert Spencer in *The Study of Sociology*: see Vol. XVII. p. 556, and Vol. XXIX. p. 329.]

[6] [For the migration of Ion—son of Apollo by Creusa, the daughter of Erechtheus—to the land called after him, see Apollodorus, i. 7, 2, and Pausanias, vii. 1, 2. Ruskin adds the explanation of the name which is given in Euripides' play (in quite a different connexion, however): the name by which his father called the boy was an afterthought, "*Ion*, because, forsooth, he met him *going*."

[7] [This Æschylus is named by the chroniclers as twelfth, in succession from Codrus, of the archons elected for life. It is not clear why Ruskin should call him

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Give two hundred and fifty years, broadly, to the labour of practical discipline under these kings, beginning with the ninety years of Draco,[1] and consummated by Pisistratus and Solon (the functions of both these men being entirely glorious and beneficial, though opposed in balance to each other); and then comes the great fifth century.

Now note the dramas that divide and close that century. In its tenth year, Marathon; in its twentieth, Salamis; in its last, the Retreat of the Ten Thousand; and in the first of the following century, the death of Socrates.

And the purple flower of Athens is fallen, for ever.

20. I next trace the Doric life. Not power of art, but *conduct*, or harmony; its music, passing away as the voice of the stream and storm, beneficent, but leaving no shape. Echo of Heaven, not foundation of Earth, it builds the visionary walls of Thebes, by voice of Amphion,[2] and all the Theban religious and tragic oracles belong to it. The Theban Heracles,—essentially adverse to the serpent, not born of it: strangling it in his cradle in its reality, not wrapt by it in gold,*—fulfils his inspired labour at Lerna. The fates and faults of the triple Heracleid dynasties in

* Compare the opposite powers in the two passages:—

"ὅθεν Ἐρεχθείδαις ἐκεῖ
νόμος τις ἐστιν ὄφεσιν ἐν χρυσηλάτοις
τρέφειν τέκνα."

"Non te, rationis egentem
Lernæum turbâ capitum circumstetit anguis"—[3]

"ratio" meaning the law of conduct; but the twisted serpents, the inexplicable laws of art.

"first historic king of Athens"; probably because of the numerous notices of his reign which occur in the old chronologists, who date the First Olympiad from the second year of his archonship: see Clinton's *Fasti Hellenici* (1834), vol. i. pp. 150 *seq.* The dates given by Clinton to his reign are 776–756.]

[1] [It is not clear what dates Ruskin had here in mind, and it would seem probable that "ninety" is a slip of the pen for "thirty," as the dates commonly given for the currency of Draco's laws are from 621 B.C. to 594 (roughly thirty years). By "beginning with the years of Draco," Ruskin must mean not that Draco dated back to 750, but that the practical discipline of the Athenian state started with Draco.]

[2] [See Vol. XIX. p. 178, and Vol. XX. p. 379.]

[3] [Euripides, *Ion*, 24–26; *Æneid*, viii. 300 (quoted also in Vol. XIX. p. 299, and Vol. XXVI. p. 330).]

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the Peloponnese are enough traced by Plato in the third book of the *Laws*,[1] but he could not know the infinite importance to the future of the rock and isthmus of Corinth, no less than of the vale of Sparta.

In 734, Archias of the Heracleidæ founds Syracuse from Corinth.[2] And in 657, Byzantium is founded from Megara. The whole Sicilian and Magna Græcian state on the one side,—the Byzantine empire on the other,—virtually spring from the isthmus of Corinth. Then, in the twelfth century, the Normans learn their religion in Sicily, the Venetians at Byzantium. And for ever, in the temple pillars of the world, these races keep their sign. The Ionian spiral from Erichthonius; the Doric pillar-strength from Heracles; while the Corinthians, changing the Doric ovolo into the wicker basket of the Canephora, and putting the earth leaf of the acanthus instead of the Erichthonian spiral, found all Christian architecture. The tomb of Frederick II. of Sicily is of Corinthian porphyry and gold.[3]

Then lastly. At Nemea the Heracleid power becomes peasant, or Arcadian, and submits itself to Demeter. The Evandrian emigration founds its archaic throne in Italy. The swine, sacred to Demeter, are seen through the woods of Tiber;[4] the Demetrian kingdom becomes the Saturnian,* and the Roman power, essentially of practical and homely earth-life, extends itself into the German Empire.

21. Now the especial interest of the Arcadian life of Xenophon (presented in this book) to the English reader, consists in its being precisely intermediate between the warrior heroism of nascent Greece, and the home-heroism of pacified Christendom in its happiest days.

* Remember the name Latium, and word Latin, as of the Seed hidden in the ground. (*Æn.* viii. 322.)

[1] [For Plato's sketch of the early history of Lacedæmon, Argos, and Messene, see *Laws*, iii. 683–686.]

[2] [Pausanias, v. 7, 3.]

[3] [For a drawing of the tomb by Ruskin, see Plate XVI. in Vol. XXIII. (p. 190).]

[4] [See *Æneid*, viii. 81, 82.]

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And his mind represents the Greek intellect at the exact time when all fantastic and disordered imagination had been chastised in its faith; leaving only a firm trust in the protection, belief in the oracles, and joy in the presence, of justly venerated Gods: no wantonly indulged rationalism having yet degraded the nobles of the race of Æschylus, into scornful mockers at the Fear of their Fathers. And it represents the Greek moral temper at the exact moment when keen thought, and cruel experience, having alike taught to its warrior pride the duty and the gladness of peace, the soldier could lay down the helmet that his children might play with its plume,[1] and harness his chariot-horses to the plough,—without ceasing, himself, from the knightly self-denials of his order; or yielding for a moment to the lascivious charms, and ignoble terrors, with which peaceful life must be corrupted in those who have never held frank companionship with attendant Death.

22. Written towards the term of days past in this majestic temperance, the book now in your hands will be found to contain three statements of most precious truths; —statements complete and clear beyond any others extant in classic literature.

It contains, first, a faultless definition of Wealth,[2] and explanation of its dependence for efficiency on the merits and faculties of its possessor;—definition which cannot be bettered; and which must be the foundation of all true Political Economy among nations, as Euclid is to all time the basis of Geometry.

23. This book contains, secondly, the most perfect ideal of kingly character and kingly government[3] given in literature known to me, either by poet or philosopher. For Ulysses is merely chief Shepherd, his kingdom is too small to exhibit any form of extended discipline: St. Louis is

[1] [A reference to an incident in the famous passage of Homer, *Iliad*, vi. 467 *seq.*]
[2] [See below, ch. i. (p. 38); and compare the Preface to *Unto this Last*, Vol. XVII. p. 18 and *n.*]
[3] [See chapter iv. (pp. 47–49).]

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merely chief Pilgrim, and abdicates his reign on earth:[1] Henry the Fifth is merely chief Captain, and has scarcely any idea of inferior orders or objects of authority. But this Cyrus of Persia, himself faultless, conceives and commands a faultless order of State powers,[2] widely extended, yet incapable in their very nature of lawless increase, or extension too great for the organic and active power of the sustaining life:—the State being one human body, not a branched, coralline, semi-mortified mass.

And this ideal of government is not only the best yet written, but, as far as may be judged, the best conceivable; all advance on it can only be by filling in its details, or adapting it to local accidents; the form of it cannot be changed, being one of dreadless Peace, inoffensive to others, and at unity in itself.

Nor is there any visible image of modest and mighty knighthood either painted or written since, which can be set for an instant beside that of Cyrus in his garden.[3] It has the inherent strength of Achilles, the external refinement of Louis XIV., the simplicity of the household of Jesse, and the magnificence of Haroun Alraschid, all gathered into vital unison by the philosophy of Lycurgus.

24. Lastly and chiefly, this book contains the ideal of domestic life; describing in sweet detail the loving help of two equal helpmates, lord and lady: their methods of dominion over their household; of instruction, after dominion is secure; and of laying up stores in due time for distribution in due measure. Like the ideal of stately knighthood, this ideal of domestic life cannot be changed; nor can it be amended, but in addition of more variously applicable detail, and enlargement of the range of the affections, by the Christian hope of their eternal duration.

25. Such are the chief contents of the book, presented with extreme simplicity of language and modesty of heart;

[1] [Compare *Val d'Arno*, § 94 (Vol. XXIII. p. 57); and, for Henry V. of England, Vol. XXIV. p. 431, and Vol. XXVII. p. 513.]

[2] [For Cyrus as the type of wise ruler, see above, p. xvii. *n.*]

[3] [See below, ch. iv. p. 49.]

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gentle qualities which in truth add to its preciousness, yet have hitherto hindered its proper influence in our schools, because presenting no model of grace in style, or force in rhetoric. It is simply the language of an educated soldier and country gentleman, relating without effort what he has seen, and without pride what he has learned. But for the greater number of us, this is indeed the most exemplary manner of writing. To emulate the intricate strength of Thucydides, or visionary calm of Plato, is insolent, as vain, for men of ordinary minds: but any sensible person may state what he has ascertained, and describe what he has felt, in unpretending terms, like these of Xenophon; and will assuredly waste his life, or impair its usefulness, in attempting to write otherwise. Nor is it without some proper and intentional grace that the art of which the author boasts the universal facility of attainment,[1] should be taught in homely words, and recommended by simple arguments.

26. A few words respecting the translators will put the reader in possession of all that is necessary to his use and judgment of the book.

When I returned to Oxford in the year 1870, after thirty years' absence, I found the aim of University education entirely changed;[2] and that, for the ancient methods of quiet study, for discipline of intellect,—study of which the terminal examination simply pronounced the less or more success,—there had been substituted hurried courses of instruction in knowledge supposed to be pecuniarily profitable; stimulated by feverish frequency of examination, of which the effect was not to certify strength, or discern genius, but to bribe immature effort with fortuitous distinction.

From this field of injurious toil, and dishonourable rivalry, I have endeavoured, with all the influence I could obtain over any of the more gifted students, to withdraw

[1] [For agriculture as easy to be learnt, see ch. xix. § 17 (below, p. 88).]
[2] [Compare *Eagle's Nest*, § 237 (Vol. XXII. pp. 284–5).]

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their thoughts: and to set before them the nobler purpose of their granted years of scholastic leisure,—initiation in the sacred mysteries of the Loving Mother of Knowledge and of Life; and preparation for the steady service of their country, alike through applause or silence.

The two who have trusted me so far as to devote no inconsiderable portion of their time, and jeopardise in a measure their chances of pre-eminence in the schools, that they might place this piece of noble Greek thought within the reach of English readers, will not, I believe, eventually have cause to regret either their faith or their kindness.

Of the manner in which they have fulfilled their task, I have not scholarship enough to speak with entire decision: but, having revised the whole with them sentence by sentence, I know that the English rendering is free from error which attention could avoid,—praiseworthy in its occasional sacrifice of facility to explicitness, and exemplary as an unselfish piece of youthful labour devoted to an honourable end.

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THE ECONOMIST

OF

XENOPHON.

PERSONS OF THE DIALOGUE:

SOCRATES,

CRITOBULUS,

AND OTHERS WHO ARE MUTE AUDITORS.

ALSO, IN THE SECOND PART,

ISCHOMACHUS.

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TRANSLATORS' PREFACE

THIS translation has been undertaken at the suggestion and request of the Editor, who in his Preface has sufficiently explained the objects of the series of which it forms a part. In accordance with his purpose we have aimed at a rendering suited rather to the general reader than to the student of Greek; and indeed to deal at length with the difficulties of a text sometimes corrupt, and not seldom obscure, would have demanded an edition distinctly critical and far more elaborate than any which we could attempt. We have, however, to all cases of doubt given our best consideration, embodying, generally without comment, in the translation the view on which we finally decided. Should we at all succeed in setting before the English reader, to whom the Greek is inaccessible, the simple grace of the original, we shall feel ourselves well content. To praise the dialogue, or point out beauties, to which a translation can never do full justice, seems at once unnecessary and presumptuous. A work of such interest, both as illustrative of Greek life and manners, and as giving the mind of one of the greatest practical philosophers of antiquity on subjects of grave importance in the present day, is assuredly worthy of a more fitting tribute than any we could offer.

The few notes that have been added are, therefore, illustrative and explanatory rather than critical:—they are in fact notes to the translation, not to the text.

The edition used has been that of Schneider (Oxon. 1813), and any deviations from its text have been noticed as they occur.

A. D. O. W.
W. G. C.

OXFORD, *Easter Term*, 1876.

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THE ECONOMIST

OF

XENOPHON

CHAPTER I

OF ECONOMY;—THE MANAGEMENT OF PROPERTY, THAT IS WHATEVER IS OF USE TO A MAN, BUT IS OF NO VALUE TO SUCH AS ARE SLAVES TO THEIR PASSIONS

1 Now I once heard him * talk about economy † in this way. Tell me, Critobulus, said he, is economy the name of some science, as medicine is, and metallurgy and architecture?

Yes, I think so, said Critobulus.

2 And might we assign its function to economy, just as we can to each of these arts?

At any rate, said Critobulus, it seems that a good economist ought to manage his own house well.

3 And if, asked Socrates, the house of another were entrusted to him, should he not be able, if he would, to manage that house well, just as though it were his own? For the architect can do equally for another person what he can for himself, and so too would it be with the economist?

Yes, Socrates, I think so.

4 Is it possible, then, said Socrates, for an adept in this art, who happens to have no property of his own, to earn money by managing the house of another, just as he would were he building it?

Undoubtedly so; and no little pay too would he earn, said Critobulus, if, after undertaking the management of a house, he could both meet all necessary expenses and further increase its wealth and position.

5 But what do we mean by "house"? Do we mean the mere building, or do we include in it all a man's possessions?

Yes, said Critobulus, in my opinion everything that a man possesses, all the world over, is part of his house.

* Socrates.

† "Economy"—a now far narrower word than *οἰκονομία*, which means the whole management of house and estate: similarly *οἰκονόμος*, "economist."

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6 But do not some people possess enemies?

Doubtless; and some of them many.

Are we then to call a man's enemies also part of his property?

Indeed it would be absurd, said Critobulus, if a man who increases one's enemies should further be paid for so doing.

7 You know* we have decided that a man's house meant all his possessions.

By Heaven, yes, said Critobulus; we laid that down about whatever a man has that is good; but of course I should not count as a possession anything that does him harm.

You would, then, call a man's possessions all that benefits him?

Quite so, said he; I call whatever hurts him loss, and not property.

8 Well, then, suppose some one bought a horse, and could not manage it, but fell off it and hurt himself; the horse is not property to him, is it?

Certainly not, if property is only what benefits him.

In the same way, one cannot call a piece of land a man's property, if he cultivates it so as to lose thereby?

No; no more is the land property if, instead of supporting him, it reduces him to want.

9 Well, then, if a man did not know what use to make of sheep either, but lost by them, sheep would not be property to him?

No, I do not think they would.

You, then, it seems, count as property only what is useful to a man, but do not include under the term anything that hurts him?

Just so.

10 Then the very same things are property to a man who knows how to use them, and not property to one who does not. For instance, a flute is property to a man who can play on it fairly; but to one who is wholly unskilled in its use it is no more property than mere useless stones would be,—unless indeed he sold it.

11 So it is clear to us that a flute in the hands of a man who does not know how to use it, is not property to him, unless he sell it. So long as he keeps it, it is not property. And indeed, Socrates, we shall thus have reasoned consistently, since we before decided that a man's property must be something that benefits him. If the man does not sell the flute, it is not property, for it is of no use; but if he sell it, it becomes property.[1]

12 To this Socrates answered, Yes, if he know how to sell it. But if he, again, were to sell it to a man who does not know how to use it, it would not be property even when sold, according to what you say.

Your words, Socrates, seem to imply that not even money would be property unless a man knew how to use it.

13 Well, you seem to agree with me that a man's property is only what benefits him. Suppose a man were to make this use of his money, to

* The text here is uncertain.

[1] [For Ruskin's own translation of §§ 10, 11, and Horace's lines in a similar sense, see Appendix III. to *Munera Pulveris*, Vol. XVII. p. 288.]

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buy, say, a mistress, by whose influence his body would be worse, his soul worse, his household worse; how could we then say that his money was any benefit to him?

We could not,—unless, indeed, we are to count as property henbane, the herb that drives mad those who eat it.

14 We may, then, Critobulus, exclude money also from being counted as property, if it is in the hands of one who does not know how to use it. But friends,—what shall we say they are, if a man knows how to use them to his advantage?

Why truly they are property, said Critobulus; and much more so than the oxen are, if, that is, they are more profitable than oxen.

15 Following that out, enemies are property to a man who can gain benefit from them?

Yes, I think so.

Then a good economist ought to know how to use even his enemies to his own advantage?

Most decidedly so.

True, Critobulus, said he; for war, you see, may bring increase to every one,—not to kings only.

16 Well, so far our decision is satisfactory, Socrates, said Critobulus. But what are we to say when we see men endowed with knowledge, and means of adding to their position if they will but exert themselves, quite careless of this, so that thus we see that their knowledge is of no use to them? What can we say but that neither their knowledge nor their possessions are property to them?

17 But tell me, Critobulus, said Socrates; is it of slaves that you would say this?

Surely not, said he; but rather of men of high birth, of whom I meet some who are skilled in the arts of war and of peace, and yet will not make use of them, for this reason, I think,—that they have no masters.

18 And yet, said Socrates, how can we say that they have no masters, if, spite of all their desire to be happy, and eagerness to do what will be to their good, they are after all prevented from so doing by their rulers?

And pray, said Critobulus, who are these invisible rulers?

19 By Heaven, said Socrates, they are not invisible, but very visible indeed; nor do you fail to see that they are the worst of rulers,—if, that 20 is, you count as evil, sloth, effeminacy, and carelessness. And moreover there are others, deceiving mistresses, who pretend to be queens of pleasure, such as gambling, and profitless assemblings of men together, until, as time goes on, those whom they deceived see what they really are,—pleasures glossing over pain, getting the mastery over them, and preventing their doing what is right and useful.

21 But, Socrates, said he, there are others also whom these do not prevent from exertion, but who, on the contrary, do all they can to exert themselves and increase their incomes; yet they too waste their substance and involve themselves in difficulties.

22 That is because they too are slaves, said Socrates,—slaves of mistresses entirely cruel, of luxury, lust, and drunkenness; or else of some foolish and ruinous ambition, which so harshly rules its subjects, that as long as

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it sees them in the prime of life, and able to exert themselves, it compels them to bring all the results of their exertions, and spend them on their desires. But no sooner does it see them grown old, and so unable to work, than it leaves them to a miserable dotage, and ever turns round
23 again to look for others to enslave. But against these mistresses, Critobulus, we must fight for freedom as if ranged against armed hosts seeking to enslave us. Earthly enemies, however, often ere now have been good and noble, and have often by their control taught those whom they have enslaved to be better, and have made their life calmer for the future. Not so mistresses such as these. While they are in power, they never cease to torment the households, the bodies, aye, and the souls of men.

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CHAPTER II

OF TRUE WEALTH; NOT THAT WHICH BRINGS WITH IT TROUBLE AND TOIL, BUT THAT OF THE PROVIDENT AND THRIFTY ECONOMIST: WHERE SUCH IS TO BE LEARNED

1 Critobulus then continued something in this way: What you have told me about such as these is, I think, quite sufficient; but on examining myself, I find that I have what I consider a fair control* over them, so that if you would advise me how to increase my estate, I do not think you would find that these mistresses, as you call them, prevent me from following your advice. With all assurance, then, give me what good advice you can. Or do you charge us, Socrates, with being rich enough, and consider that we have no need of further wealth?

2 If it is of me that you are speaking, said Socrates, I do not think that I have any need of further wealth: I am rich enough. You, on the contrary, Critobulus, I consider very poor,—and, by Heaven, I heartily pity you sometimes.

3 To this Critobulus answered with a laugh: By Heaven, Socrates, said he, how much, think you, would your property fetch, and how much mine?

I think, said Socrates, that if I found a good purchaser, I might quite easily get for my house and all five minæ.† But I am perfectly sure that yours would fetch more than a hundred times as much as that.

4 And yet, while you know this, do you think that you have no need of further wealth, and pity me for my poverty?

I do, said he, for I have enough to satisfy all my wants. But your style of living, and the reputation you enjoy, is such that I do not think thrice as much again as you have at present would suffice for it.

What can you mean? said Critobulus.

5 I mean, explained Socrates, that in the first place I see you compelled to offer up many great sacrifices; indeed, if you were remiss in so doing, both gods and men would, I think, put up with you no longer. And again, you have to entertain many strangers, and that in great state; while, besides this, you must either feast and otherwise benefit your fellow-
6 citizens, or else be destitute of supporters. Nor is this all. I know how the State already imposes on you duties of no little importance,—to breed horses for its service, to pay the expenses of a chorus, to superintend the

* Gk. *ἐγκρατής*, on the full meaning of which, see Aristotle (Eth. vii. 9, 6): "*ὁ τε γὰρ ἐγκρατὴς οἷος μηδὲν παρὰ τὸν λόγον διὰ τὰς σωματικὰς ἡδονὰς ποιεῖν καὶ ὁ σώφρων, ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἔχων, ὁ δ' οὐκ ἔχων φαύλας ἐπιθυμίας, καὶ ὁ μὲν τοιοῦτος οἷος μὴ ἥδεσθαι παρὰ τὸν λόγον, ὁ δ' οἷος ἥδεσθαι ἀλλὰ μὴ ἄγεσθαι*," *i.e.*, the perfectly temperate man does not even feel pleasure in acting contrary to right reason; the self-controlled feels it, but is not led astray.

† About £20, a mina being equivalent to £4, 1s. 3d.

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gymnasia, or to be a foreign consul. And if a war break out, I am well aware that they will demand of you to take your share in fitting out the navy,* and in other special expenses, so large that even you will find them
7 no light burden. And if you should be deficient in any of the above, the Athenians would, I am sure, punish you no less than if they caught you robbing them of their own property. But besides all this, you do, I see, consider yourself rich, and thus do not care to make money, but give yourself up to childish pursuits, as if it were your right. And therefore I pity you, and fear for you lest you should suffer some desperate
8 disaster, and fall into extreme poverty. But what is my case? You know as well as I do, that were I in want, there are those who would help me, and by giving me each a little, overwhelm me with a plenty that I could not spend. But your friends, though their means are far more adequate to their style of living than are your means to yours, still look to receive benefits at your hands.

9 What you say, Socrates, said Critobulus, I cannot dispute. But it is now high time for you to be my guardian, lest I really do become pitiable indeed.

To this Socrates answered thus: Do you not think, Critobulus, that it is somewhat strange that you, who a little while ago, when I called myself rich, laughed † at me for not knowing what wealth was, and did not stop till you had convicted me and made me confess that you had a hundred times as much as I, should now bid me be your master and guardian, to prevent your being really and truly a beggar?

10 Yes, Socrates, said he; for I see that there is one thing about wealth that you know, and that is how to keep a surplus; and then I expect that a man who does this on small means, would on a large income have a large surplus.

11 Do not you remember that in our conversation just now, when you would hardly let me open my mouth, you said ‡ that neither horses, land, sheep, money, nor anything else, were property to a man who did not know how to use them? Such, however, are sources of income; and how do you think that I should know how to use any of these things, when I never yet was possessed of one of them?

12 But we determined § that even a man who had no property of his own, might yet have some knowledge of economy. What, then, should hinder you from having some?

Just what hinders, of course, from playing on the flute people who have never had flutes of their own, nor other people's lent them to learn
13 on. And this is the way with me as to economy. For I never had any property of my own to learn it from, nor have I ever had any one else's under my charge, as you would now put yours. You know men often

* At Athens, special subscriptions were demanded of the wealthy for State purposes. These were called λειτουργίαι, and of them the τριηραρχία was specially important. In time of war a "trierarch" would have to equip a vessel, and not unfrequently command it in person. Other λειτουργίαι are enumerated in the preceding sentence.

† § 3.

‡ Chap. i. § 8.

§ Chap. i. § 4.

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spoil the harps on which they learn their first lessons; and in the same way, should I undertake to learn economy with your estate to practise on, I should no doubt seriously damage it.

14 You are trying very hard, Socrates, replied Critobulus, to avoid giving me any help towards managing my necessary business with greater care.

15 No, indeed, replied Socrates; I will most gladly tell whatever I can. But supposing you were to come to me for firewood, and find that I had none, you would not, I think, blame me for directing you to where you could get it; or again, if you came to me for water, and I had none, but took you to where you could get it, you would not blame me for this either; and if you wished to learn music of me, and I pointed out to you men who were at once better musicians than myself, and who would thank you if you would take lessons of them, could you find any grounds for blaming me?

None that were just, Socrates.

16 I will, then, Critobulus, direct you to far greater adepts than myself in this which you are so anxious to learn of me; and I confess that it has interested me to observe who in the city know most of their several 17 occupations. For I could not but feel surprised, when I discovered that of those engaged in the same pursuits, some were very poor and some very rich; and I thought that the cause of this was not unworthy of consideration. So I began to look into it, and found it all very natural. 18 For I saw that those who managed their affairs recklessly were losers; whilst, on the other hand, an earnest application made the business, as I observed, at once prompter, easier, and more profitable. And if you will take these for your masters, you will, I think (unless Heaven be against you), turn out a shrewd man of business.

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CHAPTER III

OF THE VIRTUES AND RESULTS OF ECONOMY ABROAD AND AT HOME; AND THE SHARE OF THE WIFE THEREIN

1 On hearing this, Critobulus continued: Now, Socrates, I will not let you go until you have shown me what you have promised before our friends here.

Well, Critobulus, said Socrates, what would you say if I were to begin by showing you how some men spend a good deal of money in building useless houses, while others at a far smaller expense build such as have every necessary advantage? Would you not think that I was showing you herein one point in the matter of economy?

That I should, said Critobulus.

2 And what, if I were to show you the natural consequence of this?—namely, how some men have plenty of goods and chattels of every kind, and yet cannot get at them for use, when they want them; nor even, indeed, do they know if they have them safe, thereby causing much annoyance both to themselves and their servants: whilst others, though possessing much less than they, have every necessary at hand to make use of, when they want it.

3 Is not this, Socrates, the sole cause of it, that the former throw everything down anywhere at random, while the latter have everything in its place?

Exactly so, said Socrates; they have everything well-arranged—not in the first place that came, but in the most convenient.

I suppose this that you are telling me, said Critobulus, is another point in economy.

4 Again, what would you say, said Socrates, if I were to show you, at one place slaves, who are, one might say, all in bonds, constantly running away; and elsewhere others, who do not know the chain, willingly doing their work and staying with their masters? Would you not think that I was showing you in this a most noteworthy result of economy?

Yes, by Heaven, exclaimed Critobulus, a very remarkable result.

5 And what if I were to show you men working adjoining* farms, but some of them complaining that their farming is a loss to them, and they themselves are in poverty, and others getting from their farming an unstinted and comfortable abundance of every necessary?

That is a very remarkable result also, said Critobulus; but perhaps the losers spend money not only on what is necessary, but also on what does harm to house and master alike.

* And, consequently, of a like soil, and with like opportunities.

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6 There are perhaps some such too, said Socrates; but I am speaking, not of them, but of those who, whilst their profession is farming, have no money to spend on the necessaries of agriculture.

And what, Socrates, might the cause of this be? asked he.

I will take you, said Socrates, to see these men, for I am sure you will be the wiser for observing them.

Yes, by Heaven, said he; I will try to be so.

7 Well, you must see them, and so try what you can learn. Now I know that to go to a comedy you sometimes rise very early, and walk a long distance to get there; and you do all you can to persuade me to go with you. But to a task like this you never summoned me.

And so, Socrates, I seem to you ridiculous?

8 By Heaven, far more so to yourself, said he. But what if I were to show you that of breeders of horses, some have been so ruined as to need even the necessaries of life, while others have become quite wealthy, and rejoiced in their riches?

Why, I see such men myself, and know them, rich and poor; but I am not any the more one of the rich men for that.

9 No, for they are to you but actors in a play; and you go, I think, to the theatre, not with the intention of becoming a poet, but merely to find pleasure for eye and ear. And this, perhaps, is well enough, since you do not aim at being a poet: but seeing that you are obliged to keep horses, do not you think you are foolish in not looking to learn some little of the matter, especially when the same horses are good to use and profitable to sell?

10 My dear Socrates, would you have me break in horses?

Of course not, any more than I would have you buy children and bring them up as labourers. Still I think that both with horses and men there are certain ages immediately upon which they become profitable, and keep on improving. But I can show you men who so treat the wives they have married, as to find in them fellow-workers, to the increase of their estates, while others make them a special source of ruin.

11 And are we, Socrates, to blame the husband or the wife for this?

When it goes ill with a sheep, we generally blame the shepherd, said Socrates; and when a horse is vicious, we generally blame the groom. But as regards a wife,—if after being taught by her husband to do right, she still does wrong, then she is perhaps the one we might justly blame; but if, never teaching her what is right and noble, he finds her igno-
12 rant of these things, is it not with him that the blame would rest? But come, Critobulus, said he, we are all friends here; so tell us the whole truth;—is there any one whom you oftener trust with important matters than your wife?

No one, said he.

Is there any one with whom you converse less?

Few, if any, said he.

13 You married her when quite a young girl, or at any rate when she could have seen and heard but little?

Quite so.

Well, then, it would be much more wonderful if she did know how to speak and act, than if she failed therein.

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14 But, what, Socrates, of the wives you call good? Did their husbands teach them?

Well, there is nothing like looking into it; and more, I will introduce you to Aspasia,* who will know how to show you all about such things
15 far better than I. But, in my opinion, a wife who manages her share in the household matters well, has as much influence as her husband on their prosperity. For, as a rule, it is the labour of the husband that brings in the money of the family, but the judgment of the wife that regulates the spending of most of it. And whilst houses in which these matters are well managed increase, those in which they are ill managed
16 decrease in prosperity. And moreover, I think that I can point out to you men of remarkable power in all the other sciences, if you consider it worth your while to know them.

* Aspasia was a celebrated lady of Miletus who lived at Athens in the time of Pericles, and had, it is said, the greatest influence over that statesman. Remarkable at once for her beauty and her wisdom, she attracted to her house politician and author, artist and philosopher alike. Her teaching fascinating,—and novel, no doubt, as well,—won high praise from Socrates. Being a foreigner, it was against the law for any Athenian citizen to marry her; to Pericles, however, whose own wife did not make him happy, she stood in a wife's position, and by him was the mother of a son, afterwards specially legitimated by the Athenian people. Unfortunately, we know but little of Aspasia: it may, however, be fairly questioned whether the evidence we possess justifies the censures passed on her by many critics, who are perhaps too apt to judge her by the standard of modern, not Greek, morality.

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CHAPTER IV

THAT THE TRUE GENTLEMAN SHOULD PRACTISE NO MECHANICAL ARTS; BUT RATHER AGRICULTURE AND WAR, AFTER THE EXAMPLE OF THE KINGS OF PERSIA, AND OF CYRUS

1 But why need you show me them all, Socrates? said Critobulus: for neither do we want to get men who are fair hands at all the arts alike, nor can one man become an adept in all. No; those arts which are thought the noblest, and which would be most suitable for me to engage in, are what I would have you show me, together with those who practise them; and in this, as far as you can, let me have the advantage of your teaching.

2 Well said, Critobulus! exclaimed Socrates; for not only are the arts which we call mechanical * generally held in bad repute, but States also have a very low opinion of them,—and with justice. For they are injurious to the bodily health of workmen and overseers, in that they compel them to be seated and indoors, and in some cases also all the day before a fire. And when the body grows effeminate, the mind also 3 becomes weaker and weaker. And the mechanical arts, as they are called, will not let men unite with them care for friends and State, so that men engaged in them must ever appear to be both bad friends and poor defenders of their country. And there are States, but more particularly such as are most famous in war, in which not a single citizen † is allowed to engage in mechanical arts.

4 But in what kind of arts would you have us engage, Socrates?

Ought we to be ashamed, said Socrates, to imitate the King of Persia? For he, they say, considers agriculture and the art of war to be among the noblest and most essential occupations; and interests himself heartily in both of them.

5 At this Critobulus said, And do you believe, Socrates, that the King of Persia takes a due share of interest in agriculture?

If we look at it in this light, Critobulus, said Socrates, we may perhaps learn if he does, and what is the interest he takes. For in

* "Mechanical," *βαναυσικόν*.[1] In a wider sense, such as Socrates goes on to define; namely, the arts which deprive the artisan of his fair measure of exercise, sunshine, and fresh air.

† Though a lower class (the *περίοικοι*) might.

[1] [On this word, and for Ruskin's comment on the present passage, see *Munera Pulveris*, § 109 *n.* (Vol. XVII. p. 235 *n.*). Ruskin there especially dwells on Xenophon's use of the word "*ἀσχολία*, want of leisure." The word is by oversight omitted in the translation above, which might better read, ". . . weaker and weaker. And the mechanical arts, as they are called, leave men in particular with no leisure to devote to friends and the State."]

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matters of war he takes confessedly a hearty interest, inasmuch as he has appointed governors over all the nations who pay him tribute, to supply him with a fixed support for so many cavalry, archers, slingers, and targeteers, so that he may have enough men to keep in subjection those over whom he rules, and to defend the country from any hostile invasion;
6 while without count of these he maintains garrisons in his forts. And though they are paid and cared for by an officer appointed for the purpose, yet every year too the King reviews his mercenaries and other forces under arms, collecting them all together, except the garrisons in the forts, at a fixed place, when the household troops pass before the King, while trustworthy officers are sent to inspect those who are at a distance.
7 And where he finds garrison-officers, field-officers, and satraps, with their due complements of men, and nothing to blame in their horses or their armour, he gives honours and presents of great value; but where he finds governors neglecting their garrisons or making them an unjust source of gain, he punishes them severely, taking away their commissions and giving them to others.* So that in matters of war he thus shows an undoubted
8 interest. And besides this, he rides through part of his dominion in person, surveying and inspecting it; and where he does not go himself, he sends to examine it men whom he can trust. And where he finds a governor's province well inhabited, the land well tilled, and planted with the trees and crops best suited to it, there he adds to the governor's territory, and, adorning him with gifts, sets him on high. But where he sees the land lying idle and thinly peopled, be it through hard treatment, insolence, or neglect on their part, there he punishes the governors, taking
9 away their governorships and giving them to others. Does it not seem to you that in doing this he shows an equal interest in the land being well worked by its inhabitants, and well guarded by its garrisons? And he has also officers commissioned for either purpose,—not the same for both; for some are set over the inhabitants and those who till the ground, and from them collect tribute, whilst others are set over the garrisons
10 under arms. And if the officer of a garrison is backward in protecting the country, the master of the inhabitants and overseer of the tillage[1] brings a charge against him that the people cannot work for want of proper protection. But if the officer of the garrison says to him, "There is peace; work thou in it;" and yet he can only answer by showing land little inhabited and little tilled, then the officer of the garrison accuses
11 him of this. For as a rule those who cultivate the ground ill neither maintain their garrisons, nor are able to pay their tribute. But where a satrap is appointed, both these duties fall under his charge.

12 If the King really does this, Socrates, answered Critobulus, he pays, I think, no less attention to agriculture than to war.

13 And more than this, continued Socrates, at all the places which he dwells in or visits, he takes especial care that there shall be gardens which they call "paradises," filled with everything good and beautiful that grows there naturally. And it is in these gardens that he spends most of his leisure, unless prevented from doing so by the time of year.

* May we not compare the Parable of the Talents? Matt. xxv. 28.

[1] [That is, as we should say, the Civil Governor.]

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14 By Heaven, Socrates, said Critobulus, if he spends his time there himself, these "paradises" must of course be as well kept as possible, and planted out with trees, and every other goodly thing native to the place.

15 It is said too by some, Critobulus, continued Socrates, that when the King awards gifts, he begins by calling up those who have distinguished themselves in war,—because however much ground you cultivate, it is no good unless you have men to defend it. And next he summons those that excel in keeping up estates and making them productive, saying that not even your brave men could live unless there were men to till the ground.

16 And once, too, they tell us, Cyrus, who was the most famous prince of his time, said to those who were called up to receive gifts, that he too might put in a fair claim to have gifts awarded him on both scores; inasmuch as he excelled at once in stocking the land and in protecting the stocks.

17 Cyrus, then, said Critobulus, in saying this, prided himself no less in making a country productive and in stocking it well, than on his warlike character.

18 Ay; and, by Heaven, had Cyrus lived, continued Socrates, he would, I think, have made a most excellent ruler. And amongst all the proofs that are given of this, we may note what happened when he set forth to fight against his brother for the throne. From Cyrus, it is said, not a man deserted to the King, whilst from the King many myriads deserted

19 to Cyrus. And I think that a commander's worth is well proved by his men following him willingly, and by their standing by him in time of danger. So was it with Cyrus: with him his friends fought, and with him fell, doing battle round his body, every one of them, excepting

20 Ariæus, who happened to be in command of the left wing. It is said, too, of this same Cyrus, that when Lysander came to him with presents from the allies, he not only treated him with much kindness, but further (as Lysander himself once told a stranger he met in Megara) showed him

21 over his "paradise" at Sardis. And as Lysander wondered at the beautiful trees planted therein with perfect symmetry, and at the straightness of their rows, and at the fairness of all their angles, while many a sweet perfume met them as they went along, he said to Cyrus, Much as I wonder, Cyrus, at the beauty of all this, I feel far greater admiration for the man who measured it out and arranged it all. At these words

22 Cyrus was much pleased, and said, Well, then, Lysander, it was I who measured it all out and arranged it; nay, some of these trees, he added, I even planted myself.

23 What, Cyrus, said Lysander, as he looked at him, and saw the splendid raiment that he had on, and smelt the perfume of it; marking too the beauty of the necklaces, bracelets, and other ornaments that he wore; did you really plant any of these trees with your own hands?

24 Does it amaze you, Lysander? said Cyrus; why I swear to you by Mithra that when I am in good health I never sit down to dinner without having first earned it in the sweat of my brow, by exercising myself in some business of war or agriculture, or by pursuing some object of honourable ambition.

At which, said Lysander, I took his hand, and said, I think, Cyrus, that you are justly happy, for you are happy because you are good.

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CHAPTER V

OF THE VIRTUES OF AGRICULTURE AND THE PRAISE OF IT. OF THE NECESSITY OF PRAYER IN ALL UNDERTAKINGS

1 Now, I tell you this, Critobulus, continued Socrates, because I would have you know that even the greatest and richest men cannot be wholly neglectful of agriculture. For we see that those who make it their care find it to be both a pleasant pursuit, and a means of adding to their wealth; whilst it exercises the body, so strengthening it to do all that a 2 free man should. For in the first place it is to those who cultivate it that the earth yields means of sustenance, and of enjoyment as well. 3 Next also it provides them with decorations for altars and statues, as well as for their own persons, and these very sweet to smell and to see. And there is much food too, some of which it produces, some of which it rears, inasmuch as the art of tending cattle comes into the province of agriculture. And thus have men sufficient, both for giving Heaven the sacrifice that is 4 its due honour and for their own uses. But whilst the earth provides this abundance of good things ungrudgingly,* it does not suffer those who are effeminate to reap it,† but accustoms them to endure with patience winter cold and the heat of summer. To those who work with their own hands, it gives physical training and increase of strength; whilst it makes the overseer more manly, by rousing him up early, and compelling him to journey to and fro. For both afield and in the city every necessary toil 5 must ever be done in season. And, again, if any one wishes to serve his state in the cavalry, then it is agriculture which is best for rearing horses as well as other things; or if in the infantry, agriculture in this too will keep him sound and strong. The land also helps to increase an interest in

* Virgil almost forgets the labour: but his epithet of the earth is more perfect than *ἀφθόνως*:—

> "O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,
> Agricolas, quibus *ipsa*, procul discordibus armis,
> Fundit humo facilem victum *justissima* tellus."
> *Georgic* ii. 458–460.

† Compare Milton, *Comus*, lines 778–782:—

> "Impostor! do not charge most innocent Nature,
> As if she would her children should be riotous
> With her abundance! she, good cateress,
> Means her provisions *only for the good*."

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hunting, since it both provides easy means for the keeping of dogs, and also
6 supports the beasts of the chase. And to both the horses and dogs that owe
their maintenance to farming, farming too owes much in return: to the
horse for carrying his master early to his labour, and giving him power to
come home late; and to the dog, for defending the crops and cattle from
7 the ravages of wild beasts, and for making lonely places safe. And in some
measure too the land prompts the agriculturist to defend his own with
arms, in that, bringing forth its fruits, it leaves them for the strongest to
8 take. Again, what art more than agriculture makes men better able to
run and throw and leap? What art gives greater rewards to those who
engage in it? What art has a sweeter welcome for those occupied in it,
bidding them draw nigh and take all that they would? What art, too,
9 has a more generous welcome for a guest? And where in the winter-time
can one enjoy more abundantly the luxury of blazing fires and warm baths
than in the country? Where in the summer is it sweeter to be than in
10 the meadows or by some shaded stream where the breezes blow? What
other art provides the gods with fairer first-fruits, or sets forth fuller feasts?
What more loved of servants, more pleasant to wife, more longed for by
11 children, more grateful to friends? To me, indeed, it is a marvel if any
free-minded man possesses aught of more joy to him than some country
spot; or has found aught that is more gladdening or that more generously
12 supplies him with the means of life, than the cultivation of it. And,
further, to those who can learn it, the land willingly teaches justice, for
13 it ever awards its highest prizes to those who serve it best. And then
those who are engaged in agriculture,—if ever they are prevented from
working, even by some large invading army, still their education has been
vigorous and manly, they have been well trained in mind and body; and
thus, if Heaven prevent them not, they are able to enter the country of
those who are hindering them from their work, and thence take means
of sustenance; and often, indeed, in time of war it is safer to seek a
14 livelihood with arms than with the implements of the field. Agriculture,
too, teaches us to help one another; for just as in facing their foes men
15 must join together, so must they in agriculture. He, then, that would be
a good farmer must procure labourers zealous to work, and ready to obey;
and so, too, must he who is leading his men against an enemy; rewarding
those who are the brave men they should be,—punishing those who are
16 disorderly. And a farmer must encourage his labourers, no less constantly
than does a general his soldiers. For slaves have no less need of fair
hopes than have free men; nay, rather more need, that so they may
17 willingly remain with their masters. It was once said, and finely too,
that agriculture was the mother and the nurse of all the other arts. For
while agriculture prospers, the other arts too are strong; but wherever the
soil must lie barren, there they are well-nigh being utterly quenched by
sea and by land.

18 On hearing this, Critobulus said, I think, Socrates, that what you say
is entirely right. But remember that the greater part of agriculture is
beyond our foresight. For sometimes hail and frost, drought and violent
rain, blight, and often other causes, are fatal to what has been excellently
devised and done; or a pestilence may chance to come, and kill cattle
that have been reared to perfection.

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19 To which Socrates replied thus: Nay, I thought that you, Critobulus, knew that Heaven is lord as much of agriculture as of war. And in war, I think, you see men propitiating Heaven before setting forth on any war-like enterprise, and inquiring there with sacrifices and oracles what they
20 must do and what avoid. And in agriculture think you there is less necessity to win the favour of Heaven? For know this well, he added, that good men offer prayer about every kind of produce;*—about oxen and horses and sheep,—yes, about all that they have.

* Gk. "ὑπὲρ ὑγρῶν καὶ ξηρῶν καρπῶν." Literally, "wet and dry fruits," *i.e.*, for example, grapes and corn.

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CHAPTER VI

RECAPITULATION OF PRECEDING CONCLUSIONS. OF THE TRUE GENTLEMAN, AND HOW SOCRATES FOUND SUCH AN ONE

1 WELL, Socrates, said he, I heartily approve of all you say, in bidding us strive to begin every undertaking with the favour of Heaven to aid us, and that because Heaven is lord no less of the things of peace than of those of war. This we will make every effort to do. But now do you continue from where you left off telling me about economy, and endeavour to go through everything about it for my benefit, since even now, from what you have told me so far, I think I already understand better than I did how I ought to act in life.

2 What say you, then, said Socrates, to our first going once more over all the points we have successively agreed upon, that we may if possible, as we proceed to what remains, still agree with each other?

3 Yes, said Critobulus, I shall be very glad: and just as where money is concerned partners in business are glad at finishing off their accounts agreeably to both, so shall we be, if in talking together we finish off our conversation without any disagreement arising.

4 Well, then, said Socrates, we decided that economy was the name of some science; * and this science, as it appeared, was one that enabled a man to add to his resources; and his resources were all his possessions; and possessions, we said, were everything that benefited a man for the maintenance of life; and we found that the things which benefited him 5 were all such as he knew how to use. We decided, however, that it was impossible to learn every science, and we agreed with governments in condemning the merely mechanical arts, as they are called, because they 6 evidently are injurious to both body and mind.[1] And we said that a most clear proof of this was, if when an enemy invaded the country, one were to separate the husbandmen from the artisans, and then put the question to each class, "Will you defend your house and home, or leave 7 the fields and guard the walls?" For at this, we thought, those who tilled the land would vote for defending their country, whilst the artisans would prefer not to fight, but in the spirit of their education would 8 rather sit still, without trouble and without danger.† We went on to

* For these and following references, see Chap. i. §§ 1, 5, 7, 9; Chap. iv. §§ 1 *seq.*

† This has not occurred in the foregoing chapters; there is therefore, probably, a lacuna in the text.

[1] [Xenophon's "word for the harm to the soul is," says Ruskin, "to 'break' it, as we say of the heart": see *Munera Pulveris*, § 109 *n.* (Vol. XVII. p. 235 *n.*).]

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determine that for the true gentleman* agriculture was the finest occupa-
9 tion and science of all those by which men gain a living. For we came to the conclusion that this occupation was the easiest to learn and the most pleasant to be occupied in, and that it, more than all others, made the body fine and strong, whilst it allowed the mind full leisure to have
10 some care for both friend and country. We decided also that agriculture in some degree was an incentive to bravery, in that it not only produces the necessaries of life, and that, too, where there are no bulwarks of defence, but also maintains those who occupy themselves in it. Wherefore this manner of life was, we noticed, that which governments held in highest esteem, because without doubt it provides the commonwealth with the best and most loyal citizens.

11 To which Critobulus: I think, Socrates, that I am sufficiently persuaded that the husbandman's life is the noblest, the best, and the sweetest. But you said that you understood how it is that some husbandmen manage to get from their husbandry an unstinted measure of what they want, while others work so that their husbandry is no source of profit to them. And about both these would I gladly hear you, in order that I may do what is profitable, and avoid what is to my harm.

12 What say you then, Critobulus, said Socrates, to my telling you from beginning to end of how I once fell in with a man who seemed to me beyond all doubt one of those to whom the name of "gentleman" was really and truly applicable?

I should very much like to hear it, said Critobulus; for I too desire to be worthy of that name.

13 I will tell you, then, said Socrates, how I came to see him. For as to those skilful in carpentry, metallurgy, painting, sculpture, and all else of the kind, I took but a very little time to have done with them, and
14 to inspect their works popularly esteemed good. But in order to consider those who bore the majestic name of "gentleman," and to see what claim their conduct gave them to it, I was particularly anxious to fall in with
15 some one of them. But to begin with, since "gentleman" meant both virtuous and beautiful, I would address myself to every beautiful person I saw, and would try to discover some instance of beauty and virtue com-
16 bined. Yet this was not always so. Nay, I learnt very certainly that a beautiful figure was often accompanied by a vicious mind, and I determined therefore to give up looking at beauty, and to visit some one who had the
17 name of "gentleman." So when I heard of Ischomachus, and that he was approved gentleman by men and women, strangers and fellow-citizens alike, I determined to try and meet him.

* "The true gentleman." The Greek words *καλός τε κἀγαθός*, as subsequently (§ 15) analysed, signify respectively the beauty of mind and body. The translation of them by the word "gentleman" has been adopted as likely to impress itself on English readers. In this sense they are used by Plato (*Republic*, viii. 569 A); whilst Aristotle has the abstract *καλοκἀγαθία* (*Ethics*, iv. 3, 16; x. 9, 3). It is distinctly opposed to the mob, as is shown by the following passage of Plutarch (*Pericl.*, p. 158 B): "*οὐ γὰρ εἴασε τοὺς καλοὺς κἀγαθοὺς καλουμένους . . . συμμεμῖχθαι πρὸς τὸν δῆμον.*"

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CHAPTER VII

HOW SOCRATES FELL IN WITH ISCHOMACHUS, WHO TOLD HIM OF HOW HE TAUGHT HIS WIFE HER DUTIES, AND RECOUNTED HIS FIRST TALK WITH HER; OF THE DIVINE ORDERING OF THE WORLD, PARTICULARLY AS REGARDS MAN AND WIFE; AND OF THE INCREASING HONOUR IN WHICH THE GOOD WIFE IS HELD

1 One day, then, I saw him sitting in the porch of Zeus "That giveth us Freedom"; and as he seemed at leisure, I went up to him, and sitting me down beside him, Why, Ischomachus, said I, you are generally anything but an idle man;—why are you sitting here? For I almost always see you busying yourself in something, or at any rate not sitting quite idle in the market-place.

2 Nor indeed had you seen me doing so now, Socrates, said Ischomachus, had I not agreed to wait here for some foreign friends.

And, pray, said I, when you have nothing of this kind to do, where do you spend your time, and what do you? For I am very anxious to learn of you what it may be that you do that they call you "gentleman": you certainly are not a stay-at-home; you look too healthy for that.

3 At this Ischomachus smiled, amused at my "what do you do that they call you 'gentleman'?" and I think he liked the notion. I do not know, said he, whether you know any who in talking to you of me call me so or not. Certainly when they come to me for due subscription to navy or theatre,* it is not the "gentleman" whom they ask for, but plain Ischomachus, and they just add my father's name. In answer to your question, Socrates, he added, I certainly am anything but a stay-at-home; indeed, why should I be, for my wife is able to arrange all household matters without help?

4 Yes, Ischomachus, said I, and here is another thing that I should be very pleased to hear from you. Did you teach your wife her duties yourself, or had she full knowledge of them when you took her away from her father and mother?

5 Was it likely, Socrates, said he, that she should have such knowledge when I took her away, seeing that she came to me before she was fifteen, and after living under the most watchful care, that she might 6 see, hear, and say as little as possible? Surely it was more than enough, think you not, for me to find in her one who could turn a fleece into a garment; and one whose eyes had taught her how to set her handmaidens at their spindles? For as far as concerned the appetites, she came to me well trained: which is, I think, of the utmost importance for man and woman.

* This last was called χορηγία. Chap. ii. § 6 and n.

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7 But in other matters, Ischomachus, said I, tell me, did you teach your wife yourself, so as to fit her to attend to all her duties?

No, by Heaven, said Ischomachus, no! Not until I had offered sacrifice and prayer that I might teach and she learn what was best for both of us.

Well, and did your wife join with you in this sacrifice and prayer?

8 Yes, surely, and solemnly vowed at the time to do her duty; showing very clearly that she would not disregard anything taught her.

Nay, but by Heaven, Ischomachus, said I, tell me, I beg of you, what

9 you first set about teaching her. For I had far rather hear this of you, than have you tell me any tale of grandest wrestling bout or chariot race.

Why, Socrates, replied Ischomachus, when I had at last "got her in

10 hand," * and when she was fairly in subjection to me, so that we could talk together, I put her a question something thus: Tell me, good wife, why, think you, did I marry you, and why did your parents give you in

11 marriage to me? For I know very well that there were plenty of others for you to marry, and for me, as you yourself too are well aware. However, when I was on the look-out for a wife for myself, and your parents for a husband for you—for the best partner of house and family, both of us—you were my choice, and, as it seems, I was the choice your parents

12 made out of those that were eligible.† Now, therefore, if Heaven ever grant us children, we shall consider how we may best bring them up. For in this we have a common interest, that we find them the best

13 defence ‡ and support of our old age.§ But now indeed this estate of ours is common; for I put all my fortune into the common stock, just as you put into it everything that you brought with you. No reckoning as to which of us has contributed the greater part, must enter into our calculations; let us rather be well assured that it is the best partner in household management who brings the most.

14 And the answer my wife made me, Socrates, was this: But in what

* ἐτετιθασεύετο;—tamed like a wild animal.

† This rendering of ἐκ τῶν δυνατῶν has been preferred to "quantum in ipsis fuit," also possible.

‡ Compare, "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them: they shall not be ashamed *when they speak with their enemies* in the gate."—Psalm cxxvii. 7.

§ γηροβοσκῶν. The full meaning of this word is very noticeable. It implies the duty of children in their days of strength to tend the failing powers of the parents who once so carefully tended them; and, though wealth may render actual support unnecessary, that at least of tenderness ever remaining. By Greek parents this fact of a recompense due was strongly felt. Compare Sophocles, *Ajax*, 567 *seq.*, and Euripides, *Supplices*, 918 *seq.*, where the lament of the Chorus is as follows:—

ἰὼ τέκνον δυστυχῆ σ'
ἔτρεφον, ἔφερον ὑφ' ἥπατος
πόνους ἐνεγκοῦσ' ἐν ὠδῖσι καὶ νῦν
Ἅιδας τὸν ἐμὸν ἔχει
μόχθον ἀθλίας, ἐγὼ δὲ
γηροβοσκὸν οὐκ ἔχω
τεκοῦσ' ἃ τάλαινα παῖδα.

("Alas, my child, to misery I brought thee up, and bare thee in the womb, enduring the pangs of travail; lo, and now Hades doth hold all that I suffered for, whilst I am left a wretched mother with no child to tend my failing years.")

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could I work with you? What power have I to do so? You are lord and master: my one duty, as my mother told me, is to act discreetly.

15 Yes, good wife, said I; and my father said the same to me; but do not "honourable" people, both man and wife, also strive to manage their property as best may be, and to add to it as largely as possible by fair means and just?

16 And what is there, said my wife, that you see, by doing which *I* might add to our property?

Most assuredly this, said I; by using every endeavour to do as best you can all those things for which Heaven has fitted you, and which the law too sanctions.

17 And what are they all? said she.

They are, I think, of no small moment, said I, unless those things be 18 of small moment over which the queen bee in the hive presides. For to me, good wife, it seems that it was of the keenest insight that Heaven created them male and female, binding them one to the other, 19 that so united they might do each other better and best service. For first these two are coupled together to the end they may have children, that so the creatures of the earth shall not fail; and moreover we men find so provided those that will tend our declining years. But, secondly, let us add this, that men do not live, as do the beasts, under the open 20 vault of heaven, but evidently have need of shelter. They must, however, if they are to have aught to bring within that shelter, have also those that shall do every business of the field, such as are tillage and sowing, planting of tree, and tending of flock, whence come the necessaries of life. 21 And, again, when those necessaries are brought within, they must have some one to take care of the same, as well as one to do the business of the house.[1] Shelter, too, is necessary for the rearing of young children, for the preparing of food from the fruit of the earth, and for the working of 22 raiment from wool. But since all work, both indoors and out, demands labour and diligent attention, Heaven, I think, from the first so ordered our nature as to fit the woman for things demanding labour and diligent attention within, and the man for such things as demand them without. 23 For Heaven so made their bodies, and set their lives, as to render man strong to endure cold and heat, journeyings and warfare, so laying on him the works of the field; but to the woman gave less strength for such 24 endurance, so laying, I think, on her the works of the house. But in the knowledge that it had been put into the nature of woman and made of her to rear young children, Heaven made her love for infants just born to 25 exceed that of the man. And more: it was made the duty of the woman to guard the things brought into the house; so Heaven, knowing that for guarding of goods a fearful heart is nothing ill, gave to the woman a larger share of fearfulness than to the man; whilst in the knowledge that he who works in the field must defend himself against all injury, there 26 was given to the man the greater share of courage. But in that both alike must give and receive, Heaven bestowed on both powers of memory and attention in a like degree, so that you could not determine whether 27 of the two excels therein. So also for the ruling of their spirits, where

[1] [Literally, ". . . one to do the works which call for shelter."]

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so they should, they had equal opportunity given them; and it was granted to the stronger therein, be it the man or the woman, to inherit the
28 greater portion of the good arising therefrom. But whereas they have not, both of them, natures of like power and capacity, so are they the more in need of each other, and their union the more profitable, in that where
29 the one is weak, the other is strong. And so, good wife, said I, since we know what has been given each of us to do, it remains for us to make
30 every effort to fulfil our respective duties. And these divine appointments, continued I (as he went on to tell me), are sanctioned by the law, which unites together man and woman: and even as they have been made to hold their children, so does the law give them their home—in common. The law also shows how fair is the heavenly ordering of their several powers: it shows that for the woman it is fitter that she should remain within the house rather than go abroad, whilst for the man there were
31 shame in his doing so, to the neglect of works in the field. But if any do things contrary to the nature that has been given him, disturbing aught of the divine order, then, may be, the eye of Heaven shall light on him, and he shall be punished for his fault, whether for failing of his own duties
32 or for meddling with those of his wife. I think, said I, that the queen bee is an instance of a creature fulfilling its divinely appointed duties.

The queen bee! said my wife; what has she to do that makes her duties and mine alike?

33 This, said I; that she remains in the hive and will not suffer the bees to be idle, but makes those that have work abroad go forth to their labour; and notes as she receives it all that each brings home, taking good care of the same till the time for using it come, when she gives to
34 each his due portion. And she is set also over the fair and speedy building of cells within the hive; and cares for rearing of the young bees, of whom, when reared and fit for work, she sends out a colony led by some one of her attendants.*

35 And must I, said my wife, act so?

You must certainly, said I, stay at home, and send out those of the servants who have outdoor work to do. Those who have work indoors will be under you; and you will have to take charge of everything that
36 is brought into the house, distributing it when wanted, and providently taking care of the stores, so that we may not consume in a month what was meant to last a year. Are fleeces brought home to you?—you must see that those who want clothes have them. Have you dried provisions in store?—you must be sure that they are in the best condition for eating.
37 There is, however, one of your duties, said I, which you may find somewhat irksome: it is that if any one of the servants fall ill, you will have to nurse him, that so he may get well again.[1]

Nay, but surely, said my wife, this will be anything but irksome,—at least, if those who get well again are grateful, and show themselves all the more loyal servants.

* Reading ἐτομένων, not ἐπιγόνων.

[1] [For Ruskin's own translation of §§ 37–43, see the letter of September 18, 1865, on "Domestic Servants," in Vol. XVII. p. 525.]

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38 At this answer of hers, said Ischomachus, I was much delighted, and said: Is it not, dear wife, some such provident care as this that the queen bee in the hive shows; and are not the bees so attached to her, that when she goes forth, there is not one of them that thinks to leave her, but they all follow after her? *

39 But I wonder, answered my wife, if the duties of the chief bee do not belong to you rather than to me. For it would be rather absurd for me to be taking care of the stores, and dealing them out indoors, unless you took good care to have supplies brought in from outdoors.

40 But it would be equally absurd, said I, for me to be bringing in supplies, unless there were some one to take care of them indoors. (You know, do you not, how we pity the people in the story who drew water in a bucket with holes in it, because their labour was vain? †

Yes, said my wife, for that was such altogether wretched labour.

41 But you will have other duties, dear wife, said I, that you will like when, for instance, you teach some handmaiden, who came to you quite ignorant of spinning, how to spin, so that you end by valuing her doubly. So, too, with any one who comes to you ignorant of housekeeping and management, you will like teaching her to be a clever and faithful housekeeper, a thoroughly valuable servant. Or, again, you will find pleasure in rewarding those servants that are steady and profitable to your 42 house, whilst you will punish those that fail of their duties. But pleasure more than all shall you find, if you prove yourself my superior, and set me under you, having no cause to fear that, as years go on, the household shall hold you in less honour; nay, rather having full assurance that, as you grow older, the better wife and mistress and mother you prove your- 43 self, the greater shall be the honour in which you shall be held. For fair deeds and noble, said I, are held in admiration, not for any outward beauty in the doer of them, but rather for that beauty of the heart which aims at profiting the life of man.

Such, Socrates (he concluded), as far as I remember, was my first talk with her.

* For this devotion of the bees to their leader, compare Virgil, *Georgic* iv. 210 *seq.*

† Danaüs, king of Argos, being forewarned by an oracle that he should die at the hands of one of his sons-in-law, bade his daughters, the fifty Danaides, who were betrothed to their cousins, the fifty sons of Ægyptus, king of Egypt, slay each her bridegroom on the first night of her marriage. For this crime, which all, except Hypermnestra, consummated, they were doomed in hell to the everlasting toil of filling a sieve with water.

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CHAPTER VIII

OF THE VALUE AND BEAUTY OF ORDER, AND THE USE OF THINGS, AS TAUGHT BY ISCHOMACHUS TO HIS WIFE

1 And did you observe, Ischomachus, said I, that these words of yours stirred your wife to greater diligence?

Yes, said he, most assuredly so; indeed, I well remember the pain and blushes it cost her, when once I asked for something that had been brought into the house, and she could not find it. However, when I saw 2 her annoyance, I said, Never mind, good wife, this is nothing, your not being able to give me what I happen to ask you for. It is, of course, "poverty indeed, not to have what you need"; but to need a thing, and just not to be able to find it, which is your case now, is not nearly so bad as never to think of looking for it, because you are sure that it is nowhere to look for. Now, however, you are not to blame, but I am, for not having told you as I gave you everything, to put this here and that there, that so you may know where to place it and whence to take it 3 again. For nothing is more useful, nothing more fair for men than this—Order. For suppose a chorus* of so many men; if they all do just what each likes, the result is utter confusion, ugly to see; but let Order rule their every word and gesture, and that same chorus may well demand 4 attention from eye and ear alike. And so too with an army: without Order, it is all confusion; its foes can easily master it; its friends find grief in the sight of it; it is a thing that cumbers the ground, a mass of troopers, pack-asses, and light infantry, carriers, cavalry, and carriages, all thrown together. For how can a march be made with men like this, each in the other's way; those going slow in that of those going quick, and they in that of the halting: carriage and cavalry, pack-ass and carriage, 5 carrier and trooper, each in the way of the other? And how, if fight they must, can they possibly do so in such disorder? For in all probability those who have to retreat before the advancing foe will in so doing 6 trample under foot their fighting comrades. But let Order hold sway, and that army is a sight of joy to friend; to foe, of wonder and dismay. For who of friends would not gaze with joy on an armed host marching in perfect order? who not look with admiration at cavalry riding on in set array? who of foes not fear, when his eye beholds troopers and cavalry, targeteers, archers, and slingers, all in their ranks, all duly following those 7 that lead them? And as they move along, though they number tens of thousands, still are they all as one man in the perfect quiet of their march, as one from behind ever comes up and fills the vacant ground.

* The English reader is reminded that the chorus here spoken of is that of the ancient Greek drama; its part included both dance and song, and thus has no parallel in the modern theatre.

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8 Or, again, what is it that makes a well-manned galley a thing of fear to foes, to friends of great joy? Is it not the way in which it swiftly voyages along? And what is it that enables the crew to sit there on their benches, moving backwards and forwards; or to embark and disembark, all
9 without troubling each other, if it be not Order? But look you now at Disorder: it is, I think, like unto a husbandman that throws into his granary barley and corn and pease all together; so when in due time he has need of barley or of corn for bread, and of pease for pottage, he is driven to plucking out grain by grain, since they are not carefully set
10 apart, that he should take of them. And so, good wife, if you would avoid such confusion, and strive after an accurate knowledge whereby to arrange our possessions, readily taking of them for any need, and gratifying me by giving me that which I may ask of you, let us now approve some suitable place for everything, and putting our goods into it, show our housekeeper whence everything may be taken, and where put back again. In this way we shall know where the things are safe or not: the very emptiness of a place will show us what is gone, and a single glance tell us what needs attention; whilst knowing where everything is, we shall never be at a loss when we want it for use.

11 The most beautiful and accurate piece of arrangement, Socrates, that I ever remember seeing, was when I went on board the great Phœnician merchantman to look over her. For there I saw the largest number of
12 things arranged in the smallest possible space. Now it requires a great many things—tackle of wood and rope—to put a ship into harbour and to take her out again; and a great deal of tackle too, as they call it, before she can sail along; she is equipped with many instruments of war against hostile vessels, and carries about many weapons for the men, having in her also for each mess all such appliances as are used in a house; whilst beside all this she has a heavy cargo, which the shipmaster takes with
13 him to make profit on. And all these things that I am telling you of, said he, were stowed in a place not much bigger than a room in which ten dinner-couches could be comfortably set. And I observed that they were all so arranged that they did not get confused together, nor was there any need to hunt for them, since they were quite ready to hand and easily got at, so as to cause no delay when any one had sudden need
14 of them. And then I found that the steersman's mate, the man at the prow, as they call him, knew where everything was so well, that even when not on the spot he could tell where each thing was, and how many of everything the ship had, as easily as a man who knows his alphabet can tell you the number of letters in "Socrates," and what their different
15 places in the word are. And I saw, Ischomachus went on, this same man inspecting at his leisure everything that could be used in the ship: and in some wonder at it, I asked him what he was doing; I, sir, said he, am inspecting the state of everything on board in case of an accident, to see
16 if there is anything missing or not handy. For when Heaven raises a storm on the sea, said he, there is no time to look about for what you want, or to hunt for what is not at hand. For the Deity threatens the slack and punishes them; and if He refrain from destroying those that do no wrong, we must fain be content; while if He save all hands aboard that serve aright, we must render Heaven great thanks.

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17 So then, after observing his accurate arrangement, I said to my wife: We should be very slack (should we not?) if while people in ships, that are so small, find room for their goods, and keep them in order, despite all the tossing they get,—knowing too where to find what they want even in moments of the greatest panic,—yet we, in our house with its large and separate store-rooms, itself too on a firm foundation, do not
18 find out for everything good places and convenient. So far, I have said enough to you about how good a thing accurate Order is, and how
19 easy it is to find a place for everything in a house. And then, how fair a sight it is to see an orderly arrangement of even any kind of shoes, or garments, or bed linen, or vessels of brass, or table-gear; fair too, and graceful (though this might seem especially ridiculous to some wit, not to a man of sober sense), even pots and pans when arranged in order.*
20 And thus, too, does all else seem fairer for being set in order; for the kinds of vessels seem like some chorus; and fair is the space between them, as each stands out clear; just as a chorus moving in measured circles is not only a fair sight in itself, but the space in the midst of it
21 also is fair and clear to view. That all this is true, good wife, said I, we may test without any great loss or trouble. But we need not either have any fear but that we shall find some one who will learn where
22 everything is, and remember to keep all separate. For we know, of course, that in the whole city there is ten thousand times as much as we have; and yet whatever you bid a servant go and fetch from the market-place, he is never at a loss, but always knows whither to go and get it,
23 and that only because everything has its proper place. But often when looking out for a man, who is himself, too, looking out for you, you might grow weary of waiting before you find him, and that just through not having agreed on some meeting-place to wait in.

Such, as far as I remember, was my talk with her about the arrangement and use of things.

* *εὔρυθμος*. A remarkable word as significant of the complete rhythm (*ῥυθμός*) whether of sound or motion, that was so great a characteristic of the Greek ideal (*cf.* xi. 16, *μεταῤῥυθμίζω*). The statement here that even pots and pans may look fair and graceful when arranged in order, finds certain verification in one of the bas-reliefs at the base of Giotto's Tower. They represent the various trades of Florence, the subject of the one in question being pottery, and exhibiting the potter with all his wares set out in the true beauty of perfect order.[1]

[1] [See now Plate XLV. in Vol. XXIII.]

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CHAPTER IX

OF THE HOUSE OF ISCHOMACHUS AND ITS ORDERING. HIS CHOICE OF A HOUSEKEEPER, AND ADVICE TO HIS WIFE AS MISTRESS OF THE HOUSEHOLD

1 And how did it end? said I. Did you find that your wife paid any attention to what you so earnestly taught her?

Why, it ended thus; she promised to apply herself to it, and was evidently mightily pleased, just as if she had now left doubt behind her, and found all plain and straightforward. And so she begged me to lose no time in arranging everything in the way I had mentioned.

2 And what was the arrangement, Ischomachus, said I, that you made for her?

Of course I thought it best to begin by showing her over the house: for it is not decorated with various ornamentations, Socrates, but all its rooms were built with a view to containing, with all possible convenience, everything that we were going to put in them; and so they suggested of 3 themselves what they were most suited to be used for. First there was the store-room. This was in a safe part of the house, and so invited us to place in it our most valuable bedding[1] and vessels; and then the corn must be put where it was driest; the wine where it was coolest; and the 4 vessels and pieces of fine workmanship that wanted a good light, where they would get a good light upon them. I next showed her how the dwelling-rooms of the house were beautifully fitted for coolness in the summer, and warmth in winter; and then I let her see how the whole house faced the south, and thus, of course, is well in the sun in winter, 5 and in summer well in the shade. And then I showed her the women's quarters, separated by a bolted door * from the men's, to prevent anything being wrongly removed, and in order that the servants might not have children without our knowing of it. For good servants are, as a rule, all the more loyal when children are born to them, but it makes those that 6 are bad all the more prone to mischief. After going through all this, we now went on to set apart our goods and chattels after their various kinds. And first, we began by collecting together everything used in sacrifice; then we set aside the woman's adornments for festivals, and the man's clothes for festivals and war, ending by arranging the bedding in both 7 their quarters, and the shoes belonging to each of them. We had all kinds of appliances: some for spinning, some for grinding corn, some for cooking bread, others for washing, kneading, and the table; and we divided them all into two sets,—one for every-day use, and the other for state occasions.

* Reading θύρᾳ καὶ βαλάνῳ.

[1] [στρώματα, which includes both coverlets and carpets, the word meaning anything spread or laid out.]

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8 We set aside such things as we always consume in a month, storing elsewhere those reckoned to last a year; since so we are more certain how long things are likely to last. After setting all our goods and chattels
9 properly apart, we next put them in the several places meant for them; after which we took such things as the servants use every day for making bread, cooking, spinning, and everything else there might be of the kind; and after showing those who use them where to put them, we handed them
10 into their charge and bade them take good care of them. Such, however, as we use for festivals or entertainments, or only on rare occasions, we gave into the housekeeper's charge, after showing her where they should be kept, counting them over and making a list of them; we bade her give any one of them to such as had need of it, remembering to whom she gave it, and putting it back again in its place when returned to her.
11 And the way we appointed our housekeeper was this. We sought out her who had, we thought, the greatest self-restraint* where eating, wine, sleep, or the passions were concerned. And further we considered who had the best memory; who, the most forethought to avoid our punishing her for neglect; and who, the most care to give us satisfaction, and be
12 by us duly remembered for it. We further inspired her with feelings of loyalty towards us, making her to rejoice with us when we rejoiced, and calling her to help us in any time of grief or trouble. And we set about teaching her to feel a zealous interest in increasing the prosperity of the house, by acquainting her with all its concerns, and letting her
13 have a share in its welfare.† And further, we instilled into her a notion of justice by honouring the just beyond the unjust, and showing her that they enjoyed a life of greater luxury and liberty than the latter. And so we made her our housekeeper.
14 But more than this, Socrates, said he, I told my wife that all this was of no use unless she too attended in person to the proper order being kept: and I showed her that in well-ordered states the people are not satisfied with a code of good laws merely, but, further, appoint guardians of the laws,‡ who are overseers, and give praise to him that acts lawfully,
15 but to the transgressor of the laws punishment. So I bade my wife, said he, look on herself as guardian of the laws of our household, and go over the furniture from time to time at her discretion, just as the officer of a garrison reviews his guards; to give her approval if all is well, like the Senate in the case of the horses and cavalry, in royal fashion bestowing praise and honour on him who has done well according to his power; but letting disgrace and punishment fall on him who has failed of the
16 right. But moreover, said he, she could feel no just annoyance, I told her, at my setting her more to do than the servants had, giving her for

* On the Greek word *ἐγκρατής*, see note on Chap. ii. § 1.

† Probably by the addition of small luxuries, as they grew richer themselves. *Cf.* xii. § 6.

‡ *νομοφύλακας*. This office of "guardian of the laws" existed at Sparta and in some other states. At Athens it was established in the time of Pericles, but held of no high account, its function being to prevent the passing of any measure inconsistent with existing laws. It is mentioned in Plato, *Laws*, 755, 770, and in Aristotle, *Pol.* vi. 8, 24, where it is stated to be an institution especially suited to an aristocratical government.

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reason that the only concern of servants in their master's possessions is just to carry or look to or guard them; since they may never use any of them, unless their master gives them leave: but everything is his, to use
17 what he will. It is, then, as I pointed out to her, to him who gains most by its safety and loses most by its damage, that the care of property most fitly belongs.

18 Well, Ischomachus, said I, and what answer did your wife make in obedience to all this?

What but this, Socrates, said he, that I greatly misjudged her if I thought that in bidding her look after our property I was setting her to do a hard thing. It had been surely harder, said she, to set me to neglect my property, than to bid me take good care of what was my own.
19 For it seems, he concluded, that Nature has so ordered things, that just as a good woman finds it easier to care for her own children than to be careless of them, so too (in my opinion, at least) she finds it of more joy to take care of her property, in the possession of which she finds so much delight, than to be careless of it.

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CHAPTER X

HOW THE WIFE OF ISCHOMACHUS READILY OBEYED HER HUSBAND, AND GAVE UP ALL FALSE ADORNMENTS, SEEKING HOW SHE MIGHT BECOME A GOOD MISTRESS AND WIFE

1 On hearing, said Socrates, that this was the answer his wife made him, Marry, Ischomachus, cried I; you imply that your wife has a brave soul.

Yes, said Ischomachus; and I wish to give you further proofs of her magnanimity, by telling you of certain cases where she obeyed me at once, without my having to repeat the advice I gave her.

Indeed! said I, then tell me about them; for I would far more gladly hear of some living woman endowed with that beauty of the heart, than have Zeuxis show me some portrait of a woman passing fair.

2 Well then, Socrates, said Ischomachus, I one day saw that she had a quantity of white lead rubbed into her skin, to make her look whiter than she really was, as well as a quantity of alkanet* to make her redder than she really was, while she had on high-heeled shoes to make her look
3 taller than she really was; and so I said to her, Tell me, wife, in which of these cases would you think the partner in your property the more worthy of your love: if I were to show you all that I really have, with no vain boasting that I am richer than I am, and no concealment of any deficiency, or if I set about deceiving you, and told you that I am richer than is true, bidding you look at money that was false, and at golden necklaces that were of wood, and at garments of purple whose colour could not last, but which I told you were genuine and real?

4 And she caught me up at once. Nay, nay, talk not so, she said; Heaven forbid you should ever act thus, for were you to do so, I could never feel any real love for you.

Well then, I asked, did we not marry, good wife, that I might be yours and you mine?

Yes, said she, at least so the world says.

5 And would you think me more worthy of your love, more fit to hold you mine, if I set about being careful of myself, trying to keep myself for you healthy and strong, so having a really good complexion; or if colouring my face with vermilion, and daintily painting my eyes, I came forward and lived with you a life of deceit, presenting to your sight and touch, not Ischomachus, but only paste and paint?

6 As far as I am concerned, she answered, I should not find more pleasure for touch or sight in the fine fellow with his paste and paint

* Alkanet, ἔγχουσα, or ἄγχουσα (Lat. *anchusa*), a plant whose root yields a red dye, used for rouge. It is the wild bugloss (*Anchusa Alcibiadion* or *tinctoria*), a full account of which may be found in Gerarde's *Herbal*, chap. 271.

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than in you; nor would I rather see your eyes painted than have them look healthy and strong.

7 So also be sure that I, good wife, replied Ischomachus (as he told me), find no more pleasure in a complexion of white lead and alkanet than in that which is your own. But just as Heaven made horses and oxen and sheep to find most delight each in its own kind, so too do men think that there is most delight in the natural form and colour of man.

8 And though these deceits may possibly escape the passing stranger, and he be deceived by them, still those whose life is spent together, must, if they attempt to deceive one another, ever be caught in so doing: either when they rise in the morning before the deceit is renewed, or, if not so, the sweat of their brow convicts them, or tears put them to the test, or again whilst bathing some eye is upon them, and they are unmasked and seen.

9 And in the name of Heaven, said I, what answer made she to this?

What but this, said he, that from that time forward she never did anything of the kind, but rather all she could to make herself fair and natural to see; nay, she once asked me if I could give her any advice how

10 to become really beautiful, and not merely to seem so. And, Socrates, said he, I did give her some advice. I told her not to be ever sitting down like a slave, but to try with Heaven's help to be a true mistress, standing by the loom, teaching in aught where she was the wiser, and learning where others were wiser than she. I told her to look after the baking, and watch the housekeeper dealing out the stores; going her rounds too, and seeing if everything was in its proper place: which would,

11 I thought, give her responsibility, and a walk as well. I told her too that she would find good exercise in making the dough and kneading it; as also in shaking out the clothes and bed-linen, and folding them up. And this exercise, I continued, would make her appetite better, her body

12 more healthy, and her complexion fairer yet not false. Let a husband look from a servant to his wife, and if he sees his wife more really fair, her dress too more becoming, his love for her grows warm; and that above all when she gives him pleasure of her own accord, instead of only doing

13 his compulsory service. But women who in a pompous dignity never rise from their seats, force us to consider them amongst such as are decked out with deceit. And now, Socrates, do not doubt, said he, that my wife is circumspect in all she does, living after the teaching I gave her, as you have just heard.

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CHAPTER XI

OF SOCRATES AND THE HORSE OF NICIAS. OF THE RIGHT USE OF WEALTH. ALSO HOW ISCHOMACHUS SPENT HIS DAY, SEEKING TO PROMOTE JUSTICE AT HOME AND ABROAD

1 THERE, Ischomachus, said I, about what your wife does I think I have heard enough to begin with, and very creditable it is to both of you. But now, I continued, let me hear what you do, so that you may have the pleasure of recounting the causes of your good report, and I an opportunity of gratitude to you for describing to me thoroughly what the duties of the true gentleman are, and helping me to learn them, if so I can.

2 Nay, Socrates, exclaimed Ischomachus, I shall be quite delighted to give you an account of my daily duties; and to look too for your correction, wherever you may think me wrong.

3 What, I! was my answer, how could I have the right to correct a finished gentleman; and that when they call me a prating and speculative fellow,* and charge me moreover with what is, it seems, the most monstrous crime of all—my poverty. And I should have been quite dis-
4 heartened, Ischomachus, at this reproach; but the day before yesterday I met the horse of Nicias the foreigner, followed by a crowd of spectators, some of them talking quite eagerly about the animal: and I went up to
5 the groom, and actually asked if the horse was very wealthy. He stared at me as though I must be utterly insane to ask such a question, and answered, How on earth could a horse be wealthy? These words gave me great relief; so then a horse need not be wealthy to become good,
6 if only it was naturally of good mettle. Even I, then, may become a good man; so give me a full account of what you do, in order that I may learn what I can from you, and to-morrow make my first efforts to imitate you. For a favourable day, I continued, for the beginning of virtue will be—to-morrow.

7 All your jesting, Socrates, replied Ischomachus, will not prevent my
8 telling you how, as far as I am able, I try to spend my life. I have thoroughly learnt, as I believe, that Heaven has made it unlawful for men to succeed unless they recognise their duty, and are diligent in accomplishing it; while to the wise and diligent it has given sometimes happiness, sometimes misfortune: so then, though I begin by doing worship to

* ἀερομετρεῖν, "to measure the air," hence "to lose oneself in vague speculations." Part of the charge against Socrates, on which he was condemned and put to death, is given in Plato's *Apology* (p. 19): "Socrates is a doer of evil, and a speculative person, searching into things under earth and in heaven, and making the worse appear the better reason." (Compare below, § 25.)

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Heaven, I endeavour to act in such a way that it may be meet and right that my prayer be heard both for health and strength, for high position in the State and the goodwill of my friends, for an honourable safety in war and an honourable increase of wealth.

9 At this, I asked, What! do you really care, Ischomachus, for wealth and many possessions, with the many troubles that the care of them brings?

I care very much, replied Ischomachus, for all those things of which you ask; for I think it is pleasant, Socrates, both to worship Heaven with all due honour, to help friends when they have need of anything, and to see that where I am rich the State shall never lack adornment from me.

10 Yes, Ischomachus, said I, for here honour is concerned, and the duty assuredly of a man of high position. How can it be otherwise, when there are many men who are not able to live without dependence on others, while many are glad if they be able to get the necessaries of life? But those who are able not only to support their own houses, but also have a superabundance, so that they can even spare money to adorn the State and to relieve their friends—what should we call these but men of 11 substance and power? But praise of these men, I continued, is an easy matter for all of us: do you rather go on telling me as you began, what attention do you pay to your health, and to your strength; and how you make it meet and right that you should find an honourable safety even in war. It will be time enough to hear about your business after all this.

12 Well, said Ischomachus, as I take it, Socrates, all these depend upon one another. For after one has had enough to eat, I think that health is best kept by working it off properly; and work is the best means to strength; and practice in military exercises the best means to safety; and proper diligence, together with all avoidance of effeminacy, the most likely means to increase one's estate.

13 Well, I follow you so far, Ischomachus, said I, that in your opinion work and diligence and practice are most likely to bring good to a man; but I should be glad to learn, I continued, how you labour after health and strength, and how you practise military exercises, and are diligent to get abundance, so that you may even help your friends, and contribute to the support of the State.

14 Well then, Socrates, said Ischomachus, I am accustomed to rise from bed in time to find at home any one whom I may wish to see. And if I have 15 any business in town, I make use of this walk to transact it; but if there be no need to go into town, my servant takes the horse out on to the estate, while I perhaps gain more benefit from a walk through the country lanes, Socrates, than I should from pacing up and down in the Arcade. 16 And when I arrive at the estate, whether I find them planting, or ploughing up fallow land, or sowing, or harvesting, I always look at the way they are doing it, and make any improvements I can upon what is being 17 done. After that, I generally mount my horse, and practise riding, as like as I can to that required in war, and shirk neither downhill, nor ditch, nor stream; taking, however, all possible care not to lame my horse. 18 This done, my servant gives him a roll on the grass, and takes him home,

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at the same time carrying anything wanted from the estate into town. Meanwhile I go home, partly walking, partly running, and then rub myself down;* after which I take my morning meal,† Socrates, enough to last me through the day, without over-eating myself.

19 Marry, Ischomachus! cried I, how pleased I am at your doing all this! For at the same time to busy yourself in arrangements contrived for your health and strength, and in military exercises, and diligently to further
20 your fortunes, is I think all admirable. For you give proof enough that you are rightly diligent in each of these matters; for, Heaven helping you, we generally see you well and strong, and we know that you are accounted a most excellent rider and a very wealthy man.

21 Yet though my life is such, Socrates, he continued, I am greatly calumniated in many quarters; but you perhaps thought I was going to say how it is that many have given me the name of "gentleman"?

22 Yes; but here is another thing, Ischomachus, about which I was going to ask you, said I. Do you ever take any pains to be able to give a reason and get one given you in argument, should it chance to be necessary?

What! do you not see, Socrates, he replied, that this is just what I spend my life in practising, to defend myself from all charge of injustice to any one, and to do good as widely as I can? Do you not see that I practise myself in accusation, and so find out many who wrong both individuals and the state, but do good to none?

23 Well, Ischomachus, said I, if you make a habit of putting all this into words, I should be glad of some farther explanation.

Well then, Socrates, said he, I never cease to practise speaking. For I am always either trying to sift the accusations and excuses I hear from my servants, or praising and blaming some one to my friends, or endeavouring to reconcile some of my acquaintances, and to show them their
24 own advantage in friendship rather than in enmity. When we are on service under a general, we are always bringing a charge against some one, or defendiug any one against whom an unjust charge is brought; or accusing amongst ourselves any that have been unjustly promoted to honour. And very often also we have debates together, where we always praise the course we are anxious to take, and blame that which we wish
25 to avoid. But as it is, Socrates, he continued, I myself am often arrested and brought to the bar on charges involving punishment or fine.

By whom, Ischomachus? I cried; for I never heard of this.

By my wife, he replied.

And pray how do you defend yourself? I asked.

Quite fairly, when it is my interest to tell the truth; though when a lie would help me, Socrates, upon my word I never can make the worse appear the better reason!

Yes, Ischomachus, I replied, perhaps you cannot make falsehood true.

* *i.e.*, with the "strigil," or "στλεγγὶς," an instrument used by both Greeks and Romans after the bath or exercise in the Gymnasium, to scrape and clean the skin.

† Gk. ἄριστον, the first regular meal of the day, but later than our breakfast.

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CHAPTER XII

HOW THAT STEWARDS MUST LEARN BOTH GOODWILL AND CAREFULNESS. OF THOSE WHO CANNOT LEARN CAREFULNESS: ALSO OF THE FORCE OF THE MASTER'S EXAMPLE

1 NAY, but Ischomachus, said I, do not let me keep you, if you would go away now.

Not at all, Socrates, said he, for I would not leave before the court is finally dismissed.[1]

2 Verily, said I, you are taking wondrous care not to lose your surname of "gentleman"! For just now, notwithstanding the many cares that no doubt call you away, yet since you agreed to meet those friends, you wait for them, that your word may not be broken.[2]

And you know, Socrates, said Ischomachus, I do not neglect the matters you speak of either: for I have stewards over my estate.

3 And when you are in need of a steward, Ischomachus, I said, do you ascertain where a man with stewardship in him is to be found, and then endeavour to buy him—just as when you are in need of a carpenter you ascertain, I am sure, where such a man is to be found, and then endeavour to buy him;—or do you train up your stewards yourself?

4 I endeavour, Socrates, said he, to train them up from childhood myself. For why need the man whose care is to suffice in my place when I am absent know anything that I do not? For if I am able to manage the business, then surely I might teach others what I know myself.

5 Goodwill, then, toward you and yours is the first thing, said I, that he will require to have, if he is to suffice in your place when you are absent. For without this goodwill, what would be the use of a steward's having ever so much knowledge?

None at all, certainly, said Ischomachus; so goodwill toward me and mine is the first thing I try to teach him.

6 And how, I asked, how in Heaven's name do you teach this goodwill toward you and yours to whomsoever you may wish?

By good treatment,* said Ischomachus, whenever Heaven bestows upon us any abundant and ungrudged good.

* Compare Chap. ix. § 12.

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[1] [Rather, "until the market is quite broken up," Socrates having met Ischomachus in the market-place.]

[2] [See above, vii. 1.]

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7 Do you say then, asked I, that those who enjoy a share in your good things bear goodwill toward you, and wish you good success?

Yes, Socrates, for I see that this is the best means of producing goodwill.

8 Well, suppose a man bears goodwill toward you, Ischomachus, said I, is he therefore fit to be your steward? Do you not see that almost all men bear goodwill toward themselves, yet there are many of them who will not take the care necessary to obtain those good things they would?

9 Yes, indeed, said Ischomachus; so whenever I wish to appoint such men stewards, I teach them to be careful too.

10 How, in Heaven's name? cried I; for this I always thought utterly impossible—to teach carefulness.

Well, it certainly is not possible, Socrates, said he, to teach every one carefulness straight away.

11 What kind of men can be taught? I asked; by all means point them out to me clearly.

In the first place, Socrates, said he, those who are intemperate in their use of wine you could not make careful. For drunkenness makes one forget everything that needs doing.

12 Is it then the intemperate in wine only, I asked, that are unable to become careful, or are there others also?

Yes, indeed, said Ischomachus, there are sluggards too. For when one is asleep, one can neither do what should be done, nor get others to do it.

13 Well, said I, and are these the only ones we have that will be unable to learn this lesson of carefulness, or are there still some others?

I certainly think, said Ischomachus, that those also who are lovesick are incapable of learning to take care of anything beside their passion.

14 For it would be hard to find any hope or care more to their mind than that which they take about their passion; nor, indeed, is it easy to inflict on them any harsher punishment, whenever business interferes, than to separate them from the object of their affections. So I pass by all those, too, whom I know to be of this disposition, and I never attempt to appoint any of them as stewards.

15 But what, said I, of such as are in love with gain? Are they, too, incapable of being trained to carefulness in farm-work?

No, indeed, said Ischomachus, by no means; but they with extreme ease may be led to care for such things: for nothing is needed but just to show them that their carefulness is profitable.

16 But other men, said I,—supposing they are self-restrained in the points you require, and are moderately fond of gain,—how do you train such to be careful in your affairs?

That is simple enough, Socrates, said he; for when I see them taking care, I praise them and give them credit for it; but when they are careless I say and do all I can to make them feel it.

17 Come, Ischomachus, continued I, let us turn the conversation from education to the subject of carefulness; and explain to me also if it is possible for a man who is himself careless to make others careful.

18 No, indeed, replied Ischomachus, no more than it is for a man who is himself illiterate to teach others the grace of letters. For it is hard

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when the teacher sets a bad example of a thing, to do it well; and as hard when the master sets an example of carelessness, for the servant to
19 become careful. In a word, I do not think that the servants of a bad master have ever learnt to be good;[1] I have, however, before now seen those of a good master do badly, but never without suffering for it. But he who would make any careful ought also himself to be watchful and able to examine their work; he should be willing to reward those who do well, nor shrink from inflicting on neglect the punishment it deserves.
20 There is related, said Ischomachus, an answer made by a Persian to his king, which I have ever admired. The king had lately become possessed of a fine horse, which he was anxious to make sleek and strong, as soon as might be. And thereunto he made inquiry of one who was reputed to be skilful in such matters, what would soonest make the horse sleek and strong; and to this he replied, "His master's eye." Even so, Socrates, he concluded, in all else I think the master's eye best able to make things fair and good.

[1] [Compare Ruskin's "There is only one way to have good servants; that is, to be worthy of being well served" (Vol. XVII. pp. 518–519).]

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CHAPTER XIII

CONCERNING THE TRAINING OF STEWARDS

1 But when you have ever so firmly impressed on any one, said I, that he must needs be careful wherever you would have him be so, will such an one be able then and there to act as steward; or will he have to learn something besides, if he is to be an able steward?

2 Yes, indeed, said Ischomachus; there is still something left for him to understand—both what is to be done, and when and how to do it; if not, how is a steward without this knowledge of more use than a physician who would care for a patient, attending him early and late, yet was ignorant as to what treatment would be for his patient's good?

3 But if he have also learnt how farm-work is to be done, said I, will he need anything besides, or will your steward now be perfect?

I think he should learn, said he, to manage the labourers.

4 What! exclaimed I; do you also train up your stewards to be capable of managing men?

Well, I try, said Ischomachus.

And how, in Heaven's name, said I, do you teach them to be managers of men?

In so simple a way, said he, that perhaps you would even ridicule it when you heard it.

5 Nay, it is no matter for ridicule, Ischomachus, said I; for any one that can create skilful managers of men, is no doubt able to create masters over men too; but he that can create masters can also create kings. So that not ridicule but great praise is meet, I think, for one who can do this.

6 Well then, Socrates, said he, the lower animals learn obedience from two things: they are always punished if they attempt to disobey; and well-
7 treated for zealous service. At any rate, colts learn thorough obedience to the horsebreakers by receiving some pleasant reward whenever they obey, and suffering punishment whenever they are restive, until they submit to
8 the mind of the horsebreaker. And in the same way also little dogs, though they have not the mind and language of man, yet learn to scamper round and round, and gambol, and do many other tricks: for whenever they obey they get something that they want; but whenever they will
9 not attend, they are punished. But men can be taught to be far more obedient, and that by word only, when they are shown that obedience is to their profit; while as for slaves, in teaching them obedience we may even have to use a training which seems fit only for beasts: gratify their appetite in its desires, and you might do much with them; whilst to natures desirous of honour, praise is the keenest spur. For there is a hunger and thirst after praise in some natures, no less than after meat

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10 and drink in others. Such then are the means I use, and which, I think, make my servants more obedient; and these I teach to any that I would appoint my stewards. But I have other plans besides. The garments and shoes with which I have to furnish my labourers I do not provide all alike, but some worse and some better, in order that I may be able to honour the more diligent with the better, and to the more idle give the
11 worse. For I am quite sure, Socrates, said he, that good workmen become disheartened, whenever they see that, whilst they do all the work, a like reward is given to those who never will undergo necessary toil or risk.
12 And so in my opinion the worse ought in nowise to receive equal shares with the better; and I praise my stewards whenever I see that they have distributed the best things among those who deserve most; but if ever I see preferment won either by flattery, or by any other profitless means of favour, I do not pass it over, but rebuke it; and thus I try, Socrates, to show that, even to him who does them, such things are both vain and void.

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CHAPTER XIV

HOW STEWARDS ARE TO BE TAUGHT JUSTICE

1 WELL, Ischomachus, said I, suppose that your steward has now become able to manage men, so that he can bring them to obey him, do you consider him by this time perfect, or does he still need something beside the qualities of which you have been speaking?

2 Yes, indeed, said Ischomachus; to keep his hands from his master's goods, and from all manner of theft. For if he who has the management of the harvest should dare to make away with so much as would leave no profit on the labour, what advantage would there be in farming carried on under his care?

3 Do you then undertake, asked I, to teach justice as well?

Certainly, said Ischomachus, though I do not find that all readily 4 submit to that teaching. And yet by adopting some of the laws of Draco, and others from the code of Solon, I try, said he, to lead my servants into the path of justice. For these great men too, I think, continued he, 5 made justice the foundation of many of their laws. For there is a law of fine for theft, of bonds for him that is caught in the act; and for assault, of death. These laws, then, they no doubt enacted in the wish to make 6 the unjust love of gain a vice that profits nothing. I therefore, he went on, by quoting some of these, as well as others from those of the kings of Persia, try to render my servants just in all that they have in hand. 7 For the laws first mentioned treat of no more than penalties for wrong-doers; while those of the kings of Persia not only punish the unjust, but reward the just; so that when they see the just becoming richer than the unjust, many men—with all their love of gain—will steadfastly persist in 8 shunning injustice. But wherever I perceive men trying to do injustice, said he, in spite of all good treatment, I count them as incurably grasp-9 ing, and straightway discharge them from their place of trust. And again, whenever I see men that are just, not only from a desire to be benefited by their justice, but also in anxiety to win my praise, I at once treat all such as freemen, and not only enrich them, but do them honour as 10 gentlemen. For in this I think, Socrates, he concluded, lies the difference between a man that loves honour and one that loves gain—in the willingness of the one, for the sake of praise and honour, to undergo labour, if need be, and danger; and to keep his hands from dishonourable gain.

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CHAPTER XV

OF PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE IN STEWARDS: AND THE GENTLE COURTESY OF AGRICULTURE

1 I WILL no longer ask you, said I, whether anything more is required in a man with such qualities as these. For any one in whom you create not only a wish for your prosperity, but a careful desire that your business be fully accomplished; to whom you give the gain of knowledge how each part of the farm-work might prove ever more profitable; who, further, has learnt from you how to manage the men under him, and more than all, in showing you that of the fruit of the earth there is in its season all possible abundance, feels a pleasure which is altogether equal to your joy at the sight,—such an one would, I am sure, be already a steward of no insignificant value. And yet, Ischomachus, continued I, do not leave unexplained that part of our subject which has been most slightly touched upon.

2 What may that be? asked Ischomachus.

You said,—did you not?—replied I, that a most important thing for a steward to learn was how everything should be wrought out; if not, even of his carefulness, you said,* no profit would come, unless he were to 3 understand what was to be done, and how to do it. Well, Ischomachus, said I, from what you told me I think I have learnt thoroughly enough how to train a steward; for I believe I have learnt from what you said how he must be taught goodwill and carefulness, and management of men, 4 and justice; but as to what you said, that he who is to have the care of farm-work in a right way must learn both what to do and how and when each thing is to be done,—all this, I think, has been too slightly touched 5 upon in our talk. It is as though you were to say that one must understand letters to be able to write from dictation, and read writing; for this would tell me that it is necessary to understand letters; yet this know- 6 ledge would not, I fancy, give me any further understanding of them. So too in this case, I am easily persuaded that one must understand farm-work to take care of it in a right way: but this does not give me any further 7 understanding of how one should farm an estate. But if I were to take it into my head forthwith to set about farming, I fancy I should be like a physician who makes his rounds and looks at his patients, but knows nothing of the right treatment for them. To save me from such ignorance, I concluded, teach me the actual details of farm-work.

8 You ask me nothing less, Socrates, said Ischomachus, than to teach you the whole art of husbandry?

Yes, replied I, for this same art is probably the one that most enriches

* Chap. xiii. § 2.

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those who understand it, while, labour as they will, it condemns the ignorant to a life of poverty.

9 Well, then, Socrates, said he, you shall now hear the courtesy * also of this art. For being as it is most profitable and pleasant to work, and fairest and most beloved by gods and men,—moreover the easiest to learn,—how can it help being gentle? And "gentle" is a word we apply even to beasts, such as being fair and great and serviceable are obedient
10 to the hand of man. Nay more, Socrates, continued he, in that it does not, like other arts, require its learners to labour and toil, before their work is worth their daily bread—husbandry is not so irksome to learn; but after seeing some details in practice, and hearing others from precept, the learner would at once understand them well enough even to teach
11 others, if so he wished. And I think, said he, that you are very little aware how much you understand about it. For somehow, all other artists hide the most important processes of their arts. Not so with farmers. For those who excel both in planting and sowing would find especial pleasure in being watched at work: ask what you will about any good
12 piece of work, and a farmer would always tell you how he did it. So too, Socrates, he concluded, does husbandry seem to adorn its votaries with peculiar gentleness of character.

13 Well, your beginning, said I, is fine; and after hearing so much, one cannot turn away from the question. And its being so easy to learn is all the more reason why you should go through it with me thoroughly. For you need feel no shame in teaching me an easy lesson;—far greater shame were mine not to understand it, especially when it happens to be so much to my profit.

* *φιλανθρωπία*, translated "courtesy" rather than "philanthropy," as the latter is open to misunderstanding.

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CHAPTER XVI

HOW TO LEARN THE NATURE OF THE SOIL. OF FALLOW LAND

1 In the first place, then, Socrates, said he, I would show you that there is no real difficulty in what is called the great riddle of husbandry by people who, though they possess the most thorough and accurate knowledge in theory, have absolutely no practical experience of it. For it is said that he who would set about farming in the right way ought first to know the nature of the soil.

2 And rightly said too, replied I. For he who does not know what the soil can bear, would not, I imagine, know either what to sow, or what to plant.

3 Well then, said Ischomachus, by observing their crops and trees, we can learn from the lands of other men what soils can and what they cannot bear. And when one knows this, there is no longer any use in fighting against Providence. For a man would not obtain the necessaries of life by sowing and planting whatever he might want himself, rather 4 than what the soil willingly bore and nourished. But if, through the sloth of its possessors, it have no chance of showing its power, from a neighbour's estate one may learn many times more truly about it than 5 from a neighbour's advice. Even when lying waste it shows its nature all the same. For cultivate the soil which brings forth wild things in beauty, and you will find it yield in their beauty things no longer wild. The nature of the soil, therefore, even those who are not very experienced in husbandry can nevertheless learn by these means.

6 Well, Ischomachus, said I, perhaps I have already courage enough to forbid my refraining from husbandry through any fear of my ignorance of 7 the nature of the soil. For I cannot help thinking, continued I, how fishermen—though all their work is at sea, and they must neither stand still, nor sail leisurely along, to observe the corn-fields minutely—yet at the instant they scud past them, and glance at their crops, conclude at once whether the soil is good or bad; blaming some parts and praising others. And I see that the adepts in husbandry for the most part form their conclusions about good soil in the same manner.

8 At what point, Socrates, said he, would you have me begin putting you in mind of husbandry? For I am quite sure that you know already many of the precepts for farming that I shall give you.

9 I think, Ischomachus, said I, that in the first place I should be glad to hear what a philosopher more than all men ought to know, how, if I wished, I could so till the ground as to raise most barley and wheat.

10 Well, you know that you must plough up the fallow land for sowing? Yes, I know that, replied I.

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11 Suppose, then, said he, we were to begin ploughing the land in winter?

Nay, it would be all mud, said I.

Well, what think you of the summer?

The soil would be hard, I replied, to break with the plough.

12 It seems, then, said he, that we ought to begin work in the spring.

Yes, for it is likely, I replied, that the soil would be most easily broken up, if ploughed then.

Yes, and the weeds being ploughed in at that season, Socrates, said he, will afford a ready manure for the soil, before they can shed their seeds, 13 and so spring up again. For I suppose you know also that if the fallow land is to reward you with success, it should be both clear of weeds, and as much as possible open to the warmth of the sun.

Certainly, I replied, for so I think.

14 Do you then think, asked he, that this could be done in any better way than by turning the soil as often as possible in the summer?

I am quite sure, I replied, that in no way would the weeds come to the top, and be withered by the sun's heat, and the soil be mellowed by the sun, better than by turning it with the plough in midsummer and at midday.

15 But is it not quite clear, said he, that if men were to work the fallow land with the spade, they would have to deal separately with soil and with weeds?

Yes, said I, they would have to throw the weeds down on the ground for the sun to scorch them, but turn up the soil, that so its crudeness might mellow.

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CHAPTER XVII

OF THE SEASONS AND MANNER OF SOWING

1 About fallow land, said he, you see, Socrates, we are both of the same opinion.

Yes, it seems so, said I.

Well, he continued, have you any opinion on the season for sowing, other than that which all our forefathers from experiment, and all the 2 present generation from tradition, agree to be the best? For when the end of autumn is come, all men, I suppose, look up to Heaven for the time when it shall water the earth and send them forth to sow.

Yes, Ischomachus, said I, all men have learnt that they must not sow while the ground is dry, if they can avoid it, since they see that those who sow before the signal has been made to them by Heaven, have to struggle with many penalties for so doing.

3 Then on this point, said Ischomachus, we are agreed with all men.

Yes, replied I, for thus are all men in perfect agreement about the teaching of Heaven. For instance, every one thinks it better to dress in warm clothes and light a fire, in winter, if he have warm clothes, and firewood.

4 But in this next matter, said Ischomachus, we at once find much difference of opinion, Socrates, concerning sowing,—whether it is best done early, or late, or in the mid season.

But Heaven, I replied, does not ordain the weather of every year according to a fixed rule; but at one time it is best to take the earliest season, at another the middle, at another the latest.

5 Then which, Socrates, asked he, do you think is better, to make choice of one of these sowing times, and sow your seed, be it much or be it little, or to begin at the earliest opportunity, and keep on sowing till the last?

6 My opinion, Ischomachus, I replied, is that it is best to share in all seasons for sowing.* I am sure it is much better ever to reap a sufficient harvest, than one year a very great deal, and another year not even enough to live on.

Then on this point too, Socrates, said he, we agree—master and scholar; and you are beforehand with me in declaring your views.

* Compare, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—Ecclesiastes xi. 6.

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7 To proceed, said I. Is there not much cunning needed in the art of casting the seed into the ground?

By all means, Socrates, said he, let us consider this subject too. I suppose you know that the seed has to be cast from the hand? said he.

Yes, said I, for I have seen it done.

But some persons, said he, are able to cast it evenly, whilst others cannot.

Well, then, we have already something that needs practice, said I, like lyre-playing, that the hand may be able to do the mind's bidding.

8 Certainly, he replied, but suppose some ground lighter and some richer.

Why, what do you mean? asked I. Does lighter mean weaker, and richer stronger?

That is what I mean, he replied; and I should like you to tell me if you would allow the same amount of seed to each kind of soil, or to which would you allow most?

9 The stronger the wine, I answered, the more water, I believe, can be mixed with it; and in carrying weights the stronger the man the heavier the burden we may lay upon him; and so, too, when men have to be fed, to the richer I should give the greater number to feed. But whether weak land, like beasts of burden, becomes stronger by putting more corn into it—this *you* must tell me.

10 Ischomachus answered with a laugh. Nay, you are jesting, Socrates, said he; be assured, however, that after sowing,—when the soil has plenty of nourishment from the rain, and a green blade has sprung up from the seed,—if you plough this into the soil, it will enrich the land, and like manure will give it strength. If, however, you allow the land to go on ripening seed, it will be as difficult for a weak soil to bring much corn to perfection, as it is for a worn-out sow to suckle to maturity a large litter of pigs.

11 You mean, Ischomachus, said I, that in weaker soil, less seed should be sown?

Yes, certainly, he replied, and you yourself agreed with me in saying that to the weaker should always be given a lesser task.

12 But why do you hoe the corn, Ischomachus? I asked.

You know, doubtless, said he, that heavy rains fall in winter.

Of course, I replied.

Well, then, let us remember that some part of the corn will often be even covered by it, and smothered in mud, and the roots in some parts laid bare. Weeds, too, nourished by the moisture, often spring up with the corn, and choke it.

All this, said I, is likely to happen.

13 Do you not think, then, said he, that in this case our corn already needs some assistance?

Certainly, said I.

What could be done then, do you think, to save it in this deluge of mud?

Relieve the soil of the water, said I.

And what, asked he, for the unearthing of the roots?

Fresh earth could be heaped up about them, I replied.

14 Well, and what, he asked, if weeds spring up with the corn and choke

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it, by robbing it of its nourishment, just as drones, useless mouths as they are, rob bees of the honey they have toiled for, and laid up as nourishment?

Cut down the weeds, by Heaven! cried I; just as drones are destroyed out of the hive.

15 Well, then, said he, do not we seem to have good reason for using the hoe?

By all means; and I begin to see, Ischomachus, said I, how useful it is to draw your illustrations well. For you have quite enraged me against the weeds, by mentioning the drones,—far more than when you were talking only of the weeds themselves.

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CHAPTER XVIII

OF REAPING, THRESHING, AND WINNOWING

1 WELL then, continued I, after this it is likely we shall have a harvest: so teach me, if you can, something about this too.

Yes, said he, unless you show yourself about this too quite as learned as I. Well, the corn has to be reaped,—you know that?

Of course, replied I.

When you are reaping it, he asked, would you stand with your back or your face to the wind?

I should not face the wind, I replied, for it would be troublesome, both for eye and hand, to reap with chaff and sharp ears of corn flying into one's face.

2 And would you only cut off the tops, he asked, or crop it close to the ground?

If the stalks were short, I answered, I should cut it near the ground, that the straw may the rather be sufficient.[1] But if long, I believe I should do right in cutting it at the middle, that neither threshers nor winnowers may have more trouble than is necessary. But what is left in the earth when burnt will, I believe, enrich the soil; and if mixed with the manure will increase it.

3 Do you not see, Socrates, cried he, that you are caught in the act? You know, even about reaping, as much as I?

Perhaps so, said I; and I should like to find out if I understand anything about threshing too.

4 Well, said he, at any rate you know that beasts of burden thresh out the corn?

Of course, replied I.

You know, too, that all that go by the name of beasts of burden—oxen, mules, and horses—are used alike for this. Well then, continued he, do you think that they know nothing beyond this, to tread out the corn, as they are driven over it?

Yes, said I, for what more could beasts understand?

5 But whose business is it to see that they tread out what is wanted, Socrates, he asked, and that the threshing is the same all the floor over?

The drivers' business, of course, said I. For always turning and throwing under the beasts' feet what remains untrodden, it is clear that they would keep the floor * levelled best, and get the work done soonest.

* Adopting the reading "τὸν ἅλων," the circular threshing-floor around which the beasts went, in treading out the corn.

[1] [That is, to secure a length of straw sufficient to be of use.]

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On this point, then, said he, your knowledge is equal to mine.

6 Well then, Ischomachus, said I, we must clear the corn by winnowing.

Tell me, Socrates, said Ischomachus, do you not know that if you begin on the windward side, your chaff will be blown all over the floor?

That stands to reason, I replied.

7 Well then, it is likely, said he, that it will also fall on to the corn.

Yes, I replied; for this is much more likely than that the chaff will fly across the corn to where the floor is empty.

But suppose one begins winnowing from the leeward side? said he.

It is clear, said I, that the chaff will fly straight into the chaff-bin.

8 But when you have cleared the corn, said he, as far as the middle of the floor, will you go straight on winnowing the rest of it while the grain is still lying there, or first heap together the cleared grain towards the centre,* in the smallest possible space?

By Heaven! I exclaimed, I should heap the cleared grain together, that the chaff may fly over to where the floor is empty, and that the same might not have to be winnowed twice over.

9 It seems then, Socrates, said he, you could even teach others the quickest way to clear corn!

All this, then, I replied, I understood years ago, and never knew it. I wonder whether I understand working in gold as well, and flute-playing and painting,—and do not know it. For nobody taught me these arts any more than husbandry; but I take as much pains in watching men employed in them as in it.

10 That was why I told you at first, returned Ischomachus, that even for this reason husbandry is the most gentle art, because it is also easiest to learn.

Come then, Ischomachus, said I, surely I understood all about sowing—though I never knew it.

* Some translate τόλος "ploughed land,"—it is difficult to see with what sense in reference to the context. Why should it not mean the pivot or centre round which the oxen rotate in the threshing-floor, where also the corn was winnowed?

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CHAPTER XIX

OF PLANTING TREES, AND ESPECIALLY VINES, OLIVES, AND FIGS. HOW THAT AGRICULTURE IS EASY TO LEARN

1 Does the planting of trees also, I asked, belong to the art of husbandry?

Yes, it does, replied Ischomachus.

How then, said I, could I understand the details of sowing, and yet understand nothing about planting trees?

2 Well, do not you understand anything about it? asked Ischomachus.

How should I? was my answer; I who do not know either in what kind of soil one ought to plant, nor what depth and breadth and length the holes should be dug; nor how to set the plant in the earth so that it might grow best?

3 Come, then, said Ischomachus, and learn whatever you do not understand. The sort of pits they dig for plants I am sure you have seen, said he.

Yes, often, I replied.

Well, did you ever see one deeper than three feet?

No, indeed, I replied; nor deeper than two and a half.

Well, did you ever see the breadth more than three feet?

No, indeed, said I; nor more than two.

4 Come, then, said he, answer me this too: Did you ever see their depth less than a foot?

No, indeed; nor less than a foot and a half; for digging round the plants would root them up, if they had been set so near the surface.

5 Then, Socrates, said he, you know well enough that they do not dig the pit deeper than two and a half feet, nor shallower than one and a half?

Yes, replied I, for that is too evident not to be seen.

6 Well, he resumed, can you tell dryer or moister soil when you see it?

I suppose the soil about Mount Lycabettus, and such-like, is dry, I replied; and the Phaleric Marsh, and soil like it, is wet.

7 Then would you dig your pit for planting, he asked, deeper in dry or moist ground?

In dry, by Heaven! cried I; since if you dig deep in wet ground, you would find water; and when once the water came, there would be an end of your planting!

I think you are right, he said.

Well then, suppose your pits have been dug, do you know when to plant each kind of tree?

Certainly, said I.*

* The passage discussing this subject has evidently been lost from the text.

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8 Then since you wish them to grow as quickly as possible, do you think that, if you plant in soil loosened by working, the shoots of the slip will strike sooner into the soft earth, than into hard and unbroken clods?

Of course, I replied, they would sprout more quickly through loosened than through unbroken earth.

9 Then we ought to plant in soil that has been tilled?

Undoubtedly, said I.

And do you think that the slip would take root better if the whole of it were placed standing upright; or would you place part of it bent in the earth, so as to lie like the letter L?*

10 In this last way, certainly; for so there would be more "eyes" in the earth: it is from the eyes that I observe shoots come even when above-ground, and I suppose when below-ground the buds do likewise. For if a great number of shoots strike in the earth, I suppose the plant will grow speedily to strength.

11 So, said he, I find you know all about this too. But would you, he continued, merely heap up earth round the plant, or stamp it down very hard, as well?

I should certainly stamp it down, I said; for were it not stamped down, I knew very well that such loose earth would be turned into mud by the rain; while by the sun it would be parched right through to the bottom; so that the plants would be in danger of either rotting away from the moisture, or being withered owing to the dryness and consequent looseness of the soil, which would suffer the roots to be scorched.

12 About planting vines, too, Socrates, said he, I find that we think alike. Ought one to plant a fig-tree also, I asked, in this way?

Yes, I suppose so, said Ischomachus, and all other fruit trees: for do you find any method which answers in vine-planting fail in other cases?

13 But how, I asked, are we to plant an olive, Ischomachus?

In this too you are but proving me, said he, for I know you understand it better than any one. Well, pits for olives are dug deeper, as of course you see, for they are generally by the roadsides. You see too that stakes are set by every shoot, and that there is a coating of clay over the tops, and that the part of all the plants above ground is covered up to protect it.

Yes, I see all that, I replied.

14 Well, if so, said he, what is there about it you do not understand? You know well enough, Socrates, continued he, how you would place the potsherd on the clay?

Why really, Ischomachus, I cried, I know well enough everything you are telling me; but I recollect why when at the first you put it all in a single question and asked me if I understood planting, I said No. It was that I did not think I could give any directions for planting; but when you began to question me on each point separately, my answers are, as you tell me, just your own opinions, clever farmer though they call
15 you. Is questioning, then, the same thing as teaching? I have only just learnt each thing about which you have been questioning me: for it is by leading me on through what I do know, and by pointing out things

* *i.e.*, Γ ὄπτιον, or a reversed Γ.

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that are similar, but which I used to think I did not understand, that you persuade me, I suppose, that I really understand these as well.

16 Well then, said Ischomachus, if I were to question you about a piece of silver, and say, Is this pure or not? could I persuade you that you understand how to test it, and find out whether it is pure or base? And in flute-playing, I could not persuade you—could I?—that you understand playing the flute: and so on through painting and all other arts of the kind?

Perhaps you could, said I; since you have persuaded me that I am an adept even in farming, although I am sure no one ever taught me this art.

17 No, Socrates, said he, but I told you at the very outset that husbandry is an art so courteous and so gentle, that she straightway makes those 18 who have eyes and ears thoroughly intimate with herself. For in many cases, he continued, she herself teaches how one may find in her the greatest profit. A vine, whenever there are trees near at hand, will climb them; and so we learn to support it. It spreads out its leaves, while the clusters are still tender; and we learn that at that season they must ever be shaded from the sun. And when the time has come for the clusters to be ripened by the sunshine, it sheds its leaves; and we learn to strip it of them, so that the autumn warmth may mellow it. And then its branches are loaded with clusters, some mellowed, others yet unripe: and once again we learn to pluck them from it, just as figs, as they swell to ripeness, are gathered from the fig-tree.

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CHAPTER XX

HOW THAT CAREFULNESS RATHER THAN KNOWLEDGE IS THE SECRET OF TRUE SUCCESS

1 At this I asked, How is it, Ischomachus, if the details of farming are so easy to learn, and every man knows as well as his neighbour what has to be done,—how is it that all farmers do not meet with the same success, but some of them live in plenty, and have enough and to spare, while others are not only unable to provide themselves with the necessaries of life, but are even in debt?

2 I will tell you, Socrates, said Ischomachus. It is not knowledge, nor the want of it, that makes a farmer rich or poor; you would never hear, 3 he continued, such a report as this—that an estate has gone to ruin because the sower did not scatter the seed evenly; nor because the rows of trees were not planted straight; nor because the farmer did not know the right soil for vines, and planted them in an unfruitful place; nor because he did not know that it was good for sowing to plough up fallow land more than once; nor because he did not know that it improved the earth 4 to manure it. Nay, but you would rather hear it said that a man has got no harvest from his estate because he is careless about his sowing and manuring; or that a man's vineyard has failed, because he does not take care in planting his vines, nor in seeing that those he has are in fit state to bear; or that a man's olives and figs have failed because he does not 5 take care or trouble to make them succeed. This it is, Socrates, he continued, that makes the success of different farmers different, much more 6 than a fancied discovery of some clever improvement in working. So among generals, it is usually not through a greater or less knowledge of tactics that some are better and others worse, but undoubtedly through 7 greater or less carefulness. For what all generals and even most private soldiers recognise, is fully acted upon by but few commanders. For example, they all recognise that while marching through an enemy's country, their army should be arranged so as best to fight, if need be. Well, though they all recognise this, some act accordingly, and others do not. 8 They all know that it is most important to set sentinels before their camp both by day and night; but some take care to have it so, while others 9 take no care at all. Again, in passing through a defile, it would be very hard to find any one who did not recognise the fact that it is better to seize strong positions beforehand: but here, too, some are careful, and 10 others careless. And so every one tells you that manure is most useful for farming, and sees that it can be got naturally: and yet, while they draw clever distinctions as to how it is got, and are able easily to make plenty of it, even in this case it is only some who take care to collect it, while 11 many take no care about it at all. Again, Heaven sends down rain, and

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all the hollow spots become standing pools, and the soil brings forth weeds of all kinds, which must be cleared away before sowing. Now if what is thus cleared out of the way be cast into the pools, time itself would make it such as to enrich the soil. For what is there, vegetable or earth, that
12 is not turned to manure by soaking in stagnant water? Again, when land is too moist for seed, and too bitter for planting, everybody knows the treatment that is needed;—how the water is carried off in ditches, and how the bitterness is tempered by a mixture of all manner of correctives both moist
13 and dry; yet about this, too, some farmers are utterly careless. But if any one be altogether ignorant of what his land can bear, and if there be neither fruit nor plant to be seen upon it, and if he have nobody from whom to learn the truth about it,—is it not much easier for him to make experiment upon soil than upon a horse,—and far easier than upon a man? For the soil can in nowise dissemble; but with all simplicity it shows
14 truly what it can and what it cannot do; whilst it very clearly points out, I fancy, the bad farmers and the good, by presenting everything so that it may be easily known and learned. For husbandry is not like all other arts, in which those who do no work can excuse themselves on the ground of their ignorance; all know that the Earth treats well those who treat
15 her well. No; in husbandry there is sure betrayal of a base mind. For that a man could live without the necessaries of life, no one persuades himself; but one who knows no other profitable art, and will not dig, evidently intends to live as a thief, a robber, or a beggar,—unless he is an utter fool.

16 It makes a great difference in the profits of farming, he continued, where there are even a great number of workmen, for one master to take some care that his labourers be at their work in good time, whilst another neglects this. For one man in ten[1] may easily make a difference by being
17 at work in good time, and another by leaving off work too early. But if you let men work lazily on, you will find in the whole day's work a
18 full half day's difference made. It is as in making a journey of twenty-five miles, one man will sometimes outstrip another by half the distance, though both are young and strong:—but one perseveres in the walk on which he has started; while the other, in the slothfulness of his heart, is ever resting and looking about him by fountains and under the shade,
19 courting the gentle breeze. So in farm work, there is great difference in the amount done by those who do the work that has been set them, and those who do not, but are always finding excuses for not working, and are
20 allowed to be lazy. There is as much difference between a good workman and an inattentive one as there is between industry and utter idleness. For instance, when, in digging to clear vines from weeds, your workmen so dig that the weeds afterwards grow all the more rankly, how could you
21 say that such labour was not vain? Estates then are far more often ruined by this kind of thing than by extreme ignorance. For if, when all the household expenses are going on in full, the labour done brings in no profit to defray them, it is no longer any wonder if want takes the place
22 of plenty. Those however who can be careful, and who diligently attend to farming, make most effectual profit out of it; and this was my father's

[1] [Or, "one man may make the difference of ten" (*παρὰ τῶν δέκα*).]

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constant aim and lesson to me. For he would never let me buy a well-
23 tilled parcel of ground; but advised me to buy one which through neglect or through its possessor's want of means was lying unproductive and untilled. For well-tilled estates, he would say, are both dear to buy, and incapable of increasing value; and without this increase in value, they did not give so much pleasure in their cultivation; indeed our greatest delight, he thought, in everything that we have or hold, is in its continual improvement. Nothing then is capable of such increase as a piece
24 of land, which, after long lying idle, is reclaimed to fertility. For be assured, Socrates, continued he, that I have often before now made a plot of land worth many times its original value. This device, Socrates, he said, is of so great worth, and yet so easy to learn, that after hearing it this once you will go away as wise about it as I am; and able, if you desire,
25 to teach it to others also. My father did not learn it from any one, nor did it even take much reflection to discover it; but it was through his love of farming and of work, as he said, that he set his heart upon such a plot of ground, that he might at the same time have occupation, profit,
26 and pleasure. For, I believe, Socrates, he concluded, that my father had a greater natural bent for farming than any man in Athens.

On hearing this, I asked him, Did your father, Ischomachus, keep all the plots of land that he improved, or sell them, if a good price were offered him?

Why truly he sold them, replied Ischomachus; but he would at once buy more land, and that untilled, just for the pleasure of work.

27 From what you say, Ischomachus, said I, your father was in reality just as fond of farming as merchants are of corn. For it is their exceeding love of corn that makes merchants sail to wherever they hear there is most
28 of it; and cross the Ægean, Euxine, and Sicilian seas; and then when they have got as much as they can, they bring it across the sea, stored in the very ship in which they themselves sail. And whenever they want money, they are not likely to throw away their corn at the first opportunity; but wherever they hear that corn is dearest and most thought of by the inhabitants, thither they carry it, and sell it there. And this, perhaps, was the way in which your father loved farming.

29 Ah, Socrates, replied Ischomachus, you are but jesting! but I think we ought quite as much to call those lovers of building who build houses and sell them, only to build others.

By Heaven, Ischomachus, I replied, I swear I heartily believe you that all men naturally love whatever they think to their profit!

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CHAPTER XXI

HOW THAT THE ART OF MANAGING MEN IS DIFFICULT OF ATTAINMENT, AND IN SOME MEASURE GIVEN OF GOD

1 I AM thinking, Ischomachus, said I, how well you have brought up the whole train of your argument to support your statements. For you stated that the art of husbandry was the easiest of all to learn; and now I have been quite persuaded by all you have said that it is undoubtedly so.

2 But really, Socrates, said Ischomachus, I quite agree with you that in the one thing common to all these pursuits, to husbandry, and state government, economy, and war,—that is, in the management of men, some 3 have more wit than others. It is so in a galley at sea, he continued; whenever the crew are obliged to make voyages of whole days over the ocean, some coxswains* can do and say just what spurs the spirits of their men to willing labour; while others are so dull that they take more than double the time to accomplish the same voyage. And the first crew, coxswain and men, go ashore all in a sweat, congratulating each other: while the second come lazily in, hating their officer as much as he hates 4 them. Among generals too, he continued, there is the same difference: for some can only show troops unready either for labour or for danger, careless of discipline and unwilling to obey it, except when forced to do so; nay, even proud of thwarting their commanders' wishes: such are the officers that produce soldiers, who, whatever disgrace befall them, feel 5 no sense of shame. On the other hand, noble, good, and wise officers will make those very troops, with many more, ashamed to do anything disgraceful; convinced that discipline is best for them; delighted to show obedience individually; and when they must all work together, working 6 with thorough goodwill. But just as we sometimes see in individual private soldiers an unwonted willingness to work, so too may we see in a whole army also, when under the command of good officers, a love of work produced, and an ambition among the men that they may be seen by their 7 officers doing some deed of honour. And officers whose men are so disposed toward them, at all events get great power; not those indeed, by Heaven, who of all their soldiers are most careful of their strength; not those who hurl the javelin, or shoot best of all, nor those who have the best horse, so that they can lead cavalry or targeteers to the charge; but those who can make their troops feel that they must follow their leader 8 through fire and flood and every kind of danger. Officers, then, such as these whom great numbers follow in this conviction, we should be right in calling powerful minds; he may truly be said to march with a strong

* κελευστής. "Coxswain" is scarcely an equivalent for this word, the duty of the Greek κελευστής being to mark time for the rowers by shouting or by signs.

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arm, whose mind so many arms are ready to obey; and really great is that man who can do grander deeds by might of mind than by any
9 strength of body. And so too in the duties of private life, if rule be in the hands of steward or overseer, it is he who is able to make the labourers willing and diligent at their work, and to keep them to it,—he, and such as he, are the men who bring every duty to a happy comple-
10 tion, and make the profit of it great. And when the master comes afield, Socrates, he continued, with his absolute power to punish bad workmen and to reward the diligent, if they do not show unwonted exertions, I should have no high opinion of him: but if his coming urge them on work, and instil into each of them spirit and emulation and ambition, which is the most powerful spur to every one, I should say that there
11 was about him some character of true royalty. And this is most important, as I believe, in every work in which men are engaged, and not least in agriculture. But verily I no longer say that this power can be learnt from seeing it once exercised or from hearing it once described; nay, I assure you that one who desires it has need of long training and of a noble nature from the first his own,—yes, and of that greatest gift, a
12 spark of Inspiration. And this power of managing men so that they are willing to be ruled, is, I think, a blessing not human, but divine; nor can we doubt that it is given to those alone that have been perfected in self-command. But lordship over rebel subjects, as it seems to me, Heaven gives to none but those whom it thinks deserving to live in constant fear of their end;—a life like that which Tantalus, with the terror of a second death hanging over him, is fabled to drag out in Hades' realms for ever.*

* Compare Pindar (Ol. i. 98), who states that Tantalus, having stolen nectar and ambrosia from the tables of the gods, was by them condemned in Hades to the terror of a rock suspended over his head, ever threatening to crush him by its fall. The better-known story of his punishment is given in Homer, *Odyssey*, xi. 581 (Pope):—

> "There Tantalus along the Stygian bounds
> Pours out deep groans (with groans all hell resounds) . . .
> When to the water he his lips applies,
> Back from his lips the treacherous water flies;
> Above, beneath, around his hapless head
> Trees of all kinds delicious fruitage spread, . . .
> The fruit he strives to seize, but blasts arise,
> Toss it on high, and waft it to the skies."

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II

ROCK HONEYCOMB

(1877)

(*VOL. II. OF "BIBLIOTHECA PASTORUM"*)

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BIBLIOTHECA PASTORUM.

EDITED BY

JOHN RUSKIN,

HONORARY STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

VOL. II.

ROCK HONEYCOMB.

BROKEN PIECES OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S PSALTER,

LAID UP IN STORE FOR ENGLISH HOMES.

WITH A PREFACE AND COMMENTARY

BY THE EDITOR.

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

ELLIS AND WHITE, 29, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON;

AND

GEORGE ALLEN, SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON, KENT.

1877.

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[*Bibliographical Note.*—The title-page of this work, forming Volume II. in *Bibliotheca Pastorum*, was as shown on the preceding page.

Royal octavo, pp. xliv.–204. Title-page (with blank reverse), not enumerated; Preface, pp. i.–xxxiii.; "Of the Sidney Metres," pp. xxxiv.–xliv.; Text of the Psalter, with commentary, pp. 1–204. There was no printer's imprint.

Issued on June 1877 in form similar to that of *The Economist of Xenophon* (see above, p. 4). Lettered on the front, "Bibliotheca Pastorum. | Vol. II. | [*Rose.*] | Rock Honeycomb"; and up the back, "Bibliotheca Pastorum. Vol. II." 1000 copies. Price 7s. 6d. The edition is still current.

The volume was described (as shown on the title-page) as "Part I." Part II. (Volume III. of *Bibliotheca Pastorum*) was advertised in Mr. Allen's list of January 1886 as "ready shortly," but it was never issued by Ruskin. Some additional Psalms, with commentary prepared by him for the press, and an Index to the words commented upon, are printed for the first time in the present volume (pp. 281–320).

Variæ Lectiones.—In the present edition, various alterations (chiefly corrections of misprints, etc.) have been made both in Ruskin's notes and in the text of the Psalms. Ruskin mentions that the proofs of *Rock Honeycomb* cost him and his printers' reader much trouble, and that some errata escaped them both. A few of these he corrected in a note in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 80 (see Vol. XXIX. p. xxxv.); but there were many others.

In this edition the sections in the Preface and in the essay ("Of the Sidney Metres") have been numbered for convenience of reference.

"Of the Sidney Metres," § 8, line 17, "101st" Psalm is here a correction for "51st" (noted in *Fors*, Letter 80).

Line 114, "full" is here a correction for "fully" (noted in *Fors*, Letter 80).

Line 406, the stop is here inserted at the end of the line.

Line 462, "natures" (as in the Davies MS. and elsewhere) is here a correction for "nature's."

Line 482, "foes'" is a correction for "foes."

Line 584, a comma after "I" is here deleted.

Line 619, a stop is inserted at the end of the line.

Line 646, a comma is here inserted at the end of the line.

Line 835, a comma has here been deleted at the end of the line.

After 1070 dots are inserted to indicate Ruskin's omission of a stanza.

Line 1231, "raveners'" is here a correction for "ravener's."

Line 1295, ed. 1 reads "from strong and rich," instead of (as in the original) "from rich and strong"; but this must have been only a misprint, for in his note on line 1286 Ruskin quotes the line as "from rich and strong."

Line 1471, see p. 242 *n*.

Line 1505, the stop is here inserted at the end of the line.

Line 2034, a comma is deleted at the end of the line, as required by the sense.

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In the notes on Psalm i., the reference to lines "3, 17" was incorrectly given "3, 16."

For an alteration in the notes on Psalm ii., see p. 141 *n.*

In the notes on Psalm iv. line 106, "line 137" is here a correction for "line 136."

In the notes on Psalm viii., the reference to line "261" was incorrectly given "259."

In the note on Psalm xiv. line 516, in ed. 1 the reference to "p. 106" was a misprint for "p. 166," now p. 253 (noted in *Fors*, Letter 80).

In the notes on Psalm xv. (p. 181), "to his own hurt" is a correction for "to his own heart."

In the notes on Psalm xviii., the reference to line "632" was incorrectly given "631."

In the note on Psalm xxviii. line 964, ed. 1 misprinted "fard" for "fara" and omitted the second bracket.

In the notes on Psalm xxxv. (p. 234), "free" is here a correction for "flee." The reference to line "1343" was incorrectly given "1344."

In the notes on Psalm xlix., the reference to line "1555" was incorrectly given "1560" in ed. 1.

The following is a list of variations (others than in matters of spelling and punctuation) between the Chiswick Press edition and Ruskin's. There are other variations (as the preceding list shows), which have now been altered back: but the following were (or may have been) intentional emendations by Ruskin:—

Line 8, Ruskin reads "water" for "waters."

Line 32, "he shall them laugh" for "he them shall laugh."

Line 213 (see p. 153 *n.*).

Line 305, "Thou also Lord" for "Thou Lord also" (see p. 161 *n.*).

Line 336, "from out the heav'nly" for "from out of heav'nly."

Line 357, Ruskin alters "puffed" to "puff'd"; see the note on p. 165.

Line 396, "sely" for "silly."

Line 582, "secret" for "secrets" (possibly this was a misprint).

Line 1042 (see p. 217 *n.*).

For an omitted stanza, see p. 220 *n.*

Line 1293 (see p. 231 *n.*).

Line 1326 (see p. 232 *n.*).

Line 1343. Here Ruskin seeks to correct a line which, in the reading of the Davies MS., makes no sense (see p. 233 *n.*). He corrects "loves" to "love"; but says, truly enough, that the verse is "difficult." The other MSS. show the correct reading, which removes all difficulty.

Line 1372 (see p. 236 *n.*).

Line 1512, "watchful" for "wrathful" (see p. 243 *n.*). The former word is retained in the text, as it may have been Ruskin's conjectural alteration.

Line 1605, "my" for "thy."

Line 1627, "wicked" for "godlesse." See Ruskin's note (p. 252).

Line 1670, "The" for "In." Ruskin in his note twice quotes the line with "The." Otherwise one would be inclined to think that it was only a misprint.

Line 1673, "Syon" for "Sun," which was obviously an error.

Lines 1830, 1831, "treasure" for "riches." See Ruskin's note (p. 263).

Line 2439, "In" for "On." See Ruskin's note (p. 306).

Ruskin's alterations in spelling are referred to by him on p. 113.

Alterations of punctuation are noted on pp. 171, 185, 187, 204, 216 (see also, above, p. 113).]

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Sunday. 9th July 76

yesterday evening, one of the softest and brightest of this hitherto sweet summer ~~and a Saturday~~ the 'Coniston band' ~~to~~ of consisting of the musically minded ~~trades~~ men of the village ~~which I subscribe~~ working ~~[illegible]~~, rowed itself into the middle of the lake; and, put between Brantwood and the ~~[illegible]~~ 'Hall' on the opposite shore, where Sir Philip Sidney according to Copland tradition - one lived for a time ~~to~~ ~~stayed~~ forced with his sister ~~[illegible]~~ in our ~~the~~ Arcadia of ~~our~~ Western meres, - ~~just, to I say~~ ~~floating after~~ floating thus, between the old hall and the new cottage, - poured forth divers pipings and trumpetings - with ~~rustic skills~~ meritorious endeavour, and I doubt not - considerable pleasure to itself. and to the village-bearers on the green shore.

Mostly, polka music, with occasional sublimities - ~~with~~ my 'Maryland' & Godra saw the Emperor and so on - pleasant enough, all, if only if ~~it~~ the musicians had been a little further away: but as it chanced very destructive of my comfort in showing the bright roses and ~~[illegible]~~ deep purple foxgloves on my banks to

quests, ~~whose hearts were too sad~~ for whom the flowers and the evening light were good; but gay music, not so. ~~Least of all, gay music~~

And it might, with so little pains — have been much otherwise — ~~Now~~ But if instead of a somewhat briefly ~~practised~~ exercised band ~~of gaming~~ of ~~[illegible]~~ playing on trumpets and shawms concerning ~~an~~ a Maryland of which they probably did not know either the ~~long~~ place or the history, and an Emperor ~~whom, if it had been proposed to them~~ in the alehouse ~~after they had played God save him~~ on the lake, ~~to drive straightway out of his dominions, they would have~~ probably ~~voted one and all for the instant expulsion~~ —

a proposal for whose instant expulsion from his dominions would have been received with as much applause in the alehouse as the ~~tune of~~ prayer that God would save him, upon the lake — — if I say, instead of this tunefuel, and occasionally out-of-tunefuel, ~~nothing of~~ metallic noise, produced

A PAGE OF THE MS. OF THE PREFACE (§§ 1, 2) TO "ROCK HONEYCOMB"

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PREFACE

SUNDAY, *9th July*, 1876.

1. YESTERDAY evening, one of the sweetest and brightest of this hitherto sweet summer, the "Coniston band," consisting of the musically minded working men of the village, rowed itself, for its "Saturday at e'en" delectation, into the middle of the lake; and, floating just between Brantwood and the "Hall," on the opposite shore, where Sir Philip Sidney, it is delivered by tradition, lived for a time, with his sister, in our Arcadia of western meres,[1]—poured forth divers pipings and trumpetings, with meritorious endeavour, and, I doubt not, real, innocent, and useful pleasure to itself, and to the village hearers on the opposite green shore.

Mostly, polka music, with occasional sublimities—"My Maryland," and "God save the Emperor," and the like;—pleasant enough, sometimes, to hear, from this shore also: but, as it chanced, yesterday, very destructive of my comfort in showing the bright roses and deep purple foxgloves on my banks to two guests, for whom the flowers and the evening light were good; but gay music, not so.

2. And it might, with little pains, have been much otherwise; for if, instead of a somewhat briefly exercised band, playing on trumpets and shawms,[2] concerning a Maryland of which they probably did not know either the place

[1] [For this derivation of Westmorland as West-mere-land, see *Val d'Arno*, § 143 (Vol. XXIII. p. 87); *Proserpina*, ii. ch. ii. § 11 (Vol. XXV. p. 431); and *Deucalion*, i. ch. vii. § 3 (Vol. XXVI. p. 166 n.). For a woodcut of the Hall, see Vol. I. p. 60.]

[2] [Psalms xcviii. 7 (Prayer-book version).]

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or the history, and an Emperor, a proposal for whose instant expulsion from his dominions would have been probably received with as much applause in the alehouse, as the prayer that God would save him, upon the lake;—if I say, instead of this tuneful, and occasionally out-of-tuneful, metallic noise, produced, with little meaning beyond the noise itself, by the fathers of the village, a few clearly understood and rightly intended words had been chanted for us in harmony by the children of it;—suppose, for instance, in truly trained concord and happy understanding, such words as these of Sir Philip Sidney's own, echoed back from the tender ruin of the walls that had been his home, and rising to the fair mountain heaven, which is still alike his home and ours;—

> "From snare the fowler lays
> He shall thee sure untye;
> The noisome blast that plaguing strays
> Untoucht, shall pass thee by.
> Soft hived with wing and plume
> Thou in his shroud shall lie,
> And on his truth no less presume
> Than in his shield affy," [1]

the July sunset would not have been less happy to the little choir, and the peace of it would have been deepened for those to whom it could bring happiness no more.

"Is any among you afflicted?—let him pray. Is any merry?—let him sing psalms." [2]

The entire simplicity and literalness of this command of the first Bishop of the Christian Church cannot, of course, be now believed, in the midst of our luxurious art of the oratorio, and dramatically modulated speeches of Moses in Egypt, and Elijah on Carmel.[3] But the command is, nevertheless, as kind and wise as it is simple; and if ever Old England again becomes Merry England,

[1] [The second stanza of the paraphrase of Psalm xci.]
[2] [James v. 13.]
[3] [For other passages in which Ruskin condemns the "luxurious art of the oratorio," see Vol. VI. p. 52; Vol. XXIX. pp. 55, 269.]

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Sir Philip Sidney

From an engraving after the miniature by Isaac Oliver

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the first use she will make of her joyful lips, will be to sing psalms.

8. I have stated, in the first sketch of the design of our St. George's education, that music is to be its earliest element;[1] and I think it of so pressing importance to make the required method of musical teaching understood, that I have thrown all other employment aside for the moment, in order to get this edition of Sir Philip Sidney's Psalter prepared for school service. I will state the principles of music and of song which it is intended to illustrate, as briefly as possible.

4. All perfectly rhythmic poetry is meant to be sung to music,* and all entirely noble music is the illustration of noble words. The arts of word and of note, separate from each other, become degraded; and the muse-less sayings, or senseless melodies, harden the intellect, or demoralize the ear.

Yet better—and manifoldly better—unvocal word and idle note, than the degradation of the most fateful truths of God to be the subjects of scientific piping for our musical pastime. There is excuse, among our uneducated classes, for the Christmas Pantomime, but none, among our educated classes, for the Easter Oratorio.

The law of nobleness in music and poetry is essentially one. Both are the necessary and natural expression of pure and virtuous human joy, or sorrow, by the lips and fingers of persons trained in right schools to manage their bodies and souls. Every child should be taught, from its youth, to govern its voice discreetly and dexterously, as it does its

* Lyric and epic of course, without question; and didactic, if it be indeed poetry. Satirical primarily, or philosophical, verses, as of Juvenal, Lucretius, or Pope's Essay on Criticism, are merely measured prose,—the grander for being measured, but not, because of their bonds, becoming poetry. Dramatic verse is not perfectly rhythmic, when it is entirely right.

[1] [*Fors Clavigera*, Letter 5 (Vol. XXVII. p. 96).]

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hands; and not to be able to sing should be more disgraceful than not being able to read or write. For it is quite possible to lead a virtuous and happy life without books, or ink; but not without wishing to sing, when we are happy; nor without meeting with continual occasions when our song, if right, would be a kind service to others.

5. The best music, like the best painting, is entirely popular;[1] it at once commends itself to every one, and does so through all ages. The worst music, like the worst painting, commends itself at first, in like manner, to ninety-nine people out of a hundred; but after doing them its appointed quantity of mischief, it is forgotten, and new modes of mischief composed. The less we compose at present, the better: there is good music enough written to serve the world for ever; what we want of it for our schools, may be gradually gathered, under these following general laws of song:—

(I.) None but beautiful and true words are to be set to music at all; nor must any be usually sung but those which express the feelings of noble persons under the common circumstances of life, and its actual joys and griefs. Songs extreme in pathos are a morbid form of the indulgence of our desire for excitement; unless in actual dramatic function, becoming part of a great course of thought in which they fulfil the highest tone,—as Ophelia's "White his shroud";[2] which may be properly sung in its appointed place, but there only. It is profane and vulgar to take these pieces out of their shrines; and injurious to all the finer states of thought and habits of life to compose such without shrines.

(II.) Accompaniments are always to be subordinate, and the voice of the singer, or choir, supreme. But it is quite possible to keep the richest combinations of instrumental music subordinate to the vocal notes, as great painters can

[1] [Compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 30 (Vol. XXII. p. 317).]
[2] [*Hamlet*, Act iv. sc. 6, 35.]

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make the richest decoration subordinate to a simple story. And the noblest instrumental execution is felt by true musical instinct to be more conspicuous in this humility and precision of restraint, than in its most consummate dexterity of separate achievement.

(III.) Independent instrumental music is, to singing, what painted glass is to painting: it admits the extremest multiplication, fantasy, range, and concord of note; and has the same functions of magnificence, and powers of awe or pleasure, that the casements have in a cathedral. But all the greatest music is by the human voice, as all greatest painting is of the human face.[1]

(IV.) All songs are to be sung to their accompaniment, straight forward, as they would be read, or naturally chanted.[2] You must never sing

"Scots whaw-aw^{aw} ^{aw} $_{aw}$-hae wi' Wa-$^{a-}$ $^{a-}$ a-

a-$^{a-}$ a-a-$^{a-}$ a-$^{a-}$ a-$^{a-}$ a-$^{a-}$ al-lace bled,"

nor "Welcome, welcome, welcome to your go—to your go —to your go-oo-ooo-ory bed";[3] but sing it as you would say it. Neither, even if a song is too short, may you ever extend it by such expedients. You must sing "Come unto these yellow sands" clear through, and be sorry when it is done; but never

"Come unto these ya-$^{a-}$ $^{a-}$ a-$^{a-}$ $^{a-}$ a-, etc., low sands."

(V.) The airs of songs by great composers must never be used for other words than those they were written for. Nothing is so destructive of all musical understanding as

[1] [See *Lectures on Art*, §§ 31, 103 (Vol. XX. pp. 46, 98).]
[2] [On this subject, see the Introduction, p. xxxiv.]
[3] [For another reference to Burns's "Bannockburn," see Vol. XXIX. p. 450; and for other references to the line from the *Tempest* ("Come unto these yellow sands"), Vol. V. p. 282, and Vol. XVII. p. 259. For Ruskin's setting of the words to music, see below, p. 520.]

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the habit of fitting a tune that tickles the ear to any syllables that it will stick on; and a single instance may show the point to which this barbarism has reached in the musical catastrophes of modern concert, prepared for the uneducated and the idle. The other day, on the table of my inn at Cambridge,[1] I chanced to take up a modern "adaptation" of Rossini's "Stabat Mater," and found that the music intended for the Latin syllables here given in the upper lines was to be sung indifferently to the English ones below:—

Sta	- bat	Ma	- ter	Do	- lo	- ro	- sa
Lord	most	ho	- ly	Lord	most	migh	- ty
Jux	- ta	- Cru	- cem	La	- cry	- mo	- sa
Righ	- teous	ev	- er	Are	thy	judg	- ments
Dum	pen	- de	- bat	Fi	- li	- us	
Save	us	for	thy	Mer	- cy's	sake	

Imagine the idea thus conveyed to the listening mob, of the composer's intention, or of the dramatic power of his work.*

(VI.) Ballad music is, of course, written with the intent that it shall fit itself to any sentiment by mere difference of adopted time and accent. The right delivery of it will follow naturally on true feeling of the ballad. The absurdity of the ordinary supposition that music can express feeling definitely, without words, is shown in a moment by the fact that such general expressions *can* be written, and that in any good and classic ballad-music, the merry and melancholy parts of the story may be with

* Rossini's Stabat was, I believe, itself a transposition of this kind, the music having been originally written for other words. But the master himself may do this, if he think good; not his scholars or executants. What words he finally leaves his composition arranged for, must thenceforward be retained.

[1] [Ruskin had spent some days there early in April 1876.]

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entire propriety and satisfaction sung to precisely the same melody.*

(VII.) Playful, and comic, singing are subject to the same laws as play, in life; and jesting, in conversation. No vulgar person can be taught how to play, or to jest, like a gentleman; and, for the most part, comic songs are for the vulgar only. Their higher standard is fixed, in note and word, by Mozart and Rossini; but I cannot at present

* The following very interesting portion of a letter from a man of the highest scientific attainments, and of great general sensitive faculty and intellectual power, expresses the general faith in the independent power of music in so forcible a manner that, in once more replying to the arguments he brings forward, I conceive enough to be said on the subject. The letter opens with a reference to my use of the word "subordinate" in paragraph (II.) above:—

"My dear Ruskin,—'Subordinate' is not the right word, though I think you mean right. 'Co-ordinate' would be more correct. Both words and music should express as far as possible the idea intended to be conveyed; but music can convey emotion more powerfully than words, and independently of them. Mozart in his Masses only thought of the words as syllables for hanging notes on, and so wrote music quite profane. Bach, on the contrary, wrote, as it were, on his knees, when he wrote Church music. For instance, the 'Dona nobis' was set by Mozart to noise and triumph; by J. S. Bach is made a solemn, gentle, and tender prayer, preparing the congregation for the rest of the service. There, no repetition of the words 'dona nobis pacem' would give calm to the mind of the listener or reader, but the musical repetition, with variation, extends and enhances the calm both in listener and singer; but it would be quite incorrect to say Bach had 'subordinated' the music to the words, for, to a musician, no words could express so much as his music does. Like painting and poetry, music has its own special power, and its own field; it is vague compared with poetry in description, but more exact in expressing feeling (!); painting belongs to a point of time (!!); music to its extension beyond poetry.

"We have just the same kind of thing in music, though so much less is needed for musical criticism. J. S. Bach's greatest work is about to be performed for the first time in London, and L. has had a letter from a professional that might have been a critique on Turner written by Maclise, the man being unable to hear what Bach was aiming at,—devotional expression of the words. So it must ever be—during our days, at any rate."

I hope better, dear friend; thinking in truth, more highly of music in its true function than you do; but replying to your over-estimate of its independent strength, simply that music gives emotions stronger than words only to persons who do not completely understand words, but do

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judge how far even these men may have lowered the true function of the joyful Muse.

6. Thus far of the great general laws under which music is to be taught in St. George's schools. The reasons for them will be given at greater length elsewhere:[1] and, for beginning of songs to be sung, I have chosen this body of paraphrases of the Psalter, attributed in part to Sir Philip Sidney, and, whether his or not,[2] better written than any other rhymed version of the Psalms at present known to me, and of peculiar value as a classic model of the English language at the time of its culminating perfection.

When I came into the country this summer, I had with me the little Chiswick Press edition, published in 1823, expecting to find it tolerably correct, and not doubting but that I should be able, with little difficulty, if any part of it were really Sidney's, to distinguish his work

completely enjoy sensations. A great part of the energy of the wars of the world is indeed attributable to the excitement produced by military bands; but a single word will move a good soldier more than an entire day of the most artistic piping and drumming. The Dead March in Saul may be more impressive than words, to people who don't know what Death is; but to those who do, no growling in brass can make it gloomier; and Othello's one cry, "Oh, Desdemona, Desdemona,—dead!"[3] will go to their hearts, when a whole cathedral choir, in the richest and most harmonious of whines, would be no more to them than a dog's howling,—not half so much, if the dog loved the dead person. In the instance given by my friend, the music of Bach would assuredly put any disagreeable piece of business out of his head, and prepare him to listen with edification to the sermon, better than the mere *repetition* of the words "Dona nobis pacem." But if he ever had needed peace, and had gone into church really to ask for it, the plain voices of the congregation, uttering the prayer but once, and meaning it, would have been more precious to him than all the quills and trills that ever musician touched or music trembled in. I can only mark the two sentences in the last clause of the letter with notes of—(very extreme)—wonder,—the last especially, for an unchanged chord of colour may be enjoyed by the eye many minutes longer than an unchanged chord of sound by the ear.

[1] [The subject is touched upon in *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 94 and 95 (1884): see Vol. XXIX. pp. 488–489, 500.]

[2] [For a discussion of this question and full particulars with regard to the Chiswick Press edition and MSS. of the Psalter, see the Introduction; above, pp. xxiii.–xxvii.]

[3] [Act v. sc. 2.]

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The Countess of Pembroke

From the picture ascribed to Marc Gheeraedts

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from that of any other writer concerned in the book, and arrange it for publication in a separate form.

But on examining the book, I perceived it to require complete revision, the punctuation being all set at random; and the text full of easily corrigible misreadings. And I found, with greater surprise, that, instead of shining out with any recognizable brightness, the translations attributed by tradition to Sidney included many of the feeblest in the volume; and that while several curious transitions in manner, and occasional fillings and retouchings by evidently inferior writers, were traceable through the rest, the entire body of the series was still animated by the same healthy and impetuous spirit, and could by no criticism of mine be divided into worthy and unworthy portions.

7. Under these circumstances, to have attempted a critical edition of the book would have involved a year's labour, a volume of correspondence, and I knew not what wistful hours of research among dark library shelves. Such an edition will, I hope, in good time, be undertaken by some accomplished English scholar, and a chastised text given us, collected from whatever fragments exist of authoritative MS. But, in the meantime, with such summer leisure as I have at command, I can make the book, as we have it, a serviceable and fitting part of our *Bibliotheca Pastorum*. In the first place, therefore, the text being clearly inaccurate, I give up the old spelling altogether, and write the version in our own manner, unless here and there, when the former meaning of the word requires also the former lettering. I farther correct the punctuation, and replace the visibly needful readings.

In the second place, I omit the pieces which, either by accident or by inferior authorship, fall greatly below the general standard; and those also in which quaintness of thought or word has been carried beyond the utmost I could ask of the patience of existing taste. Even of the paraphrases which, thus sifted, remained for choice, I have taken only those which contain lessons, or express feelings,

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applicable to or natural to our own modern life; and which may therefore be sung, with personal adoption of their sentiment, some by the young, and some by the old, among us, who still can heartily praise their God, or appeal to Him, in the passion of song.

8. Of such Psalms, forty-four, closing with the seventy-second, are arranged in this volume, with so much of commentary as seemed to me likely to make them more serviceable to the general reader; the second volume, containing a similar selection to the end of the Psalter, will, I hope, be ready at least before the end of the year,[1] and a little school-manual of the elements of prosody, explaining the laws of English and Latin mediæval metre, as distinguished from classic metre, is already written;[2] but I can't get it printed till after Easter. It will explain farther some points respecting the musical value of these paraphrases, which are too complex for statements here.

9. But the main use of these second and third parts of the Shepherd's Library, to the modern reader, will depend on his fully understanding these following particulars concerning the manner and the melody of these ancient paraphrases.

First, I say concerning their manner, which differs from that of paraphrases prepared by modern writers for existing church services in a very serious way indeed. For modern writers of devotional rhyme always assume, that if the thing which David (or other original writer to be paraphrased) said, cannot be conveniently arranged in their own quatrain, or whatever the stanza may be,—a piece of David's saying may be cut off, and a piece of their own or any other pious person's saying, fastened on, without any harm: their object being only to obtain such a concatenation of pious sayings as may, on the whole, be sung without offence, and

[1] [Never issued by Ruskin. The portion prepared by him for the press is now for the first time printed; below, pp. 281–320.]

[2] [Included in the present volume; see below, pp. 321–374. It was not issued, however, till October 1880.]

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by their pleasant sound soothe and refresh the congregation after kneeling till they are stiff. But the idea of any of these melodious sentiments being really adopted by the singers, and meant as a true assertion, never for a moment enters the composer's head. Thus, in my own parish church, only the Sunday before last, the whole congregation, and especially the children, sang, in great glee and contentment, a hymn which declared their extreme eagerness to die, and be immediately with God: but if, in the course of the tune, the smallest bit of plaster had fallen from the ceiling, implying any degree of instability in the rafters thereof, very certainly the whole symphonious company would have scuttled out as fast as they could; and a prophetic intimation, conveyed to any of the mothers of the curly-haired children sitting by the altar, that their own darling was never again to be seen in that place, would as certainly have spoiled the mother's singing of the devotional exercise appointed for her that afternoon.[1] God be thanked that it would.

10. Again, I observe that among the canticles which might be supposed, without absurdity, really more or less to be expressive of the feelings of a village congregation, a favourite one, founded on the promise that when two or three are gathered in the name of Christ, He is in the midst of them, closes with the following invocation:—

> "Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
> Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear!
> Oh, rend the heavens,—come quickly down,
> And make a thousand hearts thine own."[2]

Which charming stanza is apparently sung with great unction by everybody; and it never seems to occur to any of their minds that if Christ is in the midst of them, there is no occasion for His arm to be long, and still less for His rending the heavens to come down to them; or that,

[1] [Compare *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 14 (Vol. XVIII. p. 395).]

[2] [*Hymns Ancient and Modern*, No. 529 ("Jesus, where'er Thy people meet"): the hymn is by Cowper.]

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although a thousand hearts may be a sonorous phrase for the end of a stanza, it is not what most people would understand by a "few," and still less a parallel for Christ's expression "two or three."[1] The fact being that the poor rhymester, totally incapable of conceiving the nearness or the being of Christ at all, or any emotion whatever which would be caused by either, fills up his idle verses with the first phrases that jingle into his jaded asses' ears out of the prophecies of Isaiah, though the first, concerning the shortened arm of God, was written for people so far from having Christ in the midst of them, that their iniquities had entirely separated them from Him, and their sins hidden His face (Isaiah lix. 1, 2); and the second is an appeal by the prophet for the descent of God, not among His friends, but against His adversaries, that the nations might "tremble at His presence" (Isaiah lxiv. 1, 2).

The entire system of modern English canticle is thus half paralytic, half profane, consisting partly of the expression of what the singers never in their lives felt, or attempted to feel; and partly in the address of prayers to God, which nothing could more disagreeably astonish them than His attending to.

11. Now Sidney's paraphrase, in common with all gentleman's literary work in the Elizabethan period, differs wholly from such modern attempts in this main particular, that it aims straight, and with almost fiercely fixed purpose, at getting into the heart and truth of the thing it has got to say; and unmistakably, at any cost of its own dignity, explaining *that* to the hearer, shrinking from no familiarity, and restricting itself from no expansion in terms, that will make the thing meant clearer. So that whereas a modern version, if only it clothe itself in what the author supposes to be genteel language, is thought perfectly satisfactory, though the said genteel language mean exactly the contrary of what David meant,—Sir Philip will use any cowboy's or

[1] [See Matthew xviii. 20.]

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tinker's words, if only they help him to say precisely in English what David said in Hebrew: impressed, the while, himself so vividly by the majesty of the thought itself, that no tinker's language can lower it or vulgarise it in his mind. And, again, while the modern paraphraser will put in anything that happens to strike his fancy, to fill the fag-end of a stanza, but never thinks of expanding or illustrating the matter in hand, Sidney, if the thought in his original appears to him pregnant, and partly latent, instantly breaks up his verse into franker and fuller illustration; but never adds a syllable of any other matter, to fill even the most hungry gap of verse.

12. Of the relative simplicity or familiarity of expression, I need give no instances, as they occur continually; but of the illustrative expansion, I may refer for a pretty example to the stanza quoted in the beginning of this preface, paraphrasing the verses of the ninety-first psalm.

Compare our prose version, and observe the manner of Sidney's amplification.

"Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler." Yes, thinks Sir Philip,—but does that mean, by *showing* the snare, and so keeping us out of it,—or by delivering us after we have fallen into it? Not always by showing it, certainly (he has been caught, himself, too often to believe that!); but always by redeeming us from it. But how redeeming?—by breaking the net roughly at once? No, that is not His way; but by untying it, thread by thread. All this is told with one word:—

> "From snare the fowler lays,
> He shall thee sure *untye*."

"And from the noisome pestilence." Noisome? thinks Sir Philip,—why this added word? why is one disease more noisome than another? It is spiritual evil, and cannot therefore mean mere loathsomeness of bodily affliction; it must mean the power of corruption,—the deadly power, which strikes so that, even when the disease itself is gone,

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its effects remain incurable. The deliverance from *this* evil must be before it strikes, not afterwards!

> "The noisome blast that plaguing strays,
> *Untoucht* shall pass thee by."

"He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust."

"Trust,"—yes, but how? thinks Sidney. Not as armour, these; a bird does not defend her brood with her wings, but with beak and claw, if need be. The wings are for warmth, and shelter, and hiding-place.

> "Soft hived, with wing and plume
> Thou in his shroud shalt lie;"

and note the "*soft* hived,"—having the hive, or home, made soft, and warm; and the beautiful old use of "shroud" for hiding or covering mantle.

"His faithfulness and truth shall be thy shield and buckler."

Yes,—*now* we come to the armour, he thinks; but "truth," why should that, no less than faithfulness, be spoken of as guardian? Then he perceives that the serenity of repose in the promises of God is as necessary a part of the safety of a timid heart as the security of dependence upon His protection. Therefore he says, thou shalt no less "presume" (take beforehand, or possess beforehand) on His promises, than have affiance in His guard;

> "And on his truth no less presume
> Than in his shield affy."

18. And, indeed, with respect to all these paraphrases, my principal reason for making them a part of our Shepherds' Library is not merely their being in a classically melodious form; but besides, and rather, that they continually interpret or illustrate what is latent or ambiguous in the original. Where there is no manifest gain of this kind, I have seldom admitted the paraphrase into our series; and, on

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the ground of what I supposed would be offensive verbal simplicity, have parted with many more than I should have thought myself justified in rejecting, were it not that I trust in the possession, some day soon, of a classical and authoritative edition of the whole.

Enough are here, however, for all practical purposes; and when those which are to form the closing volume are added, there will also be enough to give a complete idea of the variety and art of versification carried through the whole. I must delay the reader yet a little while presently,[1] to explain the general methods of metre employed.

14. Thus much it is enough to observe respecting the method of Sir Philip's version. We must now finally note some matters bearing on its theological accuracy.

As consummate expression whether of faith or feeling, the Psalter has retained its power among all nations worshipping the God of Israel, from the day it was completed to our own. But as a code of Christian morality, it has virtually ceased to be profitable to any of us;—nay, has in many ways become confusing and dangerous, owing to the reckless choice, or transposition, of the terms, correspondent, in English, to those descriptive of virtue and vice, piety and atheism, in the original. I do not know how far, in the Hebrew itself, the subtlety and precision exist which ennoble the Septuagint and the Vulgate: but, assuredly, the writers of these versions understood from the Hebrew, and expressed in their own more capably various diction, a series of distinctions between the methods of vice and virtue in men, on the understanding of which is founded the proper philosophy of the Psalter, and which neglecting, we read it absolutely without power of applying practically any one of its precepts, or apprehending intelligently the issue of any one of its promises or threatenings.

15. Though without any special attention to this subject, and with frequent lapses into the vagueness of common English, the Sidney version is yet so studiously moulded

[1] [See below, pp. 129–136: "Of the Sidney Metres."]

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on the classical originals, that, with only here and there the notice of an ambiguous word, it will become quite clear to us in its expression of these ethics of the Psalter. But that it may become so, we must preparatorily observe the main distinctions of the Greek and Latin words whose force it thus observantly renders.

The benediction, in the opening of the first psalm, divides at once the virtue which is to be strengthened, or to find voice, in the following psalms, into three conditions, the understanding of which is the key to the entire law of Old Testament morality.

"Blessed is the man who" (first) "has not walked in the counsel of the ungodly."

That is to say, who has not advanced, or educated himself, in the "*counsel*" (either the opinions or the advice) of men who are unconscious of the existence of God.

That is the law of our Intellectual Education.

"Nor" (secondly) "stood in the way of sinners."

That is to say, who has not adopted for the *standing*, establishing, and rule of his life, the ways, customs, or principles of the men who, whether conscious or unconscious of God's being, disobey His commands.

That is the law of our moral conduct.

"And hath not" (thirdly) "sat in the seat of the *scornful*."

That is to say, who has not, in teaching or ruling others, permitted his own pride or egotism to make him intolerant of their creeds, impatient of their ignorance, or unkind to their failings. This throne of pride is, in the Vulgate, called the throne of *Pestilence*.[1] I know not on what ground; but assuredly conveying this farther truth, that the source of all noisome blast of heresy, "that *plaguing* strays" in the Christian Church, has been the pride and egotism of its pastors.

16. Here, then, are defined for us in the first words of

[1] ["Beatus qui . . . in cathedra pestilentiæ non sedit:" compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 87, § 5 (Vol. XXIX. p. 365).]

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the Psalter, the three great vices of Intellectual Progress, Moral Stature, and Cathedral Enthronement, by which all men are tempted in their learning, their doing, and their teaching; and in conquering which, they are to receive the blessing of God, and the peaceful success of their human life. These three sins are always expressed in the Greek Psalter in the same terms:

Ungodliness is ἀσέβεια;
Sin is ἁμαρτία;
Pride is ὑπερηφανία;

and the tenor of every passage throughout the Psalms, occupied in the rebuke or threatening of the "wicked," is coloured by its specific direction against one or other of these forms of sin.

But, separate from all these sins, and governing them, is the monarchic "Iniquity," which consists in the *wilful* adoption of, and persistence in, these other sins, by deliberately sustained false balance of the heart and brain.

A man may become ἀσεβής, impious, by natural stupidity.

He may become ἁμαρτωλός, sinful, by natural weakness.

And he may become ὑπερήφανος, insolent, by natural vanity.

But he only becomes ἄδικος, unjust, or unrighteous, by resolutely refusing to see the truth that makes against him; and resolutely contemplating the truth that makes for him.

Against this "iniquity," or "unrighteousness," the chief threatenings of the Psalter are directed, striking often literally and low, at direct dishonesty in commercial dealings, and rising into fiercest indignation at spiritual dishonesty in the commercial dealing and "trade" of the heart.

17. And the words "righteousness"[1] and "unrighteousness," throughout the Psalter, have this meaning, and no other. It is needless to say how fatally their vital, imperative, and purifying force has been evaded by modern glosses

[1] [On this word, see *Unto this Last*, § 44 (Vol. XVII. p. 59 *n.*), and compare below, pp. 145 (note on line 92), 255.]

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of the evangelical school of readers and teachers, who imagine that the word "righteousness" means that "forgiveness of sins" which they expect to get, without ever being purged from them. The following vocabulary of fourteen words, with their derivatives, for general reference, with a few notes on separate paraphrases, will now make the ethics of the Sidney text in these volumes entirely intelligible. My own commentary, when it bears on ethical question, is always made on the ordinary English prose version, using the Sidney text only to illustrate it.

I take first the seven principal words which variously express the nature of the Revelation or Law of God, in which David so perpetually rejoices; and after each I give his special saying concerning it, in the nineteenth psalm.

(1.) *νόμος.* The law of the Lord of Creation; kept by Him inviolate in faithfulness through all the changes of providential dealing. It includes physical law, and whatever is recognized as "cosmic" by modern naturalists: but the essence of it is the guardian Law of Life,[1] that which appoints that love shall produce joy; hatred, pain;—disunion, weakness; concurrence, power;—license, death; and obedience, life. It is full of spiritual mysteries, and is felt more and more to be blessed and holy as it is sought out. David never speaks of it but with passionate love. It exists always, above, and without, any commandment, being the Law which Christ came, not to destroy, but fulfil.

"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul"

The derivative "*ἀνομία*" means *wilful* lawlessness, or rebellion, often translated "wickedness," which is in pure English only another word for witchcraft, or evil magic—the defiance of the law of the universe by a crooked enchantment. "For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft."[2]

[1] [For a reference to this passage, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 80, § 9 (Vol. XXIX. p. 178).]

[2] [1 Samuel xv. 13.]

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The derivative "ἄνομος," lawless, means the state of mind in which a man not only disobeys the commands of the State, but the dictates of nature. Adultery, usury, cannibalism, and the like, are forms of ἀνομία, as distinct from ἁμαρτία.

(2.) ἐντολή. The "Commandment," or, in plural, commandments, equally translated precept, or precepts. That part of the law which God has expressed in words, and which it is enough for simple people to obey, without knowing why. A child may obey its parents, and a man resolve not to live by stealing, without in the least recognizing the glory of the eternal obedience, or the loss of spiritual joy by rapine.

"The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes"

(3.) μαρτυρία. The Testimony, or, in plural, testimonies. The spoken teaching of God, enforcing His commandments with promise or threatening; and recording what He desires His creatures to know concerning Himself and His work; and concerning themselves and their work. Of these, David writes, "Thy testimonies are my delight and my counsellors"; and Paul, "He left not Himself without witness."[1] Compare Deut. xxxi. 19; Isa. lv. 4; Matt. xxiv. 14.

"The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple"

(4.) δικαίωμα. Statute, and in plural statutes. The continual doing of justice;—the fixed attachment of such and such penalties to the violation,—such and such rewards to the keeping,—of the commandment,—and hearing of the witness.

"The statutes of the Lord are right, and rejoice the heart"

(5.) κρῖμα. Judgment, and, in plural, judgments. Definite punishment or reward pronounced against personal or national definite parts of conduct.

[1] [Psalms cxix. 24; Acts xiv. 17.]

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"The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether"

(6.) λόγος. The Word, or definite exertion (or to subordinate beings, expression) of God's will, as in creation or any other (so-called) act, or series of acts, of the Supreme Being. It is separate from the constant νόμος, in so far as "by the Word of the Lord were the heavens made," but considered as only a part of the constant νόμος, when it is said, "heaven and earth shall pass away, but my Word shall not."[1]

"The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever"

(7.) λόγια. The oracles. The (to us apparently separate) various divisions of the words and acts of God.

18. These being the essential divisions of Revelation, the virtue and guilt of men in relation to them are expressed by this second group of distinct terms, each with its proper opposite.

(1.) ἀγαθός. κακός. The good man,—the bad. The terms that, regarding all qualities in both, cast them up, and give the net value.

(I am interrupted in my work at this moment,—Oxford, Sunday, 13th July, 1876, seven, morning,—first by a long rumble, which,—thinking it for a while to be something going on in the next rooms,—I make out to be a luggage train; and then, just as I begin again, and am considering whether to say "simple" or "general" terms,—by a steady whistle,—which, coming in with the morning air through the open window, worries me as if a cat were in the room, sustaining her mew at a high note. Vainly trying to fix my mind for ten or twelve seconds, as I find the noise going on, getting louder, and at last breaking into startling demi-semiquavers, I give up my business, for the present,—and count fifty-three, slowly, before this musical entertainment and psalm of modern life stops.[2] Actually

[1] [Psalms xxxiii. 6; Matthew xxiv. 35.]
[2] [For a reference to this passage, see below, p. 291 (note on line 2258).]

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there's another train coming, just as I have finished this paragraph. I have counted eighty, and it is still not over; —at last things are getting quiet, and I will try to go on.)

Give the net value, I was going to say, at St. Michael's price and weight, by St. Michael's scales. "A good man"; a Positive article, in flesh and soul. *Worth* at least *some*thing, to his people—to his age. "A bad man"; a Negative article in flesh and soul. Worth so much *less* than nothing to his people and age; a blot, and clog, and plague to them.

These terms not only include, but have primary reference to, qualities of breed. They are used of men as we should use them of horses. And the sum of good and evil is calculated, not so much in honour or pleasure to the man himself, as in his pure usefulness and trustworthiness to others.

1*a*. "Goodness," not in use. 1*b*. "Badness," frequent. Sidney's terms, good and evil.

(2.) δίκαιος. ἄδικος. "Just," "unjust," or righteous and unrighteous. Already enough explained. The main scriptural distinction.

2*a*. "Justice." 2*b*. "Injustice." Both in constant use.*

* As I begin Article 2, a third luggage train comes and goes. I count 148—(and it's not quite over)—what, in the name of all that's profane, do they mean by taking Sunday morning for this business? Actually, after five minutes more, comes a fourth; to this I count only 105. Now, at eight o'clock, there's my own cathedral bell begins, which would have helped me, rather than hurt, but for the railroad noise first—but now is conclusively destructive of all my power of morning thought.

VENICE, *Sunday, 18th March*, 1877.—The rest of the preface, therefore, was set down in my notes of it, without expansion. Long enough, perhaps the reader may think; but I wish those railroad trains had not hindered me from saying what I had in my mind about the service in shadow,

"Ye that by night, stand in the House of the Lord,"[1]

also, about the psalmody before the battle of Leuthen, and in the following

[1] [Psalm cxxxiv. 1.]

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(8.) πιστός. ἄπιστος. Faithful. Unfaithful. Not used in true opposition. The first means usually faithful in the sense of trustworthy. "Faithful is he that calleth you."[1] The second has the sense of "incredulous" ("be not faithless, but believing," to St. Thomas) or "infidel" (1st Tim. v. 8); "the fearful and unbelieving" (Rev. xxi. 8).

8*a*. Faith. 8*b*. Infidelity. Constant, and in true opposition, Faith signifying trust, and not truth.

(4.) εὐσεβής. ἀσεβής. Godly. Ungodly. The capacity, increased by industry and humility, of intelligently apprehending the existence of higher spirits, and reverently worshipping them; opposed to the incapacity of doing so increased by idleness, or vanity.

4*a*. Godliness. 4*b*. Ungodliness. Constant.

(5.) ταπεινός. ὑπερήφανος. Humble. Proud. Best opposed in the Magnificat: "He hath regarded the lowliness of his handmaiden. He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts." So Psalm cxix.: "He hath rebuked the proud that are cursed";[2]—compare cxxxi. for the opposed humility.

5*a*. Lowliness. 5*b*. Pride. Constant.

(6.) δοῦλος. ἄνομος. Servant. Lawless. The most frequent of oppositions, next to just and unjust. In both groups, the virtue and the vice are always considered as wilful; but injustice is the wilful sin of intellectual persons, and lawlessness of fools; so that a peculiarly cretinous condition of brain has been developed in modern days for the

night-march (*Frederick*, Book 18th, chap. 10),[3] and Covenanting and Cromwellian psalmody in general, as opposed either to Cavalier song, or to the Canticles of modern liberty.

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[1] [1 Thessalonians v. 24.]
[2] [Psalm cxix. 21 ("Thou hast rebuked . . .").]
[3] [Where Carlyle says: "It was from the column nearest him, which is to be the first line, that the King heard, borne on the winds amid their field-music, as they marched there, the sound of Psalms."]

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apostleship of *ἀνομία*. It is the sin which physically is represented by decomposition—*i.e.*, in organic being, death;—and all witchcraft, necromancy, and the like, are parts of it. "Wickedness" is the Saxon word; embracing, curiously, derivations from others, meaning "enchanted," "crooked" (perverse), and "vitiated." So, also, justice is the resolute virtue of intellectual persons, and servitude the resolute virtue of the simple. "Behold, bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord, which *by night* stand in the house of the Lord." Psalm cxxxiv.

6*a*. Servitude. 6*b*. Wickedness. Constant.

(7.) *ἅγιος*. *ἁμαρτωλός*. Saint. Sinner. The conclusive opposition, expressing with respect to birth in the Spirit what *ἀγαθός* and *κακός* express with respect to birth in the flesh. The Saints are the chosen, or found, of God; the Sinners, the Reprobate (tried and found wanting, cast away, or lost) of God. The Son of Man comes to seek and to save that which is lost;[1] He comes for *ἁμαρτωλόι*, but not for *ὑπερήφανοι*, *ἄνομοι*, or *ἄδικοι*. For sinners; but not for the proud, the lawless, or the unjust.

19. These seven oppositions, kept clearly in mind, will enable the reader, with little farther pains, to understand, not only the Psalter, but the entire theology of the Old Testament, and mode of its translation in the New. One farther opposition must be noted; but as external to all the others: *ὅσιος* and *ἐθνικός*, holy and profane—that is to say, belonging to the visible church, or to the "heathen." Wickedness, or perversity (disobeying the God it knows well), is the sin of the visible Church; but Forgetfulness,—not seeking the God it knows dimly, of the Heathen. "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and the heathen, that forget God." (Psalm ix. 17.)

Finally, what full sense was intended by David in the terms Hell and Heaven themselves, it is needless to ask more than we may here positively know from the shades

[1] [Luke xix. 10.]

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or lights of each that "lie about us in our pilgrimage."[1] We need not think even that recognition of our state will always be conscious. In the extreme of perdition, our earthly spirit does not know that it is lost; and there are souls scattered afar upon the Elysian Hills, that, shepherdless, breathe the air of Paradise, and shall return, every man, to his house in peace.[2]

[1] [Apparently an inaccurate recollection of Wordsworth's *Ode on Intimations of Immortality.*]
[2] [1 Kings xxii. 17.]

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OF THE SIDNEY METRES

1. BEFORE examining the manner of these Elizabethan chants, I must say a word or two of the use of metrical psalm at all.

That any words spoken in utter truth and intensity of feeling should be "measured" seems at first impossible, or at least unfitting. On a field of battle, a soldier does not ask for quarter in iambic verse; and the publican's prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner,"[1] would not be made more pathetic by any echo which we could contrive for it between "sin" and "win," or "God" and "rod."

But when our feelings are moved by no sudden impulse, and raised to no pitch of passion too great to be sustained, it is an honourable sign of our words that they *are* measured;—it is proper that they should bear upon them this seal of having been considered before they were uttered; nor is any sentiment in itself so intense but that, if continuous, it may be expressed more nobly under the laws of harmony and symmetry than without them.

2. Farther; in the greater number of persons of average power of mind, when of happy disposition and unoppressed life, feelings of anxiety, distress, or desire, never become so deep as to forbid the enjoyment of cheerful sound in their expression. Whatever regret they may feel at having done wrong,—whatever hope of some day entering a better world if they do right, their remorse is never so poignant, nor their longing so extreme, but that both may be uttered in rhythmic syllables, and even deepened and excited by

[1] [Luke xviii. 13.]

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the cadence of them. The joyful and eager youth of a man like Sidney is necessarily incapable of entering into the darker thoughts of a heart like David's in old age;[1] and the general mass of amiably and pleasantly religious persons can no more understand a psalm, than a kitten a Greek tragedy; but we may always claim from them sincerity in accepting what is suited to their age; nor need we refuse to the young what farther pleasure or sense of duty they may receive from the chanting of noble words, because the days are yet distant by whose melancholy tutorship such words are to be made finally intelligible.

3. And farther; while the unrhymed and undecorated language with which graver hearts would be content, is ineffectual on feebler and more impulsive dispositions, there is nothing in the symmetry of graceful terms, so long as they remain true, which need offend the feelings whose glow has no need of them. So long as the instrument is in real harmony, no strength of thought need be abated by the pleasantness of its echo; and if those who are the strongest in passion, or intelligence, are permitted to say, in some way or another, exactly the thing they mean, they need not mind saying it with such interval or inflection of voice, and such change or inversion of phrase, as may comply with the innocent desire of others for musical delight. An old man, walking up and down at evening on some meadow hillside, whence he can see the roofs and spires of his native city warm in the setting sun, may murmur to himself, and find enough sweet without melodious accompanying, the solemn words of the 48th Psalm: "Go ye round about Zion, tell the towers thereof; mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces, that ye may tell it to the generation following."[2] But the veteran returning from war with a company of young knightly riders, entering the city gates in joyful glance of heraldry, and trained

[1] [For notes in this sense, see pp. 138, 176, 193.]

[2] [Compare *Eagle's Nest*, § 240 *ad fin.*, where Ruskin uses this verse in a peroration (Vol. XXII. p. 287).]

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prancing of their horses' feet, might, unoffended, hear them burst into the rhythmic chant of Sidney's verse:—

"Compass Syon in her standing:
Tell her towers, mark her forts;
Note with care the stately portes,
Her royal houses bear;
For that age's understanding,
Which shall come when we shall go,—
Glad, of former time, to know
How many, what they were." [1]

4. Or again, and in yet more grave field of thought—while in moments of unexpected pain, and helplessly felt decline of strength, we may bitterly repeat, and with little desire for musical cadence in our words, the cry of the 90th Psalm: "Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men;" yet in the resigned peace of an old age crowned with the light of days that are not, an old man may hear with thankfulness the voices of the assenting choir proclaim the mercifully irrevocable law, over earth and her children:—

"Oh, but man,—by thee created,
As he first of earth arose,—
When thy Word his end hath dated
In equal state, to earth he goes.
Thou sayest,—and saying,—mak'st it so,
'Be no more, oh Adam's heir':
From whence ye came, dispatch to go
Dust, again,—as dust ye were." [2]

5. Nevertheless, I should not have thought it necessary to add any other version of the Psalms to the accepted one of the Prayer Book, for use in St. George's schools, had not these paraphrases of Sir Philip's contained many illustrative or explanatory passages, making the sense of the original more clear, while, at the same time, their exquisitely accurate use of the English language renders

[1] [From the paraphrase of Psalm xlviii.; for a reference to it, see below, p. 245.]
[2] [The second stanza of the paraphrase of Psalm xc.]

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them, on the whole, the best examples known to me for the early guidance of its faithful students. In the work of all other great masters, the melody of the word is allowed somewhat to influence them in their choice of it; but Sidney never minds spoiling the sound of a verse, if the prettiest word is not also the accuratest. How pleasant the sound of verse was to him, however, the singular variety of arrangements adopted in this Psalter, may enough show, although, I suppose with reference to some particular kind of music to which they were sung, the elements out of which the verses are arranged are in the first instance exceedingly simple. A certain number of unrhymed psalms, of Latin construction, occur towards the close of the book, either by some other writer, or by Sidney in error of too vain scholarship. Putting these aside, the remainder are, with one exception, in trochaic or iambic verse:* the iambics severely accurate; the trochaic admitting, but always with extreme subtlety of appliance, the introductory short syllable, as the "*In* equal state" of the fourth line in the just-quoted stanza.

6. The single exception is the 52nd Psalm, which is dactylic, with admitted spondee beginning, and troche always closing the second line:—

"Nŏt wŏrds frŏm—cūrsĕd thĕe,
Bŭt gūlphs—arĕ poūrĕd:
Gūlphs whĕrein—dāilў bĕ
Gōod mēn—dĕvoūrĕd.

Thīnkst thŏu tŏ—bēar ĭt sŏ?
Gōd shăll dĭs—plāce thĕe;
Gōd shăll thĕe—ŏvĕrthrŏw,
Crūsh thĕe, dĕ—fāce thĕe."

But this metre can by no art be sustained without more license of artificial accent, or inverted construction, than may be justifiably claimed from the reader's indulgence

* The reader unacquainted with the construction of verse should read the little introduction to English prosody which Mr. Allen will have ready, I hope, not long after this beginning of Psalter is published.

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or attention; and another two verses, giving examples of this unconquerable difficulty, but full of force in themselves, are all that I care to give of this psalm.

"Lĕwd lĭes thў—tōngue cōntrĭves;
Lŏud lĭes—ĭt soūndĕth;
Shārpĕr thăn—shārpĕst knĭves,
Wĭth lĭes—ĭt wōundeth."

The false accent on the "with" is just pardonable for the sake of its help in the pretty alliteration of the whole verse.

"Lō, lŏ, thĕ—wrētchĕd wĭght,
Who Gōd—dĭsdaĭnĭng,
His mĭschĭef—mādе hĭs mĭght,
His guārd,—hĭs gāinĭng."

This stanza, read without any strained accent, is properly a couplet in iambic pentameter, and is only read in dactyls by courtesy. The inversion of the subject in the last two lines is, however, rather a grace than a fault; the accent enables "His" to stand for "His own," and the concentrated meaning makes the entire verse very precious.

7. All the other psalms given in the following series are, as I have said, iambic or trochaic: but the differences in number of feet between the lines, the number of these in the stanzas, and the alternations of rhyme in the different groups, are so varied, that out of the hundred and twenty paraphrases given in the two volumes,[1] I believe that, after the text is properly sifted, not one will be found in precisely the same metre as another. And the dainty intricacy of several of these arrangements, and the reasons for the repeating, with little modification, some, rather than others, present questions of so great interest to students of English verse, that I could not resist the temptation of tabulating the structure of them all. The number of feet in the lines is of course naturally indicated

[1] [The actual number prepared by Ruskin for press was only 53: on this matter, see the Introduction, p. xxix.]

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by figures: 1, for a line of one metre; 2, for a dimetre;* and so 3, 4, 5, and 6, up to the hexametre; only observe that I call the ordinary trochaic line ending with a long syllable,

"Dust again, as dust ye were,"

a three-metred verse, though it is properly four-metred, for the close of such a line is a full troche in *time*, formed of the monosyllable with a following rest: but it is convenient to express this verse as a trimetre, and to consider as tetrametre only the line with the last short syllable sounded,—"oh, but man, by thee created." On the other hand, an iambic line ending with a superadded short syllable properly does so only by dividing the normal long syllable into two short ones; and permits no extension of the time; therefore it is indicated by a circumflex above the numeral, thus: "the fields with flocks have hid their faces," will be $\tilde{4}$, and "Nor hid from him thy face's fair appearing,"[1] $\tilde{5}$.

For the indication of arrangement of rhyme I use letters of the alphabet: the first line of any stanza is always called a; and all lines that rhyme to it, a; also the first different rhyme that occurs is called b, and all that rhyme to it, b; the next c,—and so on.

Thus a couplet, with its lines rhyming, is a a; a quatrain stanza of alternate rhymes, a b a b; Tennyson's beautiful quatrain of the "In Memoriam" is a b b a, and the ordinary Spenserian stanza, a b a b b c b c c.

8. With this notation, the Sidney metres, or any others, may be accurately tabulated; and their analysis becomes, to any one really caring for poetry, extremely interesting; but the tabulated forms look so appallingly complex that I shall keep them for the Appendix to the second

* My spelling of these names for verses will be found defended in my *Elements of Prosody*.[2]

[1] [For the first line, see Psalm lxv. line 1880; the second is from a portion of the paraphrase of Psalm xxii. (the first line of stanza 15), not given by Ruskin.]

[2] [See below, p. 341; where, however, the *spelling* is not noticed.]

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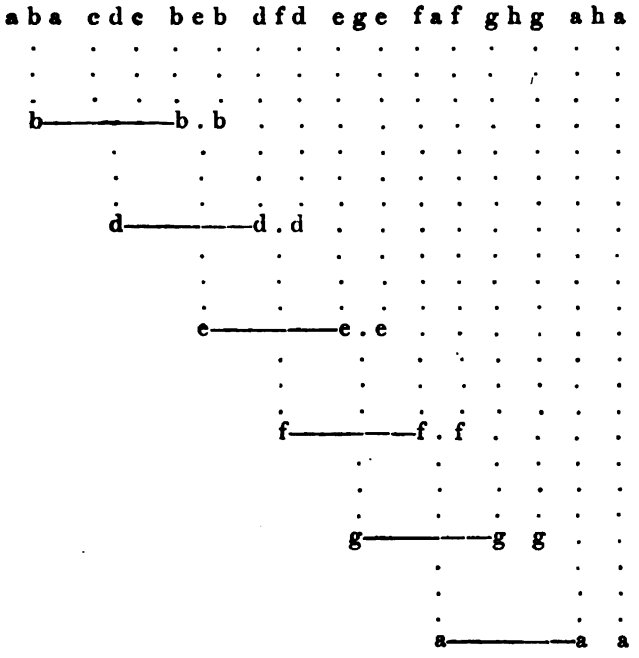
volume,[1] when they may be more easily compared with the text; merely indicating in the present volume the form of rhythm adopted for each psalm. This statement of the rhythm will in general separate the part of the commentary relating to points of general knowledge from that which will consist of verbal criticism; and by collecting and comparing the abbreviated symbols of each stanza, the reader may begin the study of these metres for himself. The notablest circumstance in all of them is the length of time during which a rhyme remained on the composer's ear, so as to be answered again and again by recurrent symmetries of echo. The 101st Psalm, for instance, is a most interesting group of eight connected triplets ending with the rhyme that began them; and connected by linked triple rhymes, which I write beneath, to show their order:[2]—



9. Again the 55th is written with only three rhyming

[1] [These "tabulated forms" have not been found among Ruskin's papers.]
[2] [For the 101st Psalm, see below, p. 318.]

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words through seventy-two lines,—six stanzas of four triplets, each couple reflected, thus, a b c—c b a, a c b—b c a: the first and sixth stanzas beginning and closing thus with a; the second and fifth with b; and the third and sixth with c. The 100th and 150th are properly sonnets of fourteen lines each;[1] but endless varieties of grouping will be found in the five-lined and six-lined stanzas, of which the greater number of the paraphrases are composed. I know of no other religious work in which so much playful art is blended with so faithful passion. I am indeed a little vexed to find, as I correct the press, that quaint or prosaic expressions which were inoffensive to me in the old spelling, look weaker in modern dress; but, in sum, readers may test the veracity of their emotions by the degree in which these faults can be forgiven. To those who have used the Psalter merely to grace their worship with a sentimental tone, this version will be useless, or irritating. To those who have really known either David's joy, distress, or desires, it will be enlightenment of heart and eyes, as the tasted honey on the stretched-out spear of David's friend.[2]

[1] [As these Psalms were not reached by Ruskin in his selection, they are here given from the Chiswick Press edition (with the spelling modernized):—

PSALM C

JUBILATE DEO

O all you lands, the treasures of your joy,
  In merry shout upon the Lord bestow:
Your service cheerfully on him employ,
  With triumph song into his presence go.
Know first that he is God; and after know
  This God did us, not we ourselves create:
We are his flock, for us his feedings grow:
  We are his folk, and he upholds our state.
With thankfulness O enter then his gate:
  Make through each porch of his your praises ring,
All good, all grace, of his high name relate.
  He of all grace and goodness is the spring.
Time in no terms his mercy comprehends,
From age to age his truth itself extends.

PSALM CL

LAUDATE DOMINUM

O laud the Lord, the God of hosts commend,
  Exalt his pow'r, advance his holiness,
With all your might lift his allmightiness:
Your greatest praise upon his greatness spend.
Make trumpet's noise in shrillest notes ascend,
  Make lute and lyre his loved fame express,
Him let the pipe, him let the tabret bless,
Him organ's breath, that winds or waters lend.

Let ringing timbrels so his honor sound,
  Let sounding cymbals so his glory ring,
That in their tunes such melody be found,
  As fits the pomp of most triumphant king.
Conclude by all that air or life enfold,
Let high Jehova highly be extolled.]

[2] [See 1 Samuel xiv. 25–27.]

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PSALM I

BEATUS VIR

I

He blessèd is, who neither loosely treads
The straying steps, as wicked counsel leads;
  Nor for bad mates in way of sinners waiteth;
  Nor yet himself with idle scorners seateth;
But on God's law his whole delight doth bind,
Which, night and day, he calls to marking mind.

II

He shall be like a freshly planted tree,
To which sweet springs of water neighbours be;
  Whose branches fail not timely fruit to nourish,
  Nor withered leaf shall make it fail to flourish:
So all the things whereto that man doth bend,
Shall prosper still, with well succeeding end.

III

Such blessing shall not wicked wretches see,
But like vile chaff with wind, shall scatter'd be;
  For neither shall the men in sin delighted
  Consist, when they to highest doom are cited;
Nor yet shall suff'red be a place to take
Where godly men do their assembly make.

IV

For God doth know, and knowing doth approve,
The trade of them that just proceedings love:
  But they that sin in sinful breast do cherish,—
  The way they go, shall be the way to perish.

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Sidney cannot completely versify this psalm (on which see the notes in Preface[1]), because he was not old enough to know its full depth; and feels it, himself, only as if it were an ordinary assertion of what everybody knows: whereas in reality it is a Psalm of Doom, as grand in blessing and malediction as the last song of Moses.

2. "*The straying steps.*" At first the line seems weak, and as if the definite article were redundant. But the preceding analysis of the moral terms of the Psalter will, I trust, have enabled the reader to see that neither David nor Sidney meant *any* kind of wandering steps; but the definite kinds of error always fallen into by the ungodly.

11. "*Bend.*" See note on line 227 (p. 156).

16. "*Consist.*" Stronger than our English word "stand," yet farther from the meaning; which is, "Sinners shall not *rise* in the judgment." The word is the same in the Septuagint[2] as that used elsewhere of the Resurrection.

20. "*Trade.*" Our degraded use of the word makes us vulgarly feel Sidney's harsh; it stands with him for "giving and taking" in all the spiritual wealth of life—the "righteous dealing" of other parts of the Psalter. (Compare Isabel, in *Measure for Measure*, "Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade."[3]) Thus in Psalm ciii. he writes,

> "His way, and trade,
> He known to Moses made."

He means also, by the use of it, to direct our thoughts to the following word, "just." But the true meaning of the close of this psalm is wider; the Lord knows, acknowledges, in all things, the aim, no less than the equity, of the "way" that leads to life—knows not the way that leads to death. "Then shall He answer them, 'I never *knew* you,—depart from me.'"[4]

RHYTHM.—The verses are composed of three couplets: two ten-syllabled; the central one, eleven-syllabled. The fourth verse, omitting the last couplet, closes the psalm with two eleven-syllable lines.

In our system of notation, such a stanza, rhymed in couplets, is thus expressed:—

5 5 5̃ 5̃ 5 5 ~~~ a a. b b. c c.

[1] [Above, p. 120; and for the point which follows, compare p. 130.]
[2] [οὐκ ἀναστήσονται οἱ ἀσεβεῖς ἐν κρίσει.]
[3] [Act iii. sc. 1. On the word "trade," compare *Munera Pulveris*, § 99 (Vol. XVII. p. 222).]
[4] [See Matthew vii. 23.]

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3, 17. "Nor" in these lines is "ne" in my original, while in the fourth and tenth it is "nor" there, also.[1] I do not know the reason of this difference.

17. "*Suff'red.*" Observe, when "suffered" is made by Sidney a word of two syllables, it is to be pronounced suf-fred, not suf-ferd.

[1] [So also in the MSS. followed by Grosart.]

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PSALM II

QUARE FREMUERUNT GENTES

WHAT ails this heath'nish rage? what do the people mean,
To mutter murmurs vain?

Why do these earthly kings and lords such meetings make,
And counsel jointly take

Against the Lord of lords, the Lord of ev'rything,
And his anointed King?

Come, let us break their bonds, say they, and fondly say,
And cast their yokes away.

But he shall them deride who by the heav'ns is borne,
He shall them laugh to scorn,

And after speak to them with breath of wrathful fire;
And vex them in his ire.

And say, O kings, yet have I set my King upòn
My holy hill Syòn;

And I will (saith this king) the Lord's decree display,
And say that he did say,

Thou art my Son indeed, this day begot by me:
Ask, I will give to thee,

The heath'n for thy child's right, and will thy realm extend
Far as world's farthest end;

With iron sceptre bruise, thou shalt, and piece-meal break,
These men like potsherds weak.

Therefore, O kings, be wise; O rulers, rule your mind,
That knowledge you may find.

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Serve God, serve him with fear, rejoice in him, but so
That joy with trembling go;

With loving homage kiss that only Son he hath,
Lest you inflame his wrath;

Whereof if but a spark once kindled be, you all
From your way perish shall;

And then they that in him their only trust do rest,—
O, they be rightly blest!

The grand massive metre of this paraphrase[1] has been obtained here and there by what might seem forced accentuation, but all the words that need such accent may receive it frankly. "Do," in line twenty-three, is, however, to be naturally shortened, as in prose speaking, with accent on "what."

The other accents are all majestic in their rhythmic place; even in the thirty-fifth and thirty-sixth lines, you may lay it well on the last syllables with pleasant effect.

The exclamatory change in the last line is very passionate and beautiful.

RHYTHM.—Couplet. 6. 3. ~~~ a. a.

[1] [Here the previous edition added the words, "which I am vexed to spoil the look of to the eye by breaking the first line." The wider page of the present edition makes it possible to print the first lines unbroken.]

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PSALM III

DOMINE, QUID MULTIPLICATI

I

Lord, how do they increase
That hateful, never cease
To breed my grievous trouble?
How many ones there be
That all against poor me
Their numerous strength redouble?

II

Even multitudes be they
That to my soul do say,
"No help for you remaineth
In God, on whom you build."
Yet, Lord, thou art my shield;
In thee my glory reigneth.

III

The Lord lifts up my head;
To him my voice I spread;
From holy hill he heard me:
I laid me down and slept,
While he me safely kept,
And safe from sleep I rear'd me.

IV

I will not be afraid,
Though legions round be laid,
Which all against me gather:
I say no more but this,
"Up, Lord, now time it is,
Help me, my God, and Father."

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V

For thou, with cruel blows
On jawbone of my foes,
My causeless wrong hast wroken
Thou those men's teeth which bite,
Venomed with godless spite,
Hast in their malice broken.

VI

Salvation doth belong
Unto the Lord most strong;
He it is that defendeth:
And on those blessèd same
Which bear his people's name
His blessing he extendeth.

One of the poorest of all,—very nearly doggrel. I do not in the least believe it Sidney's, and give it only as an example of the inferior manner of the pieces which I have ventured, after the 20th Psalm, to exclude. The fourth stanza is however pretty, and to be remembered among passages, like the last line of the second Psalm, anticipatory of Wordsworth.

RHYTHM.—Sixfold. 3 3 $\tilde{3}$ 3 $\tilde{3}$ 3 — a. a. b; c. c. b.

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PSALM IV

CUM INVOCAREM

I

Hear me, O hear me when I call,
O God, God of my equity!
Thou set'st me free when I was thrall,
Have mercy therefore still on me,
And hearken how I pray to thee.

II

O men, whose fathers were but men,
Till when will ye my honour high
Stain with your blasphemies? till when
Such pleasure take in vanity?
And only haunt[1] where lies do lie.

III

Yet know this too, that God did take,
When he chose me, a godly one;
Such one, I say, that when I make
My crying plaints to him alone,
He will give good ear to my moan.

IV

O, tremble then with awful will;
Sin from all rule in you depose,
Talk with your hearts, and yet be still;
And when your chamber you do close,
Yourselves, yet, to yourselves, disclose.

[1] [Both the Oxford and the Cambridge MS. read "hunt."]

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V

The sacrifices sacrifie
Of just desires, on justice staid:
Trust in that Lord that cannot lie.
Indeed full many folk have said,
From whence shall come to us such aid?

VI

But, Lord, lift thou upon our sight
The shining clearness of thy face;
Where I have found more heart's delight
Than they whose store in harvest's space
Of grain and wine fills storing-place.

VII

So I in peace and peaceful bliss
Will lay me down and take my rest:
For it is thou, Lord, thou it is,
By power of whose own only breast
I dwell, laid up in safest[1] nest.

A very lovely one. The last three stanzas deserve to be learned by heart.

92. It is very wholesome to hear the form "God of my equity" sometimes used instead of "God of my righteousness,"[2] showing the vivid meaning of the phrase, "the God from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed."[3]

96. As opposed to the "sons of God"; another vividly explanatory phrase.

100. I don't know if he means, "where lies do lie," as one would say where curses curse, or scourges scourge; or where they lie stagnant, and therefore more poisonous, in lakes of lying. I am inclined to take this latter sense.[4]

101. "*Know this too.*" Short, and grave, for "I would have you to know."

[1] [The Cambridge and the British Museum MSS. read more melodiously "Safetie's."]
[2] [Compare above, p. 121.]
[3] [The Second Collect at Evening Prayer.]
[4] [Which is borne out by the variant reading noted above.]

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108–110. The two "yets" are essential. Speak in your hearts, yet be silent to the world. Shut yourselves from the world, yet be open to your own hearts.

112. "*On justice staid.*" The desire of what is just, being stayed or restrained within the limits of what can be accomplished by just means.

119. "*Harvest's space.*" The time of harvest: "When storehouses of corn and wine are filled in one harvest time."

121. "*So I.*" Therefore, in the light of God's face I will lay me down, saying, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for evermore."[1]

RHYTHM.—Cinqfold. 4 ~~~ a. b. a. b. b.

93. "*Thrall.*" Substantive only, I believe, as if he had written, "When I was slave."

106. "*Awful.*" Properly used here, of the mind full of awe. Only in vulgar English used of the thing that causes awe.[2] Compare Milton, "And kings sat still with awful eye,"[3] meaning themselves struck with awe. Sidney uses it, however, in the common sense also, yet with a difference. See note on line 137.

111. "*Sacrifie.*" I keep the old spelling, the word having at present fallen out of use; though it is the right one, and to be restored to pure English, as we say magnify, glorify, and not magnifice, glorifice.

124. "*Only.*" I have been at much pause as to the spelling of this word, but as I see that if I kept Sidney's more forcible "onely" our American cousins would pronounce and spell it "wunly," I am forced at last to drop the e.

[1] [Luke xii. 19: "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years" (*in annos plurimos*, Vulgate). The MS. shows that Ruskin corrected "for many years" to "evermore": why he did so, does not appear.]

[2] [The history and usage of the word do not bear out this statement: see Murray's *New English Dictionary*.]

[3] [*On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, line 59.]

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PSALM V

VERBA MEA AURIBUS

I

Ponder the words, O Lord, that I do say,
Consider what I meditate in me:
O, hearken to my voice which calls on thee,
My King, my God, for I to thee will pray.
So shall my voice climb to thine ears betime:
For unto thee I will my prayèr send
With earliest entry of the morning prime,
And will my waiting eyes to thee-ward bend.

II

For thou art that same God;—far from delight
In that which of foul wickedness doth smell:
No, nor with thee the naughty ones shall dwell,
Nor glorious fools stand in thy awful sight.
Thou hatest all whose works in ill are plac'd,
And shall root out the tongues to lying bent;
For thou, the Lord, in endless hatred hast
The murd'rous man, and so the fraudulent.

III

But I myself will to thy house address
With passport of thy graces manifold;
And in thy fear, knees of my heart will fold,
Towards the temple of thy holiness.
Thou Lord,—thou Lord,—the saver of thine own,
Guide me; O in thy justice be my guide!
And make thy ways to me more plainly known,
For all I need, that with such foes do bide.

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IV

For in their mouth not one clear word is spent,
Mischief their souls for inmost lining have:[1]
Their throat it is an open swallowing grave,
Whereto their tongue is flatt'ring instrument.
Give them their due unto their guiltiness,
Let their vile thoughts the thinkers' ruin be:
With heapèd weights of their own sins oppress
These most ungrateful rebels unto thee.

V

So shall all they that trust on thee do bend,
And love the sweet sound of thy name, rejoice.
They ever shall send thee their praising voice;
Since ever thou to them wilt succour send.
Thy work it is, to bless, thou blessedst them;
The just in thee, on thee, and justice, build;
Thy work it is, such men safe in to hem
With kindest care, as with a certain shield.

This version is entirely puzzling to me: halting and cramped in language throughout, while yet one of the noblest for its sincerity,—intense force of thought, though not of words, and utter plainness of thought, where needed; as in the 134th line, where the foulness of sin is symbolized by physical stench, no less frankly than the sweetness of virtue by sweet perfume. ("All thy garments smell of myrrh, aloes, and cassia,"[2] and the like,—and the entire system of the use of frankincense in service or allusion.) Dante uses the metaphor continually; the great talk with Virgil concerning the relations of Fraud to Malice, and of the unnatural guilt of Usury, is while they shelter themselves a little while behind a rock from the blast of the lower Hell, that they may get partly used to the stench of it before facing it.[3]

The last three stanzas are of extreme beauty, in their earnest kind.

[1] [With this line, compare line 457 (p. 172). The MSS. vary. The British Museum MS. (12,048) agrees with the Davies MS. The Oxford MS. has "Their soules' fowl sinns for inmost lyning have." The Cambridge MS. reads the same, except for the substitution of "being" for "lyning."]

[2] [Psalms xlv. 8.]

[3] [*Inferno*, xi. 10–12. For a reference to Ruskin's note here, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 80, § 9 (Vol. XXIX. p. 179).]

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136. "*Naughty ones.*" Persons of nought, ciphers, vaut-riens.[1]

137. "*Glorious fools.*" Not merely vain-glorious, but really glorious in the world's notion, whether with money or mistaken praise. If a fool is admired or enriched by the world, it is totally impossible for him to see God,—for the qualities which he finds are worshipped in himself, are precisely the contrary of God's. The word "awful" has a most subtle sense in this line; for Sidney does not mean, by standing in the sight of God, merely standing so that *He* sees *us* (for we always do that), but standing so that *we* see *Him.*

143. "*Passport of thy graces,*" Favours, or mercies. "You will not let in such and such,—the murderer, or the fraudful, and the like; but *me* you will love, and give nice things to, and let come into the house like a pet dog."

Not at all your own general style of address to God, this, my humble friends,—is it?

And yet, mind you read Burns's "Holy Willy's Prayer,"[2] for a comment on the possibility of misusing also David's manner of speech.

147. "*Guide me,*" and make Thy ways plain, for everything that I need know,—I—who live with enemies who never speak one clear word (modern political economists). Their throat is a grave (for they devour men), their tongue the flattering bait to it. The "Angler" fish, by the way, which lies with its head in the mud, and baits its mouth with a little dangling knot at the end of a tongue, growing on the back of its head, is an exact type of this kind of grave.

155. "*Let their vile thoughts the thinkers' ruin be.*" Amen say I, for one. To your modern Charles Dickens manner of Christian, who would have nobody hanged,[3] of course this Psalm must appear a most injurious composition.

163. "*The Just in thee.*" Because there may be just persons who are not in thee. The perfect holding of the idea of Justice or Righteousness, as distinct from Religion, is essential to the understanding of the Psalter.

RHYTHM.—Octave. 5 ⏑⏑ a. b. b. a; c. d. c. d.

131. Prayër is continually used by Sidney as a dissyllable, for convenience in singing. But it spoils the read verse to do so, and is to be held a fault.

[1] [For a later note on this line, see below, p. 284.]

[2] [For another reference to the poem, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 70, § 14 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 727).]

[3] [See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 35, § 17 (Vol. XXVII. p. 666).]

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146. "*Saver.*" It will be well to restore this word to English, spoken of any person in the direct action of saving; and to keep "Saviour" for one endowed with the continual function of saving.

152. "*Their throat it is.*" The superfluous "it" very seldom occurs, and must be always noted, not merely as a license, but a blemish.

162. The accents are intended, and rightly, on "thy" and "them," but it is an awkward line; and I use the stops in the rest of the stanza to mark division, not pause, in its sentences.

165. "*Certain,*"—trustworthy: but the word should not be retained in this use.

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PSALM VI

DOMINE, NE IN FURORE

I

Lord, let not me, a worm, by thee be shent,
  While thou art in the heat of thy displeasure;
Nor let thy rage, of my due punishment,
    Become the measure.

II

But mercy, Lord, let mercy thine, descend,
  For I am weak, and in my weakness languish:
Lord, help! for ev'n my bones their marrow spend
    With cruel anguish.

III

Nay, ev'n my soul fell troubles do appal.
  Alas! how long, my God, wilt thou delay me?
Turn thee, sweet Lord! and from this ugly fall,
    My dear God, stay me.

IV

Mercy,—O mercy,—Lord, for mercy's sake,—
  For death doth kill the witness of thy glory,
Can, of thy praise, the tongues entombed make
    A heav'nly story?

V

Lo, I am tir'd! while still I sigh and groan:
  My moistened bed proofs of my sorrow showeth:
My bed (while I with black night mourn alone)
    With my tears floweth.

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VI

Woe, like a moth, my face's beauty eats,
And age, pull'd on with pains, all freshness fretteth;
The while a swarm of foes with vexing feats
My life besetteth.

VII

Get hence, you evil, who in my ill rejoice,
In all whose works vainness is ever reigning,
For God hath heard the weeping, sobbing voice
Of my complaining.

VIII

The Lord my suit did hear, and gently hear;
They shall be sham'd and vex'd that breed my crying,
And turn their backs, and straight on backs appear
Their shameful flying.

This and the following are again admitted into our series only as examples of the feeblest work attributed to Sidney. I do not believe either to be his, but they are still sincere, as all the others.

RHYTHM.—Quatrain. 5 $\tilde{5}$ 5 $\tilde{2}$ ~~ a b a b.

166. "*Shent.*" See note on line 654 [p. 194].

188. "*Feats.*" It is vulgar English to use this word in the sense of achievements, or wonderful performances. It is merely a Latin equivalent to the Saxon "deeds," and is, to the person, what fact is to the thing. Thus whether you throw down the Vendôme column,[1] or set it up, when down, it is an accomplished "fact" that it is down; when up, an accomplished "fact" that it is up. In either case, the performance is a "feat" of the Parisians.

191. "*Evil.*" Pronounced as one syllable (see lines 334, 428, etc.), and in the sense to be regarded as such, "Get hence, you ill, who in my ill rejoice."

197. "*And straight on backs.*" Entirely crude and ill-expressed. He means, all men shall see their backs, and know that they fly; they shall not be able to skulk away unobserved.

[1] [On this incident, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 6, § 11 (Vol. XXVII. p. 111).]

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PSALM VII

DOMINE, DEUS MEUS

I

O Lord, my God, thou art my trustful stay;
  O, save me from this persecution's shower;
Deliver me in my endanger'd way.

II

Lest lion-like he do my soul devour,
  And cruelly in many pieces tear,
While I am void of any helping power.

III

O Lord, my God,—if I did not forbear
  Ever from deed of any such desert,—
If aught my hands of wickedness do bear,—

IV

If I have been unkind for friendly part,—
  Nay, if I wrought not for *his* freedom's sake,
Who causeless now yields me a hateful heart,—

V

Then, let my foe chase me; and chasing take:
  Then, let his foot upon my neck be set:
Then, in the dust let him my honour rake.

VI

Arise, O Lord, in fiercer wrath afret[1]
  Against such rage of foes: awake for me
To that high doom which I by thee must get.

[1] [This is Ruskin's alteration for "in wrath thy self up sett" in the original: see his note, below.]

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VII

So shall all men with lauds environ thee;
Therefore, O Lord, lift up thy throne on high,
That ev'ry folk thy wond'rous acts may see.

VIII

Thou, Lord, thy people shalt in judgment try;—
Then Lord, my Lord, give sentence on my side,
After my clearness, and my equity.

IX

O, let their wickedness no longer bide
From coming to the well-deservèd end;
But still be thou to just men justest guide.

X

Thou righteous proofs to hearts and reins dost send:
And all my help from none but thee is sent,
Who dost thy saving health to true men bend.

XI

Thou righteous art,—thou strong,—thou patient:
And each day art provoked thine ire to show:
And if this man will not learn to repent,[1]

XII

For him thou whet'st thy sword and bend'st thy bow,
And hast thy deadly arms in order brought,
And ready art to let thine arrows go.

XIII

Lo, he that first conceived a wretched thought,
And great with child of mischief travail'd long,
Now brought a-bed, hath brought nought forth but nought.

[1] [Grosart reads:—

"For this same man will not learn to repent.
Therefore thou whet'st . . ."]

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XIV

A pit was digg'd by this man, vainly strong;
But in the pit he, ruined, first did fall,—
Which fall he made, to do his neighbour wrong.

XV

He against me doth throw; but down it shall
Upon his pate, his pain, employed thus,
And his own ill his own head shall appal.

XVI

I will give thanks unto the Lord of us
According to his heav'nly equity,
And will to highest name yield praises high.

I have altered one line in this Psalm as I best could, the old one being too quaint to be borne with; but I won't say which it is. In spite of its harshness, I retain the paraphrase, because the original Psalm is so important. It is headed, "Concerning the words of Cush the Benjamite"; and a theory of the relations of this man to David, on the supposition that he is named only in this place, may be found among the commentators—of as much value as a dirty cobweb over the page. Either we know *nothing* at present of the circumstances under which the Psalm was written; or else the word "Cush" must have got into the heading, instead of "Shimei," to whom the Psalm is accurately applicable throughout, more especially the part of it threatening or foretelling his death (lines 229, 237, 239).[1] And since the hate of Shimei arose from his relation to the house of Saul, the third and fourth verses of the Psalm (Sidney's third and fourth stanzas), have especial force, if read in connexion with the ninth chapter of 2 Samuel.

215. An obscure line,—"the judgment that thou hast commanded" feebly rendered by "which I by thee must get." David asks for God's decision, not as between himself and worse men; but between himself as commanded to reign, and those not so commanded.

243. "*Lord of us.*" "*Our*" Lord, not the Lord of the wicked. Sidney possibly took up the phrase in looking to the first verse of the next Psalm.

RHYTHM.—Triplet. 5; terza rima, ending with a couplet rhyme.

[1] [See on this subject T. K. Cheyne's *Book of Psalms*, vol. i. p. 20.]

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221. "*Clearness.*" This word is very valuable as an expression of moral quality, and to be restored to English in that sense.

227. "*Bend.*" Sidney uses it, I think, always with the full complex Latin sense of "pandus": the idea of expansion being involved in that of curvature, as of the bow in the cloud. Compare lines 11, 132, 138, 157, 307, 410.

239. "*Fall.*" Substantive. Short for pit-fall.

241. Pain; in the sense of labour; the singular of "pains" taken, not suffered. His labour, so employed, shall strike himself:—his evil, or evil thoughts, shall appal (make pale) himself.

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PSALM VIII

DOMINE, DOMINUS NOSTER

I

O Lord that rul'st our mortal line,
How through the world thy name doth shine!
Thou hast of thine unmatchèd glory
Upon the heav'ns engrav'n the story.

II

From sucklings hath thy honour sprung,
Thy force hath flow'd from babies' tongue,
Whereby thou stop'st thine en'mies prating,
Bent to revenge and over-hating.[1]

III

When I upon the heav'ns do look,
Which all from thee their essence took;
When moon and stars my thoughts beholdeth,
Whose life no life[2] but of thee holdeth;

IV

Then think I: "Ah, what is this man,
Whom that great God remember can?
And what the race, of him descended,
It should be aught of God attended?"

V

For though in less than angels' state
Thou planted hast this earthly mate,
Yet thou hast made ev'n *him* an owner
Of glorious crown, and crowning honour.

[1] [Grosart, following the Oxford MS., has "ever hating."]
[2] [The Oxford MS. has a marginal note against the line, "Qu. if not Light," which is the reading of the Cambridge and British Museum MSS.]

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VI

Thou placest him upon all lands
To rule the works of thine own hands:
And so thou hast all things ordainèd,
That ev'n his feet have on them reignèd.

VII

Thou under his dominion plac't
Both sheep and oxen wholly hast;
And all the beasts, for ever breeding,
Which in the fertile fields be feeding.

VIII

The bird, free burgess of the air;
The fish, of sea the native heir;
And what things else of water traceth
The unworn paths, his rule embraceth.
O Lord, that rul'st our mortal line,
How through the world thy name doth shine!

This is one of the sweet musical ones for joyful and tender singing: with feeble makeshifts, however, to get the double closing syllable. It much lowers and weakens the noble original; but here and there, as usual, touches the thoughts more subtly, and carries them farther.

257. "*Whose life.*" Thus, for instance, the thought of the life of God being the continual source, to the stars, of motion and light, is deeper than the mere "which thou hast ordained" of the original.

261. "*Attended.*" Thought of, but with further sense of being saved. "That thou *visitest* him."

263. "*Earthly mate.*" Equal of the earth, and made of it.

267–269. Even his *feet* have reigned over the works of Thy *hands*. God makes the worm, and moth, and the wild beast; and *we* tread on them, or subdue. Compare Blake, of the tiger:—

"And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart."[1]

[1] [For other references to Blake's *Tiger*, see Vol. XIX. p. 56, Vol. XXV. p. 361.]

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277. *The unworn paths*;—beautiful, of the waters. The whole stanza is lovely.[1]

RHYTHM.—Quatrain. 4 4 4̄ 4̄; ⏑⏑ a a b b, with added terminal couplet a a.

252. "*Stop'st,—en'mies.*" Quite unjustifiable and harsh contractions; so also "plac't," for placed, 270; but it is necessary to distinguish the words which have this contraction properly, without apostrophes, as "scrapt" (like rapt), 336.

276. "*Things else.*" This use of "else" must be retained. It means, not merely what other things, but what things of different nature.

[1] [Ruskin quotes it in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 53, § 10 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 327).]

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PSALM IX

CONFITEBOR TIBI

I

With all my heart, O Lord, I will praise thee,
My speeches all thy marvels shall discry;
In thee my joys and comforts ever be,
Yea, ev'n my songs thy name shall magnify,
O Lord most high.

II

Because my foes to fly are now constrain'd,
And they are fall'n, nay, perish'd at thy sight;
For thou my cause, my right,—thou,—hast maintain'd,
Setting thyself in throne which shinèd bright,
Of judging right.

III

The Gentiles thou rebukèd sorely hast,
And wicked folks from thee to wreck do wend;
And their renown, which seem'd so like to last,
Thou dost put out, and quite consuming send
To endless end.

IV

O bragging foe, where is the endless waste
Of conquer'd states, whereby such fame you got?
What! doth their memory no longer last?
Both ruins, ruiners, and ruined plot
Be quite forgot.

V

But God shall sit in his eternal chair
Which he prepared to give his judgments high;
Thither the world for justice shall repair:
Thence he to all his judgments shall apply
Perpetually.

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VI

Thou also, Lord,[1] the oppressèd wilt defend,
That they to thee in troublous time may flee:
They that know thee, on thee their trust will bend,
For thou, Lord, found by them wilt ever be
That seek to thee.

VII

O, praise the Lord, this Syon-dweller good;
Show forth his acts,—and this, as act most high,—
That he enquiring, doth require just blood,
Which he forgetteth not; nor letteth die
The afflicted cry.

VIII

"Have mercy, mercy, Lord," I once did say;
"Ponder the pains which on me loaden be
By them whose minds on hateful thoughts do stray:[2]
Thou, Lord, that from death-gates hast lifted me,
I call to thee.

IX

"That I within the ports most beautiful
Of Syon's daughter may sound forth thy praise:
That I, ev'n I, of heav'nly comfort full,
May only joy in all thy saving ways
Throughout my days."

X

No sooner said, but lo, mine enemies sink
Down in the pit which they themselves had wrought;
And in that net which they well-hidden think,
Is their own foot, led by their own ill thought,
Most surely caught.

[1] [Ruskin thus transposes the words, which in the Davies and other MSS. are "Thou, Lord, also."]
[2] [So in the Chiswick Press edition; but the other MSS. read "stay."]

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XI

For then the Lord in judgment shows to reign,
When godless men be snared in their own snares,
When wicked souls be turned to hellish pain,
And that forgetful sort which never cares
What God prepares.

XII

But, on the other side, the poor in spright
Shall not be scrapt from out the heav'nly score:
Nor meek abiding of the patient wight
Yet perish shall (although his pain be sore),
For evermore.

XIII

Up, Lord, and judge the Gentiles in thy right,
And let not man have upper hand of thee:
With terrors great, O Lord, do thou them fright;
That by sharp proofs the heath'n themselves may see
But men to be.

The "argument" prefixed to this Psalm in our common English Bible is an exquisite instance of the gift of learned divines for threshing all the grain well away out of a piece of scripture, and presenting their hearers with the head of chaff, trimmed up in fine spicular form, thus:—

> "1. David praiseth God for executing of judgment. 11. He inciteth others to praise Him. 18. He prayeth that he may have cause to praise Him."

Now, it is true that this Psalm praises God for executing judgment, but the entire meaning and power of it, to us, depends upon our knowing *whom* the judgment is executed upon, and for what. Who are tried according to this way?—who weighed?—who found wanting? For (ver. 16) "the Lord is *known* by the judgment which he executeth." Now this judgment is "inquisition for blood" (ver. 12); and it is a judgment to be "ministered to the people" (ver. 8). And it consists in two things;—A, that the Lord is a refuge for the oppressed (ver. 9), and forgets not the cry of the humble (ver. 12), nor of the needy (ver. 18); but, B, rebukes the *heathen* (ver. 5),—sinks them (ver. 15),—snares them in their own work (ver. 16),—and turns them into hell (ver. 17, compare line 415)—a very considerable and definite piece of judgment to thank the Lord for!

And farther note, the Psalm is not only beaten dry by the preface, in our Bible, but corrupted in translation. By cunningly slipping in the

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word "nations," twice over, instead of "heathen," the translators turn it all into an unintelligible mess.[1] The word is one and the same throughout. Write "heathen" for "nations" in verses 17 and 20 of the common version, and see how the whole becomes clear in the sacred assertion—detested alike by divines proud of their divinity, and capitalists proud of their capital, that the Lord will come to judge, not between Protestants and Catholics—not between Christians and Jews—not between white Americans and black ones; but between the oppressor and the oppressed, between the cruel rich and crushed poor; and between those who love and expect God, and those who hate and forget Him. So He shall judge—not Europe and Africa—not Christendom and Saracendom—but the World, in Righteousness (ver. 8).

283. "*Ev'n my songs.*" An Elizabethan refinement. Sidney looked upon singing as a graceful accomplishment, not, as David held it, a solemn duty. Sidney thinks of his joys and comforts as great; of his songs as little; but even *they* shall praise God.

288, 289. "*Throne—judging right,*" for "throne of judgment." Compare lines 300, 301.

292–298. There is no stronger expression in English of the destruction and oblivion of the wicked. It should be learned by heart.

303. "*His judgments shall apply*"—"fit accurately," with precise answering and infolding of part to part, as a surgeon the lancet-point, or dressing, to a wound.

310. "*Syon-dweller.*" Quaint; but stronger than "that dwelleth in Zion"; as "desert-dweller," "indweller," and the like.

315. "*I once did say.*" The current of thought in the eighth and ninth stanzas is—"Once, at the gates of death, I called to thee, and thou liftedst me up from them; now, at the gates of Zion, I call again to thee—that I, full of comfort, may show forth thy praise for ever." "No sooner said," etc., then, is in direct sequel.

RHYTHM.—Cinqfold. 5 5 5 5 2 ~~ a b a b b.

281. "*Discry.*" Give warning of, as a watchman from a tower, of things seen far away. Old French *descrier.*

The modern "descry," to see at a distance, is a derivative meaning.

[1] [5. Thou hast rebuked the heathen.
17. The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God.
20. Put them in fear, O Lord, that the nations may know themselves to be but men.
In the Septuagint the word is ἐθνη and in the Vulgate *gentes* throughout. For other passages in which Ruskin complains of the English translators for rendering the same word by different ones, see Vol. XXVII. p. 202 *n.*]

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It is not possible to retain both. I believe Sidney's meaning is the one which it will be found eventually best to keep.

To discern (to see one thing separately from another) belongs, of course, to an entirely different group of words.

335. "Spright." I am not sure how far Sidney persists in this old form.[1] The modern "spirit" should, I think, be retained for the greater spiritual powers, and "spright" for the soul of man only, spoken of as distinct from the body. We should keep Imogen's grand old verb[2]—I am "sprighted," haunted or plagued, with a fool; and the word will then serve us in cases where the bodies of men are without the spirit of God, but are moved by their own ghosts or sprights only. Compare lines 389, 480.

[1] [For the same form, see lines 389, 480, 746, 770, 1279; and for "sprite," 1059.]

[2] [*Cymbeline*, ii. 3, 144.]

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PSALM X

UT QUID, DOMINE

I

Why standest thou so far,
O God, our only star,
In time most fit for thee
To help who vexèd be!
For lo, with pride, the wicked man
Still plagues the poor the most he can.
O, let proud him be throughly caught
In craft of his own crafty thought.

II

For he himself doth praise
When he his lust doth ease:[1]
Extolling rav'nous gain,
But doth God's self disdain:
Nay, so proud is his puff'd[2] thought,
That after God he never sought;
But rather much he fancies this,
The name of God a fable is.

III

For while his ways do prove,
On them he sets his love;
Thy judgments are too high,
He can them not espy.
Therefore he doth defy all those
That dare themselves to him oppose;
And sayeth, in his bragging heart,
"This gotten bliss shall never part."

[1] [The Cambridge and British Museum MSS. read "raise."]

[2] [So Ruskin in the text apparently, in order to throw the emphasis on proud. The Chiswick Press edition and the other MSS. have "puffed," which Ruskin retains in the note on p. 168.]

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IV

Nor he removèd be,
Nor danger ever see:
Yet from his mouth doth spring
Cursing and cozening;
Under his tongue do harbour'd lie
Both mischief and iniquity.
For proof, oft lain in wait he is,
In secret by-way villages.[1]

V

In such a place unknown
To slay the hurtless one;
With winking eyes, ay bent
Against the innocent,
Like lurking lion in his den,
He waits to spoil the simple men:
Whom to their loss he still doth get,
When once he draws his wily net.

VI

O, with how simple look
He oft lays out his hook!
And with how humble shows
To trap poor souls he goes!
Thus freely saith he in his spright,
"God sleeps, or hath forgotten quite;
His far-off sight now hoodwink[2] is,
He leisure wants to mark all this."

VII

Then rise, and come abroad,
O Lord, our only God;
Lift up thy heav'nly hand,
And by the sely[3] stand.
Why should the evil, so evil, despise
The pow'r of thy through-seeing eyes?
And why should he in heart so hard
Say, Thou dost not thine own regard?

[1] [There is a full point here in Ruskin, following Davies. Grosart has a comma, which seems required by the sense.]

[2] [The Chiswick Press edition reads "hud winck," and this is followed by Ruskin (see his note below); but the other MSS. read "hood winckt" or "hoodwinked."]

[3] [Ruskin's alteration for "silly" in the Chiswick Press edition.]

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VIII

But nak'd, before thine eyes
All wrong and mischief lies:
For of them in thy hands
The balance ev'nly stands:
But who aright poor-minded be,
Commit their cause,—themselves,—to thee,
The succour of the succourless,
The father of the fatherless.

IX

Break thou the wicked arm,
Whose fury bends to harm:
Search them, and wicked he
Will straightway nothing be.
O Lord, we shall thy title sing,
Ever and ever, to be King,
Who hast the heath'ny folk destroy'd
From out thy land by them annoy'd.

X

Thou op'nest heav'nly door
To prayèrs of the poor;
Thou first prepar'd their mind,
Then ear to them inclin'd;
O, be thou still the orphan's aid,
That poor from ruin may be staid:
Lest we should ever fear the lust
Of earthly man, a lord of dust.

This Psalm is in the Hebrew, one with the ninth. It is the fuller explanation and enforcing of the ninth; and if, therefore, we learn to know our ninth Psalm rightly, for ever and a day, we shall find the tenth has become vivid and immortal together with it. And these two Psalms, containing in their unison, quite clear, unmistakable, and noble Word of God,—of inexpressible value to all nations, speaking that "desire of all nations"[1] which is the name of Christ, are, by all wolves in sheep's clothing, utterly abhorred, and trodden under their paws.

For (verse 3), "the wicked *boasteth* of his heart's desire, and *blesseth* the covetous, whom the Lord abhorreth," and "thy judgments"—(those for which these Psalms are written to praise him)—"are far above out of his sight" (verse 5).

The "argument" of this Psalm, in our common Bible, is—exactly like

[1] [Haggai ii. 7.]

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the former one,—absolute husk, fit only for swine to eat.[1] But the common translation is good and grand—(could not well be otherwise, the main force of the original words being by no stupidity mistakable, and by no subterfuge disguisable)—and should be learned by heart by all honest and religious Englishmen.

Sidney's verses are thin and weak in comparison, but are full of bright flashes of literal and well-applied wit; and, as it were, carve and polish the edges of the text, axe-hewn in the Hebrew.

347. "*In time most fit.*" Obscure, for "just at the time we most wanted." (In the Greek, εὐκαιρία.)

351. "*O let proud* him." A pretty instance of the utility of true verse in compelling an accent where it makes a sentence stronger.

353. "*He himself doth praise.*" The quantity of worship pronounced by "business men" on themselves, in the literature of this last half-century, will be found in future study of the human race the most curious and voluminous gospel of its "puffed" hollowness of pride, yet preached in the plague-struck world.

359. "Rather much," for "much rather." Choosing resolutely and delightedly to think God a fable.

419, 420. A pretty little piece of Protestant theology.

RHYTHM.—Octave. 3 3 3 3 4 4 4 4. a. b. a. b. c. c. d. d.

361. "*Prove.*" "Stand trial," as armour of proof. Johnson gives "succeed" for his third meaning, quoting Bacon,—"if the experiment proved not." The meaning is, while his own ways succeed he sets his love on them.

375. I am not sure of the sense of "proof" in this place. "Lain in wait," for "lying in wait" needs examination.

391. I believe Sidney wrote only "hoodwink," not "winked," though I do not find any instance given of this form in Johnson.

396. "*Sely.*" Simple, in good sense.

415. Heath'ny, for heathenish.

419. I believe it will be well to accept Sir Sidney's second persons as grammatical,[2] and recover use of them, instead of "preparedst," etc.

422. I believe for ravin, devouring, not ruin, which is spelt "ruyne" in 488.

[1] [See Luke xv. 16.]
[2] [Some of the MSS., however (*e.g.*, British Museum, 12,048), read "preparedst."]

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PSALM XI

IN DOMINO CONFIDO

I

Since I do trust Jehovah still,
Your fearful words why do you spill?
That like a bird to some strong hill
I now should fall a-flying.

II

Behold the evil have bent their bow,
And set their arrows in a row,
To give unwares a mortal blow
To hearts that hate all lying.

III

But that in building they begun,
With ground-plot's fall shall be undone:
For what, alas, have just men done?
In them no cause is growing.

IV

God in his holy temple is:
The throne of heav'n is only his:
Nought his all-seeing eye can miss,
His eyelids peise our going.

V

The Lord doth search the just man's reins,
But hates, abhors, the wicked brains;
On them storms, brimstone, coals, he rains:
That is their share assigned.

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VI

445 But so of happy other side
His lovely face on them doth bide,
In race of life their feet to guide
Who be to God inclined.

Out of the millions of times in the year, during which the average kind of persons set up throughout England and Scotland to preach in pulpits on Sundays take the word of God's "righteousness" in vain, I wonder how often it occurs to any of them to preach from the third verse of this Psalm, notable (if it were a verse of the Bible at all) beyond most: "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?"

One would have thought that question might have struck one of them, if God—or what they call the Word of God—really asked it?—reading it out, too, and piping it out, in their cathedrals, once a month, all over the land!

But the verse never was in the Bible[1]—the fact being that whatever foundations are destroyed, their destruction does not matter to the righteous. They can always do—just what they did before.

It will enable the reader to understand a great many more things than Sir Philip Sidney's paraphrase, though that is the thing at present in question, if I first write the Psalm into plain English, as it stands in the Septuagint and Vulgate:—

> "I have believed in the Lord; how will ye say to my soul, Get thee out of thy house to the mountains, like a sparrow. For, behold, the sinners have bent bow, they have made ready arrows in quiver, that they may shoot in black ambush at the straight in heart. For what *thou* hast established, *they* have taken away. But what has the just man done? The Lord is in his holy temple, the throne of the Lord is in heaven.
>
> "His eyes are intent on the poor man. His eyelids search out the sons of men.
>
> "The Lord searches out the just man, and the impious; and the man who loves injustice hates his own soul. He will rain snares upon sinners, fire, and sulphur, and wind of hurricane shall be the portion of their cup. For the Lord is just, and loves deed of justice. His face beholds straightforwardness."

The reader will have now a clear idea of the substance of this Psalm, as Sidney endeavoured to render it.

He has been in an especially gay and lyrical humour when he did this one; and is rather careless of his phrases, for once: so only that they will fit the bright notes: "fall a-flying," instead of "fly," is a little too frank a makeshift of this kind, except only in that it means, not only to fly on one alarm; but to get into a flying or fluttering habit of soul, instead of a quiet one.

[1] [The Revised Version gives as an alternative translation in the margin, "For the foundations are destroyed; what hath the righteous wrought?"]

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426. *"Why do you spill?"* A little for the sake of rhyme, but with the under-sense that frightened people drop, or spill, their words, as a trembling person shakes anything out of a glass.

434. *"With ground-plot's fall."* I believe, "by the fall of the ground-plot, or foundation-story"; but I have changed the punctuation of my original[1] to get this sense.

In any case, it is not the sense of the Greek or Vulgate: the second clause of the verse being right, I don't know whence Sidney took the first.

440. *"Peise"*—weigh; "peser," French. "Used in this sense still in Hampshire."—(Johnson). "Poise" is a more altered form, yet a better word, giving more sense of weight.

445. *"So."* As *their* share assigned. The opposition of the tumbling and violent verse of the fifth stanza to the dainty quietness of the sixth, is a perfect piece of Elizabethan word-art and music.

But the true Psalm is far grander. There are no "coals" in it, but pure fire; and the storm awaked is not the healthy and vital storm, ordained to cool and purify the summer air, but the hurricane of total destruction. The rain of fire and sulphur, with nitre, on modern Christendom has been more deadly than that on Gomorrah, because God in His anger has given the criminals a disposition to enjoy it; and to think it comes down upon them "as showers that water the earth."[2]

RHYTHM.—Doubled quatrain. 4 4 4 $\tilde{3}$ ⏑⏑ a a a b c c c b.

[1] [Which reads, "But that in building they begunn With ground-plotts fall, shall be undunn."]

[2] [Psalms lxxii. 6.]

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PSALM XII

SALVUM ME FAC

I

Lord, help, it is high time for me to call:
No men are left that charity doth love:
Nay, ev'n the race of good men are decay'd.

II

Of things vain with vain mates they babble all;
Their abject lips no breath but flatt'ry move,
Sent from false heart, on double meaning staid.

III

But thou, O Lord, give them a thorough fall;
Those lying lips from cozening head remove,
In falsehood wrapt, but in their pride displaid.

IV

"Our tongues," say they, "beyond them all shall go:
We both have pow'r, and will, our tales to tell,
For what lord rules our brave embolden breast?"

V

"Ah! now even for their sakes, that taste of woe,
Whom troubles toss, whose natures need doth quell;
Ev'n for the sighs,—true sighs of man distrest,—

VI

"I will get up," saith God, "and my help show
Against all them that against him do swell:
Maugre his foes, I will him set at rest."

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VII

These are God's words, God's words are ever pure,
—Pure,—purer than the silver throughly tried,
When fire sev'n times hath spent his earthy parts.

VIII

Then thou, O Lord, shalt keep the good still sure:
By thee preserv'd, in thee they shall abide:
Yea, in no age thy bliss from them departs.

IX

Thou see'st each side the walking doth endure
Of these bad folks, more lifted up with pride,
Which, if it last, woe to all simple hearts.

This Psalm is quite one of the grandest in the whole series of translations,—every word vital, and entirely true to its original. It might rather, one would think, have been written for our days than for David's or Elizabeth's. But in reality Judah and England were already showing the first of their decay in those times of their chief eminence: and both their singers felt the breaking of the law of Truth with the same bitterness.

450. *"That charity doth love."* For, "whom" charity doth love.[1] A most important line. Foolish people think that charity *loves* all things, and all men. She hopes, believes, and bears, all things.[2] But *loves* only—Good; and those who do it; or would, if they knew how.

451. "Not only good men are gone, but the breed and stock of them, so that none can be *born* now." A woful state for a nation to be in!

453. The lips move the breath, observe,—not the breath the lips.

454. *"On double meaning staid."* Having confidence in their own undermeaning: What I *say* is of no consequence; I will *do* quite otherwise. Fair words cost nothing. "I go, sir."[3]

457. Open enough in their insolence, though secret enough in their falsehood.

Compare line 151.

[1] [The British Museum MS. also reads "doth." Grosart prefers "do" from other MSS.]

[2] [See 1 Corinthians xiii. 7.]

[3] ["And went not": Matthew xxi. 30.]

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458. Compare 1 Thessalonians iv. 6: "That no man go beyond or defraud his brother in any matter."

459, 460. *"Our tales to tell." "What lord rules?"* Modern political economy and liberty.

462. *"Need"*—want. The quelling of human strength for want of food —of human nature for want of love.

465. Against *him* ("the man distrest").

467, 468. *"Pure: pure, purer."* Three times, seven times, tried in the fire.[1]

469. *"Spent"*—burnt away.

475. *"Which, if it last."* It has well lasted to our day, and brought worse than woe on all simple hearts. "Thou, God, seest."[2]

[1] [See Psalms xii. 6.]
[2] [Genesis xvi. 13.]

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PSALM XIII

USQUE QUO, DOMINE

I

How long, O Lord, shall I forgotten be?
What? ever?
How long wilt thou thy hidden face from me
Dissever?

II

How long shall I consult with careful spright
In anguish?
How long shall I with foes' triumphant might
Thus languish?

III

Behold me, Lord; let to thy hearing creep
My crying;
Nay, give me eyes and light, lest that I sleep
In dying:

IV

Lest my foe brag, that in my ruyne he
Prevailed;
And at my fall they joy, that, troublous, me
Assailed.

V

No! no! I trust on thee, and joy in thy
Great pity:
Still therefore of thy graces shall be my
Song's ditty.

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Sidney could not paraphrase this Psalm, not having the least sense himself of ever having been forgotten by God,—neither had he been. David, on the contrary, often and often,—till at last he was fain to ask if "for ever."

RHYTHM.—Quatrain. 5 1̄ 5 1̄. a b a b.

We can scarcely judge of the rhythm of the Psalm, unless we had the music meant for it; but at all events it is to be read as essentially consisting of long lines, in which the rhyme of the tenth syllables need never be dwelt on. Else the "thy" and "my" of the last verse would be unpardonable.

"*Ditty*" observe, properly, is the saying or contents of a song, as distinguished from its melody.[1]

[1] [As, for instance, in *As You Like It*, v. 3, 36: "There was no great matter in the dittie, yet the note was very untunable."]

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PSALM XIV

DIXIT INSIPIENS

I

THE foolish man, by flesh and fancy led,
His guilty heart with this fond thought hath fed:
There is no God that reigneth.

II

And so thereafter he and all his mates
Do works, which earth corrupt,[1] and Heaven hates:
Not one that good remaineth.

III

Even God himself sent down his piercing eye,
If of this clayey race he could espy
One, that his wisdom learneth.

IV

And lo, he finds that all a-straying went:
All plung'd in stinking filth, not one well bent,
Not one that God discerneth.

V

O madness of these folks, thus loosely led!
These cannibals, who, as if they were bread,
God's people do devour.

VI

Nor ever call on God; but they shall quake
More than they now do brag, when he shall take
The just unto his power.

[1] [Other MSS. read "corrupts"; but see Ruskin's note in explanation of the Davies text.]

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VII

Indeed the poor, oppress by you, you mock:
Their counsels are your common jesting stock:
But God is their recomfort.

VIII

Ah, when from Syon shall the saver come,
That Jacob, freed by thee, may glad become,
And Israel full of comfort?

The great fourteenth and fifteenth Psalms are always to be read and remembered together, as defining and describing the opposed lives of the Heathen, and the Godly,—unrighteous and righteous,—or children of men, and children of God.[1]

Both are at first spoken of as represented by one person, but the children of men presently as a multitude; the child of God, as alone.

For strait is the gate, and narrow the way, that leads to life; and the command to each of the servants of God must always be—"Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil."[2]

The perversion of the fourteenth Psalm into an accusation of the human race, has been one of the chief means by which the workers of iniquity, undistinguished from the righteous, have been enabled to persist at their ease in eating up the people of God as they eat bread.[3]

496. "*Flesh and fancy.*" The lust of the flesh, and waywardness of imagination. Compare line 587.

500. Which corrupt earth, and are hated in heaven; while good works pacify the earth, and glorify Heaven: and more than Heaven,—Him who sits on the throne of it.

509. "*Cannibals*"—quite literal, eating the flesh of men, in their labour. See notes on Usury in *Fors Clavigera* for August 1876.[4]

515. "*Their counsels are your jest.*" The original is stronger: "Ye have shamed the counsels, not merely mocked at them, but even caused them to fail, or seem to fail, by your tyranny."

RHYTHM.—Sixfold. 5 5 $\bar{3}$ 5 5 $\bar{3}$ ⏑⏑ a a b c c b.

[1] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 23, § 24 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 415, 416), where Ruskin quotes Sidney's version of the two Psalms.]

[2] [Matthew vii. 14; Exodus xxiii. 2.]

[3] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 36 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 672–674), where Ruskin analyses the meaning of the Psalm.]

[4] [Letter 68, § 9 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 673).]

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510. "*Devour.*" In the original devowèr, pronounced as a dissyllable, to rhyme with powèr, a gross license, which I refuse, though to the breaking the law of the metre.

516. "*Recomfort.*" "Comfort us *again*, because of the years wherein thou hast afflicted us." But the word is scarcely needed in present English Recomfort rhyming to comfort, we must put up with. But compare at once the beautiful version of the repeated Psalm, the fifty-third (p. 253). The two together show in a most interesting manner how various the treatment of fine paraphrase may be, with retention of equal accuracy.

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PSALM XV

DOMINE, QUIS HABITABIT

In tabernacle thine, O Lord, who shall remain?
Lord, of thy holy hill who shall the rest obtain?
Ev'n he that leads a life of uncorrupted train,
Whose deeds of righteous heart, whose hearty words be plain:
Who with deceitful tongue hath never us'd to fain;
Nor neighbour hurts by deed, nor doth with slander stain:
Whose eyes a person vile doth[1] hold in vile disdain,
But doth, with honour great, the godly entertain:
Who oath and promise given doth faithfully maintain,
Although some worldly loss thereby he may sustain;
From biting usury who ever doth refrain:
Who sells not guiltless cause for filthy love of gain,
Who thus proceeds for aye, in sacred mount shall reign.

This Psalm is mainly David's practical explanation of the details of the second (great) commandment of the duty of love towards one's neighbour. It falls into ten heads, founded on the ninth and tenth commandment of the old Decalogue, thus:—

1. "Whose deeds are of righteous heart." That we work true work for our neighbour.
2. "Whose hearty words be plain." That we speak from our heart, and intelligibly in all our teachings to our neighbour. Not making him learn church-catechism instead of his own business; and being sure that he understands what catechism he does learn.
3. "Who with deceitful tongue." That we tell our neighbour no lies.
4. Nor hurt him by deed.
5. Nor by report.
6. That, dividing the truly base from the truly honourable, we duly scorn the vile. Compare the second verse of Psalm xvi.
7. That we duly honour the honourable.
8. That we remain true to our promise, and change not, though the promise turn out as sore to keep as Jephthah's.[2]

[1] [The British Museum MS. reads "do," and this seems from Ruskin's note (below, 6) the sense which he requires, though he allows the word "doth" to stand.]

[2] [See Judges xi.]

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9. That we take no usury.
10. That we take no reward against the innocent, to pervert judgment.

"I myself have been without a loaf o' bread to set before my little ones, dismissed at a moment's notice, and with no redress. *The magistrates won't convict the masters;* we have tried it again and again."—(Miss Thackeray's "Jack and the Bean-stalk.")[1]

Sidney thus gives the full decalogue of the Psalm in ten lines, the meaning and value of which, whoever strives to live nobly, will, every day, more and more discern.[2] I wish the tenth line (529) had been omitted; though it is not put in merely to fill the series, but to complete the idea of swearing "to his own hurt." But it was unworthy of Sidney to think of "worldly loss" as of the only penalty of rash promise. Nevertheless, the whole is too precious a piece of work to be touched, even in its fault; and should be learned by heart as it stands.

RHYTHM.—Continuous. 6; and a, throughout.

[1] [See *Bluebeard's Keys and other Stories*, 1874, p. 242.]

[2] [So in *Love's Meinie*, § 175, Ruskin calls this Psalm "the most precious document I know written in any language bearing on universal life and conduct" (Vol. XXV. p. 166). In *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 23, he quotes Sidney's version (without modernising the spelling), and describes its cadence as "massy and grand, more than that of most verse I know" (Vol. XXVII. p. 416).]

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PSALM XVI

CONSERVA ME

I

Save me, Lord; for why, thou art
All the hope of all my heart.
Witness thou, my soul, with me,
That to God, my God, I say;
Thou, my Lord, thou art my stay,
Though my works reach not to thee.

II

This is all the best I prove:
Good,[1] and godly men, I love:
And foresee their wretched pain
Who to other gods do run:
Their blood offrings I do shun;
Nay, to name their names disdain.

III

God my only portion is,
And of my child's part the bliss:
He then shall maintain my lot.
Say then, is not my lot found
In a goodly pleasant ground?
Have not I fair partage got?

IV

Ever, Lord, I will bless thee,
Who dost ever counsel me,
Ev'n when Night with his black wing
Sleepy darkness doth o'ercast,
In my inward veins I taste,
Of my faults, and chastening.

[1] [Grosart reads "God."]

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V

My eyes still my God reguard,
And he my right hand doth guard
So can I not be opprest,
So my heart is fully glad,
So in joy my glory clad ;[1]
Yea, my flesh in hope shall rest.

VI

For I know the deadly grave
On my soul no pow'r shall have,
For I know thou wilt defend
Even the body of thine own
Dear-beloved holy one
From a foul corrupting end.

VII

Thou life's path wilt make me know,
In whose view doth plenty grow,
All delights that souls can crave;
And whose bodies placèd stand
On thy blessed-making hand,
They all joys, like endless, have.[2]

I greatly delight in this paraphrase myself, and am quite willing, once caught in the dancing measure of it, to let Sidney put the forced accent on "will" in the fourth, and "my" in the fifth verse. But it is not exemplary in workmanship.

539. *"This is all the best."* He can at least already see the difference between right and wrong; at last he is sure he will be taken out of all fellowship with wrong. "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell."

[1] [So the Oxford and British Museum MSS. Grosart (following the Cambridge MS.) reads, "So my joye in glory clad."]

[2] [In the Oxford MS. Woodford gives the following earlier version which Sidney expunged :—

"Thou the path wilt make me tread
Whilste life, true life doth lead.
Where who may contemplate Thee
Shall feel in Thy face's light
All the fulness of delight:
And whose bodys placèd be
On Thy blessed-making hand
Shall in endlesse pleasures stand."]

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546. "*Child's part*"; the inheritance of good which he has, for his share as a son.[1]

561. "*So in my joy my glory clad.*" I don't know what authority there is for our English reading,[2] which Sidney here strangely follows. In the Septuagint and Vulgate it is "my tongue rejoiceth"; and the entire meaning is—My heart is glad, my tongue rejoices, and my flesh shall rest, through all troubles of this world, in hope.

565, 566. A noble assertion of faith in the resurrection of the body. "For I know thou wilt defend *even* the body *of thine own.*"

567. "*Dear-beloved holy one.*" The exclusive application of this to Christ has simply taken the meaning, preciousness and discipline, out of the Psalm. It is all spoken by David of himself, and himself only. I am a poor creature enough; my goodness extends not to thee: but I love good and hate evil; I live among thy holy ones, and love them; and I know thou wilt make me holy like them, and love *me* also, and show *me* the path of life.

572. "They whose bodies stand at thy immortal hand that makes blessed, shall have joys like it in imperishableness."

RHYTHM.—Sixfold. Trochaic. 3; a b b a.

[1] [Compare "child's right" in line 41.]
[2] ["My heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth"; retained in R.V.]

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PSALM XVII

EXAUDI, DOMINE, JUSTITIAM

I

My suit is just; just Lord, to my suit hark,
I plaine: sweet Lord, my plaint for pity mark
And, since my lips feign not to thee,
Thine ears vouchsafe to bend to me.

II

O, let my sentence pass from thine own face:
Show that thine eyes respect a faithful case,
Thou that by proof acquainted art
With inward secret[1] of my heart.

III

Where silent Night might seem all faults to hide,
Then was I by thy searching insight tried:
And then by thee was guiltless found
From ill word, and ill meaning, sound.[2]

IV

Not weighing aught how fleshly fancies[3] run,
Led by thy word, the rav'ner's steps I shun;
And pray that still you guide my way,
Lest yet I slip, or go astray.

[1] [Davies and other MSS. read "secrets."]
[2] [Grosart and Davies both read, "From ill word and ill-meaning sound." For the interpretation which Ruskin gets by his altered punctuation, see his note on the line.]
[3] [Compare line 496.]

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V

I say again that I have called on thee,
And boldly say thou wilt give ear to me:
And let my words,—my cries,—ascend,
Which to thyself my soul will send.

VI

Show then, O Lord, thy wondrous kindness show:
Make us in marvels of thy mercy know
That thou by faithful men wilt stand,
And save them from rebellious hand.

VII

Then keep me as the apple of an eye:
In thy wings' shade then let me hidden lie,
From my destroying wicked foes,
Who for my death do me enclose.

VIII

Their eyes do swim, their face doth shine, in fat,
And cruel words their swelling tongues do chat,
And yet their high hearts look so low
As how to watch our overthrow.

IX

Now like a lion gaping to make preys,
Now like his whelp, in den that lurking stays:
Up, Lord, prevent those gaping jaws,
And bring to naught those watching paws.

X

Save me from them thou usest as thy blade;
From men, I say, and from men's worldly trade:
Whose life doth seem most greatly blest,
And count this life their portion best.

XI

Whose bellies so with dainties thou dost fill,
And so with hidden treasures grant their will,
That they in riches flourish do,
And children have to leave it to.

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XII

What would they more? And I would not their case:
My joy shall be, pure,[1] to enjoy thy face,
When waking of this sleep of mine,
I shall see thee in likeness thine.

This Psalm may be headed simply "The prayer against rich men." But it cannot be abstracted, being already as brief as possible.

577. "*Since my lips feign not.*" The use of good paraphrase is again to be noted.[2] We are apt to read the verse, "Hearken to my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips," without enough marking the second clause as the plea for the first. Sidney's introduced word "since" makes this distinct. But how many praying, nowadays, can say so boldly? "They believe in God,"—yes; but they don't believe in *themselves*, or their own prayer; nor seek the least surety that their hearts are honest, and prayer made only for what they really want. When they pray (for instance) for "that most excellent gift of charity, the very bond of peace,"[3] how many, in their hearts, pray the stock-broker's prayer for a bloody war,* if they could get a hundred a year more by it? Read lines 593 and 594 together with this first couplet.

583. "*Where silent Night.*" The darkness of the soul,—the shadow which conceals it from itself: the shadow out of which we are brought to knowledge of ourselves. "When I did not know myself, *thou* knewest me."

586. "*Ill meaning sound.*" Ill word first; but much more than that, from ill meaning accent and force of word. Not only guiltless from actual lying, but from malicious truth. Compare Blake, of "ill meaning sound,"

"A truth that's told with bad intent
Beats all the lies you can invent."[4]

588. "*The Ravener.*"—Destroyer, the men spoken of presently, in verse 8th, as having gaping jaws, and "watching" Paws, every muscle set for instant snatch or stroke.

* See *Fors Clavigera*, July 1876.[5]

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[1] [Here also Ruskin alters the punctuation (see his note below), which in the Chiswick Press edition is, "My joy shall be pure; to . . ."]
[2] [Compare pp. 117–118.]
[3] [The collect for Quinquagesima Sunday.]
[4] [*Auguries of Innocence.* For other quotations from the poem, see Vol. XIX. p. 56, and Vol. XXIX. p. 36.]
[5] [Letter 67, § 26 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 664).]

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611. "*Thou usest as thy blade.*" I should like these two verses (9 and 10) to be learned by heart, that they may fix in our minds the conception which is the foundation-stone of all the statements respecting the sinners in the Psalms, that they are not merely themselves lost and condemned of God, but that they are used *as his sword*, to chastise his children with; that their especial function is that of the Ravener,—tearer in pieces, or wolf, to the Lambs of his flock; and that they are to be recognized, among other signs, very definitely, by their worldly prosperity, having their bellies filled with "hidden" treasures (got cunningly, and by secret wrongs of commerce), and leaving them to their children.

RHYTHM.—Quatrain. 5 5 4 4 ~~~ a a b b.

604. "*Chat*"—short for chatter. The words of wicked men are always more or less brutal in stupidity, like the chattering of monkeys or jackdaws. The "opinions" of the British press, for instance.

620. I am a little proud of some of my alterings of punctuation, which I make generally without pointing out the former mistake to the reader's notice. But the alteration of this line from the former one is worth pausing at, to show the value of proper respect for Sidney's musical accent. It was quite impossible that he should construct a pentametre line with these following cæsuras, as it has been hitherto printed,

"Mȳ jōy | shăll bĕ pūre, | tō ĕnjōy | thў făce."

But he, with perfect measure and ease, can write,

"Mȳ jōy | shăll bē, | pūre, | tŏ ĕnjōy | thў făce."

Compare the original, and you will see how we recover the meaning with the right accent.

621. "*Of*"—short for "out of."

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PSALM XVIII

DILIGAM TE

I

THEE WILL I LOVE, O LORD, WITH ALL MY HEART'S DELIGHT,
My strength, my strongest rock, which my defence hast borne:
My God, and helping God, my might, and trustful might,
My never-piercèd shield, my ever-saving horne,
My refuge;—refuge then when most I am forlorn:
Whom then shall I invoke, but thee, most worthy praise,
On whom, against my foes, my only safety stays?

II

On me the paines of death already 'gan to prey:
The floods of wickedness on me did horrors throw:
Like in a winding-sheet, wretch, I already lay,
This my distress to God, with wailful cries I show:
All ready, ready to my snaring grave to go,
My cries climb'd up; and He bent down, from sacred throne,
His eyes unto my case, his ears unto my moan.

III

And so the earth did fall to tremble and to quake,
The mountains proudly high, and their foundations bent
With motion of his rage, did to the bottom shake.
He came, but came with smoke, from out his nostrils sent:
Flames issu'd from his mouth, and burning coals out went:
He bow'd the heav'ns, and from the bow'd heav'ns did descend
With hugy darkness, which about his feet did wend.

IV

The cherubims their backs, the winds did yield their wings,
To bear his sacred flight; in secret place then clos'd;
About which he dim clouds, like a pavilion, brings,
Clouds, ev'n of waters dark, and thickest air compos'd;
But straight his shining eyes this misty mass disclos'd:
Then hail, then fiery coals, then thundred, heav'nly Sire,
Then spake he his loud voice, then hailstones, coals, and fire,

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V

Then out his arrows fly; and straight they scattred been:
Lightning on lightning he did for their wreck augment;
The gulfs of waters then were through their channels seen:
The world's foundations then lay bare; because he shent
With blasting breath, O Lord, that in thy chiding went.
Then sent He from above, and took me from below,
Ev'n from the waters' depth, my God preserv'd me so.

VI

So did he save me, from my mighty furious foe,
So did he save me, from their then prevailing hate:
For they had caught me up when I was weak in woe:
But He, staff of my age, he staid my stumbling state:
This much: yet more, when I by him this freedom gat,
By him, because I did find in his eyesight grace,
He lifted me unto a largely noble place.

VII

My justice, my just hands thus did the Lord reward,
Because I walk'd his ways, nor 'gainst him evilly went:
Still to his judgments look'd, still for his statutes car'd:
Sound and upright with him, to wickedness not bent.
Therefore, I say again, this goodness he me sent,
As he before his eyes did see my justice stand,
According as he saw the pureness of my hand.

VIII

Meek to the meek thou art, the good thy goodness taste:
Pure, to the pure, thou deal'st with crooked crookedly.
Up then, thou lift'st the poor, and down the proud wilt cast;
Up, thou dost light my light, and clear my darkned eye.
I hosts by thee o'ercome; by thee o'er walls I fly:
Thy way is soundly sure, thy word is purely tried:
To them that trust in thee, a shield thou dost abide.

IX

For who is God besides this great Jehovah ours?
And so besides our God, who is endu'd with might?
This God then girded me in his all-mighty pow'rs,
He made my cumb'rous way, to me most plainly right:
To match with lightfoot stags, he made my foot so light,
That I climb'd highest hill; he me war points did show,
Strength'ning mine arms, that they could break an iron bow.

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x

Thou gav'st me saving shield; thy right hand was my stay;
Me in increasing still, thy kindness did maintain;
Unto my strengthened steps, thou didst enlarge the way,
My heels, and plants, thou didst from stumbling slip sustain;
What foes I did pursue, my force did them attain,
That I, ere I return'd, destroy'd them utterly,
With such brave wounds, that they under my feet did lie.

xi

For why? my fighting strength, by thy strength strengthened was:
Not I, but thou, throw'st down those who 'gainst me do rise,
Thou gavest me their necks, on them thou mad'st me pass:
Behold they cry, but who to them his help applies?
Nay, unto thee they cried, but thou heard'st not their cries:
I beat those folks as small as dust, which wind doth raise,
I beat them small as clay is beat in beaten ways.

xii

Thus freed from troublous men, thou makest me to reign;
Yea, thou makest me be serv'd by folks I never knew:
My name their ears, their ears their hearts, to me enchain'd:
Ev'n fear makes strangers show much love, though much untrue.
But they do fail, and in their mazed corners rue:
Then live Jehova still, my rock still blessèd be:
Let him be lifted up, that hath preservèd me.

xiii

He that is my revenge, in whom I realms subdue,
Who freed me from my foes, from rebels guarded me,
And rid me from the wrongs which cruel wits did brew.
Among the Gentiles then I, Lord, yield thanks to thee,
I to thy name will sing, and this my song shall be;
"He nobly saves his king, and kindness keeps in store,
For David his anoint, and his seed, evermore."

When first I read this paraphrase, I was in fairly strong health, and had done some work in which I felt triumphant; and was set at my commentary on a bright spring morning; and this was what I wrote:—

"I have no words to express my admiration of this entirely glorious piece of massive English Scripture of pure, eternal truth. The majestic art and music of it are like the greatest work of Handel; the storm and

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spirit-painting of it like Tintoret's. The precise logic and verbal symmetry of it like Horace's; the passion of it is David's,—and his own."

I am now correcting the press in ruined Venice, in a bleak November day, and with slightly feverish cold upon me; and the paraphrase now appears to me often weak, and occasionally ridiculous.

Both views are false; but the one received in health is nearer the truth, and its error is on the noble side: but, above all the other paraphrases, it requires intense feeling and fine reading.

623. I have put the first line of this Psalm in capitals; but it needs no enforcement by lettering, and I wish it to be remembered not only for a kind of title to the Psalm, but for its definition of the right manner of the "Love of God," as it is meant, manifestly through all the Psalter, and secretly, through all the Bible. For the commandment, "Thou shalt love *with all thine heart*,"[1] does not mean with miserable abandonment of all else that the heart cherishes,—but through all, and with all, heart's delight in the world, small and great;—doubling,—trebling,—infiniting it, by taking it from God's hand, as a child a jewel from its father; the jewel, indeed of price, but the *gift*, *without* price.

And when this is once felt, rightly, it will be felt rightly also, how God *gives* grief as well as joy. For as He rejoices with us as a Father, in the joy He gives, so He grieves with us as a Father in the pain He gives; and thus Himself takes our infirmities, Himself bears our sicknesses.[2] But He no more (let the unfortunate modern evangelical well note[3]) bears our griefs, that *we* may *not* bear them, than He rejoices in our joys that we may not enjoy them!

637. "*And so the earth did fall to tremble.*" Here begins, in the original, one of the grandest passages of the whole Bible; and it has never occurred to me till this moment to ask,—What it is all about?

I have read it simply as a description of God's anger at all times: perhaps once or twice, glancing at its heading, I have noticed that David wrote it at a particular time,—but actually, never till this morning (8th July, '76) inquired what time it really was, or what David meant by this thundrous melody. "In the day that the Lord delivered him from the hand of all his enemies, and from the hand of Saul."[4] What day? Not the day of Saul's death, assuredly. David wrote quite another kind of psalm when he heard of *that* deliverance.[5]

Neither when he heard of the death of Saul's last and noblest servant. "Thy hands were not bound" (he sang), "nor thy feet put into fetters. As a man falleth before wicked men, so fellest thou. Know ye not that

[1] [Matthew xxii. 37.]

[2] [See Matthew viii. 17.]

[3] [For Ruskin on the evangelicals, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 70.]

[4] [So, the heading of the Psalm in the Bible. Cheyne (*Book of Psalms*, 1904, vol. i. p. 63) denies the Davidic origin of the Psalm, and translates the heading, "The words of Israel in the day that Yahwè delivers him from the hand of all the Arabians and from Ishmael." The closing verse both in 2 Samuel xxii. and Psalm xviii. is, according to this theory, a late liturgical appendix.]

[5] [See 2 Samuel i. 17–27.]

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a Prince is this day fallen in Israel, and *I* am this day weak, though Anointed King."[1]

The precise and literal contrary, you see, of the close of *this* Psalm!

But now look to 2 Samuel, and read of it chap. v. 1–10, and 12, 14, 17, 18, and 19; and chap. vii. from beginning to end. The close of that chapter gives us the solemn and deliberate prayer in which, at such time as the words were put on his lips, followed this passionate Psalm.

632. *"Like in a winding-sheet."* I think Sidney interprets the fourth and fifth verses in too spiritual a sense. David could not have had, at this time of his life, any sense of the snares of hell in their reality. He seems to me only to be thinking of the day when he was first separated from Jonathan, Saul's spear just missing him as he sang:[2] so, also, the passage describing the anger of God is meant literally, not spiritually, of the Philistines' victory over Israel, and the captivity of the ark. The imaged cherubim were in captivity, that had lifted up their silent wings,—but God yet Himself "rode upon a cherub, and did fly"; the ark was lost from behind the vail of the tabernacle,—but *His* pavilion round about Him was dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies.[3]

668. *"I beat them—as the clay is beat in beaten ways."* Far worse than potter's beating;—into *vile*, incoherent destruction. The iteration and beat of the Psalm itself is in no line more splendid.

RHYTHM.—Sevenfold. 6 ⏑⏑ a b a b b c c.

626. *"Horne."* I believe Sidney is thinking of Roland's horn at Fontarabia;[4] and I therefore keep the e at the end of the word, prolonging its sound. I should like to keep this orthography in classical English. He wilfully lets go, as inharmonious with the other metaphors, the Hebrew meaning of an animal's horn; and, indeed, there is no other Hebrew metaphor so unfortunate. It has made the figure of Moses always ludicrous in mediæval missal painting, and been the root of much absurdity and mischief in dress.

643. *"Hugy."* Classical, in Dryden and others.[5] A grand word, taking the office of the vulgar "hugeous." From old French "ahugue"—Johnson.

649. *"Then thundred, heavenly Sire."* All exclamatory—no time for definite articles.

[1] [2 Samuel iii. 33 ("And the king lamented over Abner"), 34, 38, 39.]

[2] [1 Samuel xx. 33.]

[3] [See verses 10, 11 in the English version (rendered by Sidney in stanza iv.).]

[4] ["O for a blast of that dread horn
On Fontarabian echoes borne!"
Marmion, vi. 33; compare Vol. XXVII. p. 138 *n.*]

[5] [Dryden's *Virgil's Æneid*, v. 113: "His hugy bulk on sev'n high volumes rolled."]

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651. "*Been.*" I am not sure how far Sidney carried the use of this aorist, Shakespeare's "bin."

654. "*Shent.*"[1] "Destroyed with indignation." "Shend" and "shent" are the two old forms. But the word is obsolete, and should be so.

675. "*Up thou dost light,*" for "light up."

682. "*Cumbrous*"—"vexing," "troublesome," not "heavy." This is the proper classical sense; from "kommeren," Dutch,—see Johnson. His quotation from Sir Isaac Newton, "very long tubes are cumbersome, and scarce to be readily managed," shows how easily the sense of troublesomeness may pass into that of weight. But "ponderous," or simply "heavy," is the proper word for weight. It is very desirable both in "cumber" and "incumbrance" to keep the original sense as clear as possible.

689. "*Plants.*" Soles of the feet. See note to 870.

713. "*For David his anoint.*" The final "ed" is cut off, not in hurry, but in intensity of leaning on the word, and desire to bring it literally, in the ending letter, nearer to the form "Christ." The line is to be read or sung very slowly, but continuously, so as to elide the "ed" before the "a" in natural sequence, then laying the next accent on "his."

[1] [Compare line 166.]

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PSALM XIX

CŒLI ENARRANT[1]

I

The heav'nly frame sets forth the fame
  Of him that only thunders;
The firmament, so strangely bent,
  Shows his hand, working wonders.

II

Day unto day, doth it display,
  Their course doth it acknowledge:
And night to night, succeeding right,
  In darkness teach clear knowledge.

III

There is no speech, nor language, which
  Is so of skill bereaved,
But of the skies, the teaching cries,
  They have heard, and conceived.

IV

There be no eyne, but read the line
  From so fair book proceeding;
Their words be set in letters great
  For ev'ry body's reading.

V

Is not he blind that doth not find
  The tabernacle builded
There, by his grace, for sun's fair face,
  In beams of beauty guilded?

[1] [See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 75, for Ruskin's exposition of this Psalm (Vol. XXIX. pp. 55–57).]

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VI

Who forth doth come, like a bridegroom,
From out his veiling places:
As glad is he, as giants be
To run their mighty races.

VII

His race is ev'n from ends of heav'n;
About that vault he goeth:
There be no realms hid from his beams,
His heat to all he throweth.

VIII

O law of his, how perfect 'tis!
The very soul amending;
God's witness sure for aye doth dure,
To simplest, wisdom lending.

IX

God's dooms be right, and cheer the spright:
All his commandments being
So purely wise, they give the eyes
Both light, and force of seeing.

X

Of him the fear doth cleanness bear,
And so endures for ever:
His judgments be self-verity,
They are unrighteous never.

XI

Then what man would so soon seek gold,
Or glitt'ring golden money?
By them is past, in sweetest taste,
Honey, or comb of honey.

XII

By them is made thy servant's trade,
Most circumspectly guarded:
And who doth frame to keep the same
Shall fully be rewarded.

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XIII

Who is the man, that ever can
  His faults know and acknowledge!
O Lord, cleanse me from faults that be
  Most secret from all knowledge.

XIV

Thy servant keep, lest in him creep
  Presumptuous sin's offences:
Let them not have me for their slave,
  Nor reign upon my senses.

XV

So shall my spright be still upright
  In thought and conversation;
So shall I bide, well purified
  From much abomination.

XVI

So let words sprung from my weak tongue
  And my heart's meditation;
My saving might, Lord, in thy sight
  Receive good acceptation.[1]

I cannot say much for the sublimity of this paraphrase; but it is splendidly joyful and clear-thoughted. The one line, "The statutes of the Lord are right, and *rejoice the heart*," having been taken as key to the whole treatment of it.

RHYTHM.—Sixfold. 2 2 3 2 2 3 ~~ a a b. c c b.

715. "*That only*," for "that alone."

718. "*It.*" His hand.

733. "*Guilded.*" Fastened together as a guild. The "beams" are the "beams of his chambers," and of the sun's tabernacle. Sidney is thinking

[1] [Grosart puts only a comma after "meditation," and prints "My Saving Might" as an apostrophe and title to our Lord, answering to "O Lord my strength and my redeemer."]

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of the boards and sockets of the tabernacle in the wilderness,[1] and playing with the equivocation between the two senses of both words, beams, and gild, as the sunshine plays on the two sides of a wave.

740. "*Realms.*" Pronounced "Reams," only a little more roundly, like "Royaume."

752. "*Self-verity,*" for "truth itself."

758. "*Trade.*" See note to line 20.

760. "*Frame.*" Construct the several parts of life in harmony. So, line 809, "did frame"—bring about—their fall.

[1] [See Exodus xl. 18.]

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PSALM XX

EXAUDIAT TE DOMINUS

I

Let God the Lord hear thee,
Even in the day when most thy troubles be:
Let name of Jacob's God,
When thou on it dost cry,
Defend thee still from all thy foes abroad.

II

From sanctuary high
Let him come down, and help to thee apply
From Zion's holy top;
Thence let him undertake
With heav'nly strength thy earthly strength to prop.

III

Let him notorious make,
That in good part he did thy off'rings take;
Let fire for trial burn
(Yea, fire from himself sent,)
Thy offerings, so that they to ashes turn.

IV

And so let him consent
To grant thy will, and perfect thy intent,
That in thy saving, we
May joy, and banners raise
Up to our God, when thy suits granted be.

V

Now in me knowledge says,
That God from fall his own anointed stays.
From heav'nly holy land
I know that he hears me;
Yea, hears with powers, and help of helpful hand.

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VI

Let trust of some men be
In chariots arm'd, others' in chivalry;
But let all our conceit,
Upon God's holy name,
Who is our Lord, with due remembrance wait.

VII

Behold their broken shame!
We stand upright, while they their fall did frame.
Assist us, Saviour dear;
Let that King deign to hear,
Whenas to him our prayers do appear.[1]

This is called a Psalm of David; but if the King wrote it, he wrote it for the people to sing. It seems to me far more probable it was written for the great choirs by one of the priests;[2] and there is no reason why it might not have been written by anybody of good loyalty and true heart. It is finer in the common version than in Sidney's, but has no other than simple or serviceable character in either.

787. "*With heavenly strength.*" This second verse, at the cost of some lengthiness, fully explains the meaning of the second verse in the original. The prayer is made by the people (attending a sacrifice of the King's, in the tabernacle), that his offering might be accepted, and that the Dweller between the Cherubim might give him heavenly strength, out of the Holy Place. It is entirely literal and local: as much as the bowing down of a Roman Catholic congregation before the elevated Host, presently to be shut up again in the little golden cell above the altar.

792. "*So that they to ashes turn.*" He expands the meaning of the burnt sacrifice,—accepted most when burnt by fire coming from heaven. There is a time when Heaven utterly accepts, by utterly destroying, what we gave of our own.

796, 797. "*Banners raise, up to our God.*" Sir Philip, for once, errs like a modern, and misses the gist of the Psalm by spiritualizing it. The

[1] [Grosart reads from the Cambridge MS. :—

"When wee doe praie and call vpon His name."

It will be observed, he notes, that as line 4 of the other stanzas rhymed with the first of the next, a thing which cannot be here, it was made to rhyme with the preceding. Hence Sidney would have had the license of making this rhyme either with 3 and 4 or with 1 and 3.]

[2] [For a discussion of the circumstances in which this Psalm, "one of the most enigmatical in the whole collection," was written, see Cheyne, vol. i. pp. 79, 80.]

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congregation are no more in the real Psalm supposed to think of raising their banners to God, than our own Guards think of it, when presented with new colours by the colonel's wife. They only promise to set up their literal banners against their literal enemies "in the name of our God":—God grant we do so much as that, honestly.

798. "*Now in* me." This, like the original verse, is meant to be said by each one of the congregation for himself,—not vaguely, "*we* know," but "assuredly *I*," and doubtless, therefore, all of us—know.

799. "*His own anointed.*" Here, only another phrase for the King.

801. "*Hears* me." Sidney, or whoever it is, quite wrong again, and not minding what he is about. The congregation say that they know that God saves the King, and hears *him*. Not at all that He hears *them*, except through the King's prayer, or saves *them*, except by the King's hand.

All written by the King himself, you begin to think, or by a King's sycophant? No, disloyal reader;—written by a very honest and worthy person, depend upon it, whoever he was.

810. "*Assist us, Saviour.*" Finally wrong. The real verse is simply our own national one: "Oh, Lord, save the King; this King now with us, and hear *us*, in the day when we call on thee."

RHYTHM.—Cinqfold, sequent. 3 5 3 3 5 ~~ a a b c b c c d e d, etc.

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PSALMS XXI–XXIV

The twenty-first Psalm, in the original, companions the foregoing; and completes its prayer in thanksgiving; but the paraphrase is entirely valueless, and better unread. The metre of it, ludicrously forced, marks the interference of some entirely unmusical person in the finishing of the book, whose discordant touch may be detected in some even of the more perfect Psalms, and entirely spoils the three next following, of which especially the twenty-second cannot possibly be Sidney's, and is full of old English quaintnesses now unendurable in relation to its mighty theme.[1] I keep the last four verses of it only: we have heard and seen fulfilled the prophecy of its beginning; let us hear also, and look for the fulfilment of, the prophecy of its close.

Th' afflicted then shall eat, and be well pleased;
And God shall be, by those his seekers praised.
Indeed, O you, you that be of such mind,
You shall the life that ever liveth find.

But what? I say, from earth's remotest border,
Unto due thoughts, mankind his thoughts shall order;
And turn to God, and all the nations be
Made worshippers, before Almighty Thee.

And reason, since the crown to God pertaineth,
And that by right upon all realms he reigneth.
They that be made ev'n fat with earth's fat good
Shall feed, and laud the giver of their food.

To him shall kneel even who to dust be stricken,
Even he whose life no help of man can quicken:
His service shall from child to child descend,
His dooms one age shall to another send.[2]

[1] [Such as, in line 4, "hearing to my roaring cries."]

[2] [The Oxford MS. gives also the original form of this stanza with two supernumerary lines:—

"To him shall kneel who to the dust be stricken,
Even he whose life no help of man can quicken,
As they, so theirs, Him shall their ofspring serue,
And God shall them in his own count reserue.
They shall to children's children make notorious
His righteousness, and this his doing glorious."

In the British Museum MS. the paraphrase ends with 824.]

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I am sorry to omit the twenty-third and twenty-fourth, which are companion Psalms; the first, singing of God's grace to the humble; the second, of God's grace to the noble.

Probably few Psalms are oftener read, or with stronger feeling, by careless readers; and there are probably no other two whose real force is so little thought of. Which of us, even the most attentive, is prepared at once to tell, or has often enough considered, what the "Valley of the Shadow of Death" means, in the one, or the "Hill of the Lord," in the other?

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PSALM XXV

AD TE, DOMINE

I

To thee, O Lord most just,
I lift my inward sight:
My God, in thee I trust,
Let me not ruin quite.
Let not those foes, that me annoy,
On my complaint build up their joy.

II

Sure, sure, who hope in thee
Shall never suffer shame:
Let them confounded be
That causeless wrongs do frame.
Yea, Lord, to me thy ways do show;
Teach me, thus vex'd, what path to go.

III

Guide me as thy truth guides;
Teach me; for why, thou art[1]
The God in whom abides
The saving me from smart.
For never day such changing wrought,
That I from trust in thee was brought.

IV

Remember, only King,
Thy mercies' tenderness:
To thy remembrance bring
Thy kindness, lovingness.
Let those things thy remembrance grave,
Since they eternal essence have.

[1] [Here Ruskin alters the punctuation; the MSS. read, "Teach me for why thou art."]

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v

But, Lord, remember not
Sins brew'd in youthful glass:
Nor my rebellious blot,
Since youth, and they, do pass:
But in thy kindness me record,
Ev'n for thy mercy's sake, O Lord.

vi

Of grace and righteousness
The Lord such plenty hath,
That he deigns to express
To sinning men his path:
The meek he doth in judgment lead,
And teach the humble how to tread.

vii

And what, think you, may be
The paths of my great God?
Ev'n spotless verity,
And mercy spread abroad,
To such as keep his covenant,
And on his testimonies plant.

viii

O Lord, for thy name's sake,
Let my iniquity
Of thee some mercy take,
Though it be great in me:
Oh, is there one with his fear fraught?
He shall be by best teacher taught.

ix

Lo, how his blessing buds
Inward, an inward rest;
Outward, all outward goods
By his seed eke possest.
For such he makes his secret know,
To such he doth his cov'nant show.

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X

Where then should my eyes be,
But still on this Lord set?
Who doth and will set free
My feet from tangling net.
O look, O help, let mercy fall,
For I am poor and least of all.

XI

My woes are still increas'd;
Shield me from these assaults:
See how I am oppress'd,
And pardon all my faults.
Behold my foes, what store they be,
Who hate, yea, hate me cruelly.

XII

My soul, which thou didst make,
Now made, O Lord, maintain;
And from me these ills take,
Lest I rebuke sustain.
For thou the Lord, thou only art,
Of whom the trust lives in my heart.

XIII

Let my uprightness gain
Some safety unto me:
I say, and say again,
My hope is all in thee,
In fine, deliver Israel,
O Lord, from all his troubles fell.

The original is one of the most precious in the Psalter, written in prolonged depression of heart under memory of sin; and it is more sweet and wide in its sympathy with all human error, and acceptableness by the feeble heart and trembling lips of common persons, than the Psalms of more violent and bitter repentance.

838. "*Causeless wrongs.*" Too vague. The real words are, "which break the law to no purpose,"—wantonly, for breaking's sake.

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854. "*Brew'd*," or "mixed." The nature of sin being as of a mixed and composed wine. "In the hand of the Lord is a cup, and the wine is red; it is full mixed; the dregs thereof, all the wicked of the earth shall wring them out, and drink them."[1]

You must always remember that Sidney uses every metaphor with full command of its entire scriptural use; and the scriptural use is always further illustrated by all the laws of nature and courses of human conduct. Think of a mixed American drink, compared with old wine of the vineyard, and you will feel how the one is the natural type of the poisonous cup of fornication,[2] as the other is of the life of man.

870. "*Plant*." Set the soles of their feet firmly and consistently upon; as "tread" in 864, the metaphor of a path being retained throughout. Compare 689.

895, 896. Two grand lines, explaining the single word to "keep" the soul.

RHYTHM.—Sixfold. 3 3 3 3 4 4, a b a b c c.

[1] [Psalm lxxv. 8.]
[2] [Revelation xvii. 4: compare Vol. XXVIII. p. 467.]

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PSALM XXVI

JUDICA ME, DOMINE

I

Lord, judge me and my case,
For I have made my race
Within the bounds of innocence to bide:
And setting thee for scope
Of all my trustful hope,
I held for sure that I should never slide.

II

Prove me, O Lord most high,
Me with thy touchstone try;
Yea, sound my reins, and inmost of my heart.
For so thy loving hand
Before my eyes doth stand,
That from thy truth I never will depart.

III

I did not them frequent,
Who be to vainness bent,
Nor kept with base dissemblers company.
Nay, I did ev'n detest
Of wicked wights the nest,
And from the haunts of such bad folk did fly.

IV

In th' innocence of me
My hands shall washèd be;
And with those hands about thy altar wait;
That I may still express
With voice of thankfulness
The works perform'd by thee, most wond'rous great.

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v

Lord, I have lovèd well
The house where thou dost dwell,
Ev'n where thou mak'st thy honour's biding-place.
Sweet Lord, write not my soul
Within the sinner's roll:
Nor my life's cause match with blood-seeker's case,

vi

With hands of wicked shifts,
With right hands stained with gifts.
But while I walk in my unspotted ways,
Redeem and show me grace,
So I in public place,
Set on plain ground, will thee, Jehovah, praise.[1]

This Psalm refers, first, to the conduct and honour of practical life, and is of great importance as asserting, on David's part, his actual practice of the separation from wicked men, on which separation the great benediction of the first Psalm is pronounced.

Then the "judgment" it prays for is the farther search into the truth of his heart, which is necessary to make the eternal separation of any use.

"I have not sat with vain persons" (he says), "nor kept company with knaves, nor with evil doers: I have loved thy tabernacle, and the place of thine honour" (see notes on Psalm xxvii.); "and all this I have

[1] [Woodford (Oxford MS.) notes at the end of this Psalm that the last stanza "ere altered by the Author ran thus":—

"Whose hands so handle nought,
But led by wicked thought
That hand whose strength should help of bribes be full,
But in integrity
My steppes guided be,
Then me redeem Lord, then be mercifull.
Even truth thus for me sayes
My foot on justice stayes,
And tongue is prest to publish out thy prayse."

The British Museum MS., on the other hand, expands the last three lines of the original version into a whole stanza, thus:—

"Nowe firme my foot doth stande,
Supported by thy hand
In course of justice, truth, and righteousness.
My tongue shall day by day
Thy wondrous work display,
Where congregations meet with thankfulness."]

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done, and will do, with utter honesty and desire to be honest; but I can't try my own heart; I will walk in *mine* integrity,—all the integrity I can muster for myself; do thou try my reins and heart,—redeem me, and be merciful to me."

And the practical gist of this Psalm, for living Christians, is, first, that they are not to keep company with idle fashionable people, nor busy rogues; but to love God's heaven, and the places He dwells in (which are neither factories, nor barracks, nor London squares, and least of all spruce Gothic chapels built to sanctify factories,[1] or barracks, or the pride of the West-end); and having redeemed themselves from all real visible iniquity, then to pray for nobler and purer redemption. It is one of the worst paraphrases in the book, as far as its poetry is concerned; but it is very searching in sense; and I therefore admit it.

907. "*Case.*" What has befallen me?

909, 910. "*Race*"—"*scope.*" Instead of the "walk" of life, Sir Philip calls it a "race" of life. Scope is the aim or goal; bounds, the stakes of the course. He chooses the Pauline metaphor,[2] to enforce the last word "slide." For there is little fear of slipping in walking, and little harm if we do. But much of both, in racing.

922. "*Nay, I did ev'n.*" He detested, not merely the vain and wicked persons, but their nests and haunts, also. Not only the cruel people of the West End, but the very sight of Brook Street and Grosvenor Square.

925. "*Innocence of* me." Leaning on the distinction between such innocence as he could refine himself into, and that which God could refine him into.

So in line 939—"*my* unspotted ways."

934. "*Sweet Lord, write not.*" "Yet after all this, my name may still be written by thee in the Book of Death. Lord, save me."

I know not the authority for our English word "gather."[3] In the Vulgate, it is the direct reverse, do not "lose," and in the Septuagint, do not "destroy." But see note on line 956.

941. A standard resolution for all public men, from the parish beadle to the Prime Minister. Let them first be set on plain ground; and then, —praise God.

RHYTHM.—Sixfold. 3 3 5, 3 3 5 ~~ a a b, c c b.

[1] [Compare *Val d'Arno*, § 42 (Vol. XXIII. p. 32).]
[2] [1 Corinthians ix. 24; Hebrews xii. 1.]
[3] [The Revised Version gives as an alternative in the margin, "Take not away."]

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PSALM XXVII

I CANNOT give the paraphrase of the next Psalm, being too feeble; nor does it need any; its ordinary version is entirely clear in terms, and cannot be mended. But though clear in terms, it is not by any means so clear in meaning. What is this one thing that David seeks after?—"to behold the beauty of the Lord, and inquire in His temple." What does "His temple" mean *for us?* I don't think that even David meant the tabernacle; still less, for a Londoner, can it only mean St. Paul's. How are we to use this Psalm ourselves? In the time of trouble he shall hide me in—St. Paul's? or in Mr. Spurgeon's tabernacle at the Elephant and Castle?[1] Scarcely;—yet where else? I will answer, for the present, but partly,—in the last verse of Sir Philip Sidney's paraphrase:—

> What had I been, except I had
> Believed God's goodness for to see,
> In *land with living creatures glad?*

In which, note Sidney's pretty expansion and enforcement of a phrase which has become, with us, of late, vulgarized into mere conversational periphrasis. "Are you yet in the land of the living?" says the cockney to his acquaintance, seen after hermitage for a month at Margate. Even in the original, perhaps the words mean little more than personal life. But Sidney thinks of the difference between the earth glad with life, and sorrowful with its return to her dust.

[1] [For another reference to Spurgeon, see Vol. XXIII. p. 444.]

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PSALM XXVIII

AD TE, DOMINE

I

To thee, Lord, my cry I send;
O my strength, stop not thine ear:
Lest if answer thou forbear,
I be like them that descend
To the pit, where flesh doth end.

II

Therefore while that I may cry,
While I that way hold my hands
Where thy sanctuary stands,
To thyself those words apply,
Which from sueing voice do fly.

III

Link not me in selfsame chain
With the wicked working folk;
Who, their spotted thoughts to cloak,
Neighbours friendly entertain,
When in hearts they malice mean.

IV

Spare not them; give them reward,
As their deeds have purchas'd it,
As deserves their wicked wit:
Fare they as their hands have far'd,
Ev'n so be their guerdon shared.

V

To thy works they give no eye;
Let them be thrown down by thee:
Let them not restorèd be;
But let me give praises high
To the Lord that hears my cry.

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VI

That God is my strength, my shield:
All my trust on him was set,
And so I did safety get:
So shall I with joy be fill'd,
So my songs his lauds shall yield.

VII

God on them his strength doth lay,
Who his anointed helpèd have,—
Lord, then still thy people save;
Bless thine heritage, I say;
Feed and lift them up for aye.

This is a companion Psalm to the 27th. The same questions occur about the meaning of "rock" and "oracle" (verses 1 and 2), and the same prayer essentially (verse 3); while "the beauty of the Lord," in the 27th, becomes "the operation of his hands" in the 28th. The paraphrase is another poor one, but worth keeping.

950. "*Where flesh*"—not soul—"*doth end.*"

956. "*Link not me.*" Whether in true coincidence of thought, or actually having seen the pictures, Sir Philip uses the same symbol as Fra Angelico,[1] and all the other believing painters, of the Last Judgment: their demons always drag the condemned down in the loop of an encircling chain, like the edge of a net.

It is "Draw" in the Septuagint, as in our version, partly justifying the former "gather"—"Gather ye together first the tares, and bind,"[2] etc.

964. "*Fare they as their hands.*" See Johnson on this word "fare," and its derivations. The root seems to be the Icelandic "Far," a journey, whence "to fare," to travel; "fare," the price of conveyance; and "fare well," journey you well. ("Fara," Icelandic to depart, giving our "far," "off," etc.) Here it is obscurely used for "Let them be done to as they have done."

RHYTHM.—Cinqfold. 4 ~~ a b b a a.

[1] [For other notices of Fra Angelico's "Last Judgment," see Vol. IV. p. 275.]
[2] [Matthew xiii. 30.]

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PSALM XXIX

AFFERTE DOMINO

I

Ascribe unto the Lord of light,
Ye men of pow'r;—ev'n by birthright,
Ascribe all glory and all might.

II

Ascribe due glory to his name;
And in his ever-glorious frame
Of sanctuary do the same.

III

His voice is on the waters found,
His voice doth threatning thunders sound,
Yea, through the waters doth resound.

IV

The voice of that Lord ruling us
Is strong, though he be gracious,
And ever, ever glorious.

V

By voice of high Jehovah we
The highest cedars broken see,
Ev'n cedars which on Liban be.

VI

Nay, like young calves in leaps are borne,
And Liban's self, with nature's scorn;
And Sirion, like young unicorn.

VII

His voice doth flashing flames divide;
His voice have trembling deserts tried;
Ev'n deserts, where the Arabs bide.

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VIII

His voice makes hinds their calves to cast:
His voice makes bald the forest waste:
But in his church his fame is plac't.

IX

1005 He sits on seas, he endless reigns,
His strength his people's strength maintains,
Which, blest by him, in peace remains.[1]

A true David's Psalm, full of rapture, but full, like its companion, the 114th, of intense purpose also. The questions again return, What is the "beauty of the Lord"—here "beauty of holiness"?—Where is the Temple, in which every one speaks of his glory (ver. 9)? What Exodus of ours shall make of *us* also such a sanctuary as Israel became "in exitu"?

The paraphrase is grand in beat and tone, but absolutely needs music.

982. "*By birthright.*" In both the Septuagint and Vulgate, In your birthright, bring to him the gift of the praise of sons.[2]

"Bring unto the Lord, ye sons of God."

1002. "*And Liban's self.*" "And" is used here as "Et" would be in Latin. Even the cedars are broken; nay, and Libanus itself, and Sirion, leap.

This leaping of the mountains is meant as an expression, not of their joy, but their terror, or at least, hurry to get out of God's way, as grasshoppers leaping aside from the foot's tread. The metaphor is one of the partly violent, partly vague, Hebrew modes of thought which are useless to persons of little passion, and perilous to careless readers; but very precious to the faithful and true, who have hot hearts, and feel that they themselves ought also to be able to say, "Be thou removed," unless as the wicked in their last hope, "Fall on us."[3]

RHYTHM.—Triplet. 4 ⏑ ⏑ a a a.

[1] [The last verse before alteration ran (says Woodford in the Oxford MS.):—

"His justice seat the world sustains,
Of furious floods he holds the reines,
And this his rule for aye remains.
God to his people strength shall give,
That they in peace shall blessed live."

And this is the reading in the British Museum MS. (12,048).]

[2] [Ruskin paraphrases and expands the Ἐνέγκατε τῷ Κυρίῳ υἱοὶ Θεοῦ of the LXX. and *Afferte Domino, filii Dei* of the Vulgate.]

[3] [Matthew xxi. 21; Hosea x. 8; and Revelation vi. 16: compare below, p. 285.]

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PSALM XXX

EXALTABO TE, DOMINE

I

O Lord, thou hast exalted me,
And sav'd me from foes' laughing scorn:
I owe thee praise, I will praise thee.

II

For when my heart with woes was torn,
In cries to thee I shew'd my cause:
And was from ev'l by thee upborne,[1]

III

Yea, from the grave's moist hungry jaws:
Thou would'st not set me in their score,
Whom death in his cold bosom draws.

IV

Praise, praise this Lord then evermore,
Ye saints of his; rememb'ring still
With thanks his holiness therefore.

V

For quickly ends his wrathful will;
But his dear favour, where it lies,
From age to age life-joys doth fill.

[1] [Here Ruskin alters the punctuation. Davies has a full stop after "upborne"; Grosart, a semicolon. Davies has no stop at "jawes."]

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VI

Well may the evening clothe the eyes
In clouds of tears, but soon as sun
Doth rise again, new joys shall rise.

VII

For proof, while I my race did run,
Full of success, fond I did say,
That I should never be undone,

VIII

For then my hill, good God, did stay:
But aye, he straight his face did hide,
And what was I but wretched clay?

IX

Then thus to thee I praying cried,
"What serves, alas, the blood of me,
When I within the pit do bide?

X

"Shall ever earth give thanks to thee?
Or shall thy truth, on mankind laid
In deadly dust, declarèd be?

XI

"Lord, hear! let mercy thine be staid
On me, from me help this annoy."
This much I said, this being said,

XII

Lo, I that wailed, now dance for joy:
Thou did'st ungird my burial-cloth,[1]
And made me gladsome weeds enjoy.

[1] [Ruskin here alters the text (as explained in his note below), which in all MSS. reads:—

"Thou did'st ungird my dolefull sack
And mad'st me gladsome weedes enjoy
Therefore my tongue shall never lack
Thy endless prayse . . ."]

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XIII

Therefore my tongue's eternal troth
Shall tell thy praise: O God, my King,
I will thee thanks for ever sing.

This is one of the most simple and lovely of the paraphrases—more personally applicable by most readers than the more lofty original.

The three verses from the sixth to eighth are wholly exquisite. I have retouched the last two stanzas, which had a too provokingly quaint line in them.

1039. "*From me help.*" As Shakespeare's

> "Love did to her eyes repair
> To help him of his blindness."[1]

1042. "*Burial-cloth.*" Sackcloth, properly; but shortened by Sidney into sack, or sacque. We have vulgarized the word: it is a very classical one, the same in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and in Saxon and English.

RHYTHM, 4 ⏑⏑ terza rima.

[1] [*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iv. 2.]

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PSALM XXXI

IN TE, DOMINE, SPERAVI

I

All, all my trust, Lord, I have put in thee,
Never, therefore, let me confounded be,
But gently save me in thy righteousness,
Bow down thine ear to hear how much I need;
Deliver me, deliver me in speed:
Be thou my strong rock, be thou my fortress.[1]

II

Indeed thou art my rock and my fortress:
Then since my tongue delights that name to bless,
Direct me how to go and guide me right.
Preserve me from the wily wrapping net,
Which they for me with privy craft have set:
For still I say, thou art my only might.

III

Into thy hands I do commend my sprite:
For it is thou that hast restor'd my light:
O Lord, that art the God of verity.
I hated have those men, whose thoughts do cleave
To vanities: which most trust, most deceive:
For all my hope fixed upon God doth lie.

IV

Thy mercy shall me fill with jollity,
For my annoys have come before thine eye:

[1] [The other MSS. make "fortress" a trisyllable, reading, in this line, "be my forteress," and, in the next, "my rock, my forteress."]

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Thou well hast known what plague my soul was in.
And thou hast not for aye enclosèd me
Within the hand of hateful enmity:
But hast enlarged my feet from mortal gin.
. . . . . .[1]

V

All my fierce foes reproach on me did cast:
Yea neighbours, more, my mates, were so aghast,
That in the streets from sight of me they fled:
Now I, now I, myself forgotten find,
Even like a dead man, dreamèd out of mind,
Or like a broken pot, in mire that's tredd.[2]

VI

I understand what railing great men spread:
Fear was each where, while they their counsels led
All to this point, how my poor life to take;
But I did trust in thee. Lord, I did say,
Thou art my God, my time on thee doth stay:
Save me from foes who for my bane do seek.

VII

Thy face to shine upon thy servant make,
And save me in, and for, thy mercy's sake;
Let me not taste of shame, O Lord, most high.
For I have called on thee; let wicked folk
Confounded be; and pass away like smoke;
Let them in bed of endless silence die.

VIII

Let those lips be made dumb which love to lie;
Which full of spite, and pride, and cruelty,

[1] [Here Ruskin omits a stanza as "displeasingly quaint" (see below) —

"O Lord, of thee let me still mercy wynne;
For troubles, of all sides, have hemm'd me in:
My eyes, my guts, yea my soule, grief doth wast,
My life with heavines, my yeares with moane,
Doe pine: my strength with paine is wholie gone:
And ev'n my bones consume, where they be plast."]

[2] [The other MSS. (followed by Grosart) make "mire" a dissyllable, reading "in myer tredd."]

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Do throw their words against the most upright.
Oh, of thy grace what endless pleasure flows
To whom fear thee! What hast thou done for those
That trust in thee, ev'n in most open sight!

IX

And when need were, from pride in privy plight
Thou hast hid them; yet leaving them thy light,
From strife of tongues in thy pavilions plast.
Then praise, then praise, I do, the Lord of us,
Who was to me more than most gracious:
Far, far, more sure, than walls most firmly fast.

X

Yet I confess in that tempestuous haste
I said, that I from out thy sight was cast;
But thou did'st hear when I to thee did moan.
Then love the Lord all ye that feel his grace;
For this our Lord preserves the faithful race,
And to the proud in deed pays home their own.
Be strong, I say, this strength confirming you,
You that do trust in him who still is true,
And he shall your establishment renew.[1]

Few words in the Hebrew Scriptures seem to be more solemnly prophetic than this Psalm. But its use to ourselves depends upon our reading it as David meant it, and ourselves saying, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit,"—not as a foretelling of the death-words of Christ, but as a simple laying of our own daily life in the hands of its Giver.

The paraphrase is for the most part fine. I have omitted a verse of it, displeasingly quaint.

1063. "*Most trust*"—by a somewhat bold license for "most trusted."

[1] [Here the Davies MS. (as also the British Museum, 12,048) includes, it will be observed, one of those endings with supernumerary lines which Sidney afterwards deleted, rewriting the stanzas containing them (see above, p. xxiv.). Sidney's revised version of the stanza (in the Oxford MS.) is as follows:—

"Yet I confess in that tempestuous hast
I said that I from out Thy sight was cast;
But Thou didst heare me when I to Thee did cry.
Then loue the Lord, all ye that feel His grace,
For this our Lord preserves the faithfull race;
Be strong in hope, His strength shall you supply."]

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1065. "*Annois*" (so 1039). As much grander a word than "annoyance," as "grief" than "grievance."

1075. "*Dreamed.*" Only thought of, or remembered, as in a dream; and at last forgotten wholly.

1076. In reading this Psalm for ourselves, we must first consider whether we have ever really *had* this feeling of being outcast and useless. Many of us only do not mourn our good-for-nothingness, because we never knew in our lives what it was to be good for anything; and can't grieve over our likeness to a broken pot, because we never had the grace in us to be like a whole one.

1109. It is not Sidney's fault that this line is prosy, or the word "establishment" base to your ear. It is your own fault, for allowing the word to be painted over haberdashers' shops, which will be selling off "at ruinous prices" the day after to-morrow.

RHYTHM.—Sixfold, continuous. 5 ~~ a a b c c b, b b d e e d, etc., with added triplet in the close.

1076. "*Tredd.*" Perhaps only a license; but I believe rather a proper parallel with spread, as spredd from spread, and that "trodden" is in reality no more pure English than "sprodden." Use is all, in such cases.

1093. "*To whom.*" Again boldly short for "those who."

1095. "*Plight.*" Fold, as of dress.

1099. "*More than most.*" Four degrees of comparison, and even then not enough, as we find in the next verse. There is no real grammatical or logical fault. "Most," grammatically, means only greatest of what precedes, or is known, and may be as much less as we please than what follows, or is unknown.

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PSALM XXXIII

EXULTATE, JUSTI

I

Rejoice in God, O ye
That righteous be:
For cheerful thankfulness,
It is a comely part,
In them whose heart
Doth cherish rightfulness.

II

O praise with heart the Lord;
O now, accord
Viols with singing voice:
Let ten string'd instrument,
—O now,—be bent
To witness you rejoice.

III

A new,—sing a new,—song
To him most strong,
Sing loud and merrily:
Because that word of his
Most righteous is,
And his deeds faithful be.

IV

He righteousness approves,
And judgment loves:
God's goodness fills all lands
His word made heav'nly coast,
And all that host
By breath of his mouth stands.

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V

The waters of the seas
In heaps he lays,
And depths in treasure his:
Let all the earth fear God,
And who abroad
Of world a dweller is.

VI

For he spake not more soon,
Than it was done:
He bade, and it did stand.
He doth heath'n counsel break,
And maketh weak
The might of people's hand.

VII

But ever, ever shall
His counsels all
Throughout all ages last.
The thinkings of that mind
No end shall find,
When time's time shall be past.

VIII

That realm indeed hath bliss
Whose God he is,
Who him for their Lord take:
Even that people, even those
Whom this Lord chose
His heritage to make.

IX

The Lord looks from the sky:
Full well his eye
Beholds our mortal race.
Even where he dwelleth, he
Throughout doth see
Who dwell in dusky place.

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x

Since he our hearts doth frame,
He knows the same:
Their works he understands.
Hosts do the king not save;
Nor strong men have
Their help from mighty hands.

xi

Of quick strength is an horse,
And yet his force
Is but a succour vain:
Who trusts him, sooner shall
Catch harmful fall,
Than true deliverance gain.

xii

But lo, Jehovah's sight
On them doth light
Who him do truly fear:
And them which do the scope
Of all their hope
Upon his mercy bear.

xiii

His sight is them to save
Ev'n from the grave,
And keep from famine's pain.
Then on that Lord most kind
Fix we our mind,
Whose shield shall us maintain.

xiv

Our hearts sure shall enjoy
In him much joy
Who hope on his name just.
O let thy mercy great
On us be set;
We have no plea, but trust.

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I have retained this paraphrase with some doubt. But there are quaint flashes of earnestness about it which I cannot resolve to lose.

1113. "*It* is *a comely part.*" Accent the "is." It *is* comely, for the upright, to praise God. Very uncomely, for rascals to praise him. What comeliness there may be to God's eyes and ears in a modern commercial congregation singing Te Deum laudamus, is to be thought upon.

1127. Sung with real heart and joy, these three first stanzas, simple as they are, would be very lovely. The twice repeated "Oh, now," is pretty in its eagerness.

1131. "*Heavenly coast.*" Made the earth and the other worlds, as a coast to the sea of heaven.

1152. "*That realm.*" This stanza entirely depends on its accents for force and beauty. Thus the rhythmic accent on "their," in the third line, is equivalent to italicizing it.

The fourth line is to be scanned like Latin.

"Ev'n thāt pĕopl', ēvĕn thōse
Whŏm this," etc. Compare 1194.

The rest of the Psalm will be beautiful to people who mean it, and *trivial* to people who do not.

Rhythm.—Sixfold. 3 2 3 3 2 3, ⏑⏑ a a b c c b.

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PSALM XXXIV

BENEDICAM DOMINO

I

I, ev'n I, will always
Give hearty thanks to him on high,
And in my mouth continually
Inhabit shall his praise.
My soul shall glory still
In that dear Lord with true delight:
That hearing it, the hearts contrite
May learn their joys to fill.

II

Come then and join with me
Somewhat to speak of his due praise:
Strive we that in some worthy phrase
His name may honour'd be.
Thus I begin: I sought
This Lord, and he did hear my cry:
Yea, and from dreadful misery,
He me, he only brought.

III

This shall men's fancies frame
To look and run to him for aid,
Whose faces on his comfort stay'd
Shall never blush for shame.
For lo, this wretch did call,
And lo, his call the skies did climb:
And God freed him, in his worst time,
From out his troubles all.

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IV

His angels' armies round
About them pitch, who him do fear;
And watch and ward, for such, do bear
To keep them safe and sound.
I say, but taste, and see
How sweet, how gracious is his grace:
Lord, he is in thrice blessèd case
Whose trust is all on thee.

V

Fear God, ye saints of his,
For nothing they can ever want
Who faithful fears in him do plant;
They have, and shall have, bliss.
The lions oft lack food,
Those raveners' whelps oft starvèd be:
But who seek God with constancy
Shall nothing need that's good.

VI

Come, children, lend your ear
To me, and mark what I do say;
For I will teach to you the way
How this our Lord to fear.
Among you, who is here,
That life, and length of life requires,
And blessing such, with length, desires,
As life[1] may good appear?

VII

Keep well thy lips and tongue,
Lest inward ills do them defile;
Or that by words enwrapt in guile
Another man be stung.
Do good; from faults decline,
Seek peace, and follow after it:
For God's own eyes on good men sit,
His ears to them incline.

[1] ["Life" in the British Museum MS. also. Groeart (following the Cambridge MS.) reads "length."]

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VIII

So his high heavenly face
Is bent, but bent against those same
That wicked be, their very name
From earth quite to displace.
The just, when harms approach,
Do cry; their cry of him is heard;
And by his care for them is barr'd
All trouble, all reproach.

IX

To humble, broken minds
This Lord is ever, ever near;
And will save whom his true sight clear
In spright afflicted finds.
Indeed the very best
Most great and grievous pains doth bear:
But God shall him to safety rear,
When most he seems oppress'd.

X

His bones he keepeth all,
So that not one of them is broke;
But malice shall the wicked choke;
Who hateth God, shall fall.
God doth all souls redeem
Who wear his blessed livery:
None, still I say, shall ruined be,
Who him their trust esteem.

This Psalm is one of the most distinct in promise of temporal blessing to the meek; little proved, far less disproved, because it is so difficult to know who *are* meek and faithful.

The version is, for the most part, very beautiful; though the first stanza is unusually forced in metre and phrase. Spenser's stanza,[1] the expansion of the fourth, here, with its added similes, "like flying pursuivant" and diluting words, "*duly* ward," would be felt entirely artificial compared to this in its simple and true joy, if both were sung in succession.

[1] [*Faerie Queene*, ii. 8, 2: see Vol. XXII. p. 503.]

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1194. The line will not scan unless read with great resoluteness, and subdued emphasis on the I's, as if the speaker uttered them with hushed breath:—

"Ĭ, ĕv'n Ĭ,—will ălwaies."

1201. "*To fill their joys.*" As to fill wine in a cup. But it is a forced phrase.

1239. "Who is here, among you, who would have life, and length of life, and such blessing with the length of it that it may all seem good?" The couplet is obscure,[1] but, once clearly understood, it would be very pleasant to sing; and so to the end.

RHYTHM.—Octave. 3 4 4 3 3 4 4 3 ~~ a b b a c d d c.

[1] [See the alternative reading, above.]

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PSALM XXXV

JUDICA, DOMINE

I

Speak thou for me against wrong-speaking foes;
Thy force, O Lord, against their force oppose:
Take up thy shield and for my succour stand;
Yea, take thy lance, and stop the way of those
That seek my bane—O make me understand
In spright, that I shall have thy helping hand.

II

Confound those folks, thrust them in shameful hole,
That hunt so poor a prey as is my soul.
Rebuke, and wreck, on those wrong doers throw,
Who for my hurt each way their thoughts did roll;
And as vile chaff away the wind did blow,
Let angel thine a-scattering make them go.

III

Let angel thine pursue them as they fly,
But let their flight be dark and slippery;
For, causeless, they both pit and net did set:
For, causeless, they did seek to make me die:
Let their sly wits unwares destruction get,
Fall in self-pit, be caught in their own net.

IV

Then shall I joy in thee, then saved by thee,
I both in mind and bones shall gladdened[1] be.
Ev'n bones shall say, O God, who is thy peer?
Who poor and weak from rich and strong dost free:
Who helpest those whose ruin was so near,
From him whose force did in their souls[2] appear.

[1] [Ruskin's alteration for "gladded."]
[2] [So in Davies, and the sense (as Ruskin says in his note below) is obscure; but the other MSS. read "did in their spoils appear."]

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V

Who did me wrong, against me witness bare,
Laying such things as never in me were:
So my good deeds they pay with evil share,
With cruel minds thy very soul to tear.
And whose? ev'n his, who when they sickness bare,
With inward woe, an outward sackcloth ware.

VI

I did pull down myself, fasting for such,
I pray'd with prayers which my breast did touch:
In sum, I showed that I to them was bent
As brothers, or as friends belovèd much.
Still, still for them I humbly mourning went,
Like one that should his mother's death lament.

VII

But lo! soon as they did me stagg'ring see,
Who joy but they, when they assembled be?
Then abjects, while I was unwitting, quite
Against me swarm, causeless to rail at me
With scoffers false, I was their feast's delight,
Even gnashing teeth, to witness more their spite.

VIII

Lord, wilt thou see, and wilt thou suffer it?
Oh! on my soul let not those tumults hit.
Save me distress'd from lions cruel kind,
I will thank thee, where congregations sit,
Even where I do most store of people find,
Most to thy lauds will I my speeches bind.

IX

Then, then let not my foes unjustly joy;
Let them not fleer, who me would now destroy:
Who never word of peace yet utter would,
But hunt with craft the quiet man's annoy,
And said to me, wide mouthing,[1] as they could:
"Aha, sir, now we see you where we should."

[1] [Ruskin's alteration (which is in accordance with the British Museum MS.) for "mowing" in the Chiswick Press edition.]

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x

This thou hast seen, and wilt thou silent be?
O Lord, do not absent thyself from me;
But rise,—but wake,—that I may judgment get.
My Lord, my God, ev'n for my equity,
Judge, Lord; judge God, even in thy justice great:
Let not their joy upon my woes be set.

xi

Let them not, Lord, within their hearts thus say:
"O soul, rejoice, we made this wretch our prey."
But throw them down, put them to endless blame,
Who make a cause to joy of my decay.
Let them be cloth'd in most confounding shame,
That lift themselves my ruin for to frame.

xii

But make such glad, and full of joyfulness,
That yet bear love unto my righteousness:
Yet, let them say, "Laud be to God always,
Who love, with God, his servants good to bless."[1]
As for my tongue, while I have any days,
Thy justice witness shall, and speak thy praise.

I cannot guess under what circumstances this Psalm was written;[2] nor the real intent of it, metaphorical or practical. There are few living by whom all its words can be adopted, except in an entirely modified and distant sense. Nevertheless, few people are verily good for much in this world, who cannot at least say, "With hypocritical mockers in feasts, they gnashed upon me with their teeth."

1286. "*Let angel thine.*" Latin order again,—familiar as English, to Sidney, may some day, it is to be hoped, be also again to us. The echoing chant in this and the next verse, "angel thine,—causeless, they," is taken

[1] [In Davies, "Who loves, with God . . ." (which makes no sense); but in other MSS., "Who loues with good His servants good to blesse."]

[2] [Usually interpreted as a Psalm of the captivity; some reading it as the experience of an individual, others as that of the inner circle of the Jewish community personified. The Psalm describes the "religious practices by which the afflicted Jews sought to propitiate their God and the contempt with which the men of Belial watched their conduct" (Cheyne, *Book of Psalms*, vol. i. p. 144).]

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up again and again, in answering or opposing couplets, throughout the march of the Psalm:—

> "Then shall I joy in thee,—then saved by thee,
> Who poor and weak, from rich and strong, dost free.
> Who did me wrong—against me witness bare," etc.

1291. "*Self-pit.*" The pit of their own self: as we say of a man, he was no one's enemy but his own.

1297. "*Appear.*" I don't understand this line.[1] Perhaps appear, or appeere, may have some sense I do not know.

1298, 1299. The construction is, "They who did me wrong, bare witness, laying against me," etc.

1343. A difficult verse.[2] Who love to bless God, and his good servants.
"It" must be understood after "tongue" in next line.

RHYTHM.—Sixfold. 5 ⏑ a a b a b b.

[1] [Incorrectly given in the MS. followed by Ruskin: see above.]
[2] [Again incorrectly given: see above.]

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PSALM XLI

BEATUS QUI INTELLIGIT

I

He blessèd is who with wise temper can
  Judge of th' afflicted man,
For God shall him deliver in the time
  When most his troubles climb.
The Lord will keep his life yet safe and sound,
  With blessings of the ground;
And will not him unto the will expose
  Of them that be his foes.

II

When bed from rest becomes his seat of woe,
  In God his strength shall grow,
And turn his couch, where sick he couchèd late,
  To well recover'd state;
Therefore I said in most infirmity,
  Have mercy, Lord, on me:
O, heal my soul, let there thy cure begin,
  Where 'gainst thee lay my sin.

III

My foes, ill words their hate of me display,
  While thus, alas, they say:
"When, when will death o'ertake this wretched wight,
  And his name perish quite?"
Their courteous visitings are courting lies,
  They inward ill disguise,
Ev'n heaps of wicked thoughts, which straight they show
  As soon as out they go.

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IV

For then their hateful heads close whisp'ring be,
With hurtful thoughts to me,
Now he is wreck'd,[1] say they, lo, there he lies,
Who never more must rise.
O, you my friend, to whom I did impart
The secrets of my heart,
My friend, I say, who at my table sat,
Did kick against my state.

V

Therefore, O Lord, abandon'd thus of all,
On me let mercy fall;
And raise me up, that I may once have might,
Their merits to requite:
But what? this doth already well appear
That I to thee am dear:
Since foes, nor have, nor shall have, cause to be
Triumphing over me.

VI

But triumph well may I, whom thou did'st stay
In my sound rightful way:
Whom thou (O place of places all) dost place,
For aye, before thy face.
So then be blest now, then, at home, abroad,
Of Israel the God:
World without end, let still this blessing flow,
Oh so; oh be it so.

This Psalm is of singular importance in the blessing promised to the man who *understands* the poor.[2] There are hundreds of places in which direct help to them is commanded, or blessed; but here is meant the rarer virtue of understanding their infirmities. For which the reward is that God will make our own bed, in our own sickness, and uphold us in our integrity before those who think evil of us, and above all that he will bless us with the blessing of the poor; blessings of the *ground*—on humility of heart.

[1] [Ruskin's alteration for "wrackt."]
[2] [Compare *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, § 44 (Vol. XII. p. 67).]

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1351. "*Blessings of the ground.*" As distinct from those of the soul, for which he prays immediately afterwards that the healing may begin with *it*;—(line 1360).

1366. "*Their courteous visitings.*" These complaints of David against his false friends have never been clearly intelligible to me; at least so far as the Psalm may be understood of literal sickness. If a man is worth anything, as far as I know the world, even his enemies become his friends when he is ill. But compare the fifty-fifth Psalm.

1377. "Did" instead of "didst," for euphony. So 1458.

RHYTHM.—Octave. 5 3 5 3 5 3 5 3 ~~~ a a b b c c d d.

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PSALM XLII

QUEMADMODUM

I

As the chafed[1] hart which brayeth
Seeking some refreshing brook,
So my soul in panting playeth,
Thirsting on my God to look.
My soul thirsts indeed, in me,
After ever-living thee;
Ah, when comes my blessèd being,
Of thy face to have a seeing?

II

Day and night my tears out-flowing
Have been my ill-feeding food,—
With their daily questions throwing,
Where is now thy God so good?
My heart melts, rememb'ring so,
How in troops I wont to go:
Leading them, his praises singing,
Holy dance to God's house bringing.

III

Why art thou, my soul, so sorry,
And in me so much dismay'd?
Wait on God, for yet his glory
In my song shall be display'd.
When but with one look of his
He shall me restore to bliss.
Ah, my soul itself appalleth,
In such longing thoughts it falleth.

[1] [The British Museum MS. reads "chased."]

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IV

For my mind on my God bideth,
  Ev'n from Hermon's dwelling led,
From the grounds where Jordan slideth,
  And from Mizar's hilly head.
  One deep with noise of his fall,
  Other deeps of woes doth call:
While my God, with wasting wonders,
On me, wretch, his tempest thunders.

V

All thy floods on me abounded,
  Over me all thy waves went:
Yet thus still my hope is grounded,
  That, thy anger being spent,
  I by day thy love shall taste,
  I by night shall singing last,
Praying;—prayers still bequeathing,
To my God that gave me breathing.

VI

I will say, "O Lord, my tower,
  Why am I forgot by thee?
Why should grief my heart devour
  While the foe oppresseth me?
  Those vile scoffs of naughty ones
  Wound and rend me to the bones;
When foes ask, with foul deriding,
Where is now your God abiding?"

VII

Why art thou, my soul, so sorry,
  And in me so much dismay'd?
Wait on God, for yet his glory
  In my song shall be display'd.
  To him my thanks shall be said,
  Who is still my present aid:
And in fine my soul be raised,
God is my God, by me praised.

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I am not clear about the meaning of this Psalm.[1] I do not see why the king's soul was disquieted, or for what oppression of the enemy, or what comfort was in memory of the hill Mizar. But it is a Psalm good for all of us when we are disquieted about anything: above all, a lesson to most of us that we are not disquieted enough by that sacred thirst.

1396. "*In panting playeth.*" I believe the meaning is that his soul wavers or trembles in panting, as we say waves or ripples "play."

1404. "*With their daily questions throwing.*" Awkward and unscholarly in expression; and, indeed, this paraphrase greatly embarrasses me, in its unusual forcing of expression and accent, while yet in tenderness of feeling it is one of the loveliest.

1416. "*My soul itself appalleth, in such longing.*" So in Psalm cxix.: "My soul fainteth, for the longing that it hath unto thy judgments."

1422. "*One deep, with noise.*" This false accent, and still harsher "Thy wāves wĕnt" (1427), and "When foĕs āsk" (1440), are not like Sidney's work. "To him my thanks" (1446), "God is my God" (1449), have more reason in them, but are still ungraceful. In 1490 it rhymes to "poured." The next Psalm, however (xliii.), is still worse; but then follows the "Deus auribus," given with singularly fluent melody, though with the same concessions in language.

RHYTHM.—Octave. 4̃ 4 4̃ 4 4̃ 4 4̃ 4 ~~ a b a b c c d d.

[1] [On the text of the Psalm, as given in the Bible, various theories have been founded; as, for instance, that the Psalm is "the outpouring of King Jehoiachim, the last of David's line, from the heights of Hermon, as he looked down for the last time on the land which he was leaving" (*Golden Treasury Psalter*, p. 211). Cheyne, however, retranslating the Psalm from a corrected text (from which the "hill Mizar" disappears), explains that "the poet thinks himself back into the period of the great catastrophe when the Edomites were establishing themselves by degrees in the southland of Judah" (*Book of Psalms*, vol. i. p. 184).]

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PSALM XLIV[1]

DEUS, AURIBUS

I

LORD, our fathers' true relation,
Often made, hath made us know
How thy power, on each occasion,
Thou of old, for them did show.
How thy hand the pagan foe
Rooting hence, thy folk implanting,
Leafless made that branch to grow,—
This, to spring, no verdure wanting.

II

Never could their sword procure them
Conquest of the promis'd land:
Never could their force assure them
When they did in danger stand.
No, it was thy arm, thy hand;
No, it was thy favour's treasure
Spent upon thy lovèd band:
Lovèd, why? for thy wise pleasure.

[1] [The version of this Psalm in the Oxford MS. is very different. Woodford notes that in the MS. which he was transcribing it was "marked with 3 little crosses at top and whole lightly crossed with pen." He adds: "Quære whether further corrected or now made." The first stanza (to give an example of the subsequent revision) runs:—

"Our Fathers, Lord, by hearing
Have made us understand
Thy works before their eyes appearing
In time gone long ago;
How rooting nations, them thy hand
Did plant, and planted nourish,
The stock profane did leafless grow,
The faithful branch did flourish."]

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III

Unto thee stand I subjected,
I that did of Jacob spring:
Bid then that I be protected,
Thou that art my God, my King
By that succour thou didst bring,
We their pride[1] that us assailèd,
Down did tread, and back did fling,
In thy name confus'd and quailèd.

IV

For my trust was not reposèd
In mine own, though strongest bow:
Nor my scabbard held enclosèd
That, whence should my safety flow.
Thou, O God, from every foe
Didst us shield, our haters shaming:
Thence thy daily praise we show,
Still thy name with honour naming.

V

But aloof thou now dost hover,
Grieving us with all disgrace:
Hast resign'd, and given over
In our camp thy Captain's place.
Back we turn, that turnèd face,
Fleeing them that erst we foiled:
See, our goods, (O changèd case,)
Spoil'd by them that late we spoil'd.

VI

Right as sheep to be devoured,
Helpless here we lie alone:
Scatt'ringly by thee outpoured,
Slaves to dwell with Lords unknown.
Sold we are,—but silver none
Told for us:—by thee so prized,
As for nought to be foregone;
Graceless, worthless, vile, despised.

[1] [Ed. 1 reads "guide" for "pride" in the Chiswick Press edition (and other MSS.), which latter word is here restored, on the assumption that "guide" was a misprint or an error in transcription, and not an intended alteration by Ruskin. The verse here paraphrased is, "Through thee we will push down our enemies; through thy name will we tread them under that rise up against us."]

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VII

By them all that dwell about us,
Toss'd we fly, as balls of scorn,
All our neighbours laugh and flout us,
Men by thee in shame forlorn.
Proverb-like, our name is worn,
Oh, how fast! in foreign places;
What head-shakings are forborne
Wordless taunts and dumb disgraces.

VIII

So rebuke before me goeth,
As my self doth daily go:
So confusion on me groweth,
That my face I blush to show.
By reviling, sland'ring foe
Inly wounded, thus I languish:
Watchful[1] spite, with outward blow,
Anguish adds to inward anguish.

IX

All, all this on us hath lighted,
Yet to thee our love doth last:
As we were,—we are—delighted
Still to hold thy cov'nant fast:
Unto none our hearts have past;
Unto none our feet have slidden;
Though us, down to dragons cast,
Thou in deadly shade hast hidden.

X

If our God we had forsaken,
Or forgot what he assign'd,
If ourselves we had betaken
Gods to serve of other kind,
Should not he our doubling find,
Though conceal'd and closely lurking?
Since his eye of deepest mind
Deeper sinks than deepest working.

[1] [The Chiswick Press edition reads "Wrathful"; the British Museum MS. (12,048), "wrackfull." "Watchful" is either a conjectural alteration of Ruskin's, or a misprint (or error in transcription).]

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XI

Surely, Lord, this daily murther
For thy sake we thus sustain:
For thy sake esteem'd no further
Than as sheep that must be slain.
Up, O Lord, up once again,
Sleep not ever, slack not ever:
Why dost thou forget our pain?
Why to hide thy face persever?

XII

Heavy grief our soul abaseth,
Prostrate it on dust doth lie:
Earth our body fast embraceth,
Nothing can the clasp untie.
Rise, and us with help supply;
Lord, in mercy so esteem us,
That we may thy mercy try,
Mercy may from thrall redeem us.

If this Psalm in the original be David's at all, it is written by him for the people, not for himself; nor do I understand at what time, unless just after the victory of the Philistines over Saul.[1] The verses 17 to 20 could not have been sung by the people in any of the later reigns of ruin.

1471. "*Assailèd.*" The metre throughout this Psalm requires these participles to have their last syllable sounded. But it is thus quite spoiled for reading without music: I give it in the original form; but all these words should be contracted in reading.

1473. "*Quailed.*" Nearly always used by Sidney in the sense of quelled. Both came from the Saxon, and become "kill" in later English.

1482. "*But aloof.*" This and the next stanza are very grand.

[1] ["The situation is briefly this. The Davidic king has been set aside, and further resistance has become hopeless. There is no security for life in the land of Israel; Israel is mocked by all, and captives or fugitives of its race are scattered everywhere. 'Where is thy God?' is the blasphemous cry of the Arabians and Jerahmeelites. Israel has not deserved such a fate; it is true, sincerely true, to its legal obligations; indeed, it is its religious strictness which so exasperates its enemies. How can Yahwè be angry with his people? Israel is down-trodden—is even nigh to death. An appeal to the divine loving-kindness is its only hope. The assumed background, therefore, is not the time of Hezekiah and Sennacherib, but that of the Exile" (Cheyne, *The Book of Psalms*, 1904, vol. i. p. 193).]

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1545. This writer (Sidney, or whoever it may be) is apt to be strangely careless in his last lines,—totally reversing the modern practice of leading up to them. He seems to sing his best in the middle of the song, and to leave off tired.[1]

RHYTHM.—Trochaic. 4 3 4 3 3 4 3 3 ⏑⏑ a b a b b c b c.

I omit the following four paraphrases, in each of which some little grotesque or commonplace expression, too likely to catch the reader's memory, occurs;—while the original Psalms are more beautiful than any altered form of them could be. I have given the last stanza of the 48th in the preface,[2] only as an example of the way in which such change of form, admittedly inferior, may sometimes be helpful.

[1] [Compare below, pp. 266, 292.]
[2] [Not in the "Preface" so called, but in the introductory essay "Of the Sidney Metres," § 3 (p. 131).]

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PSALM XLIX[1]

AUDITE HÆC, OMNES

I

World-dwellers all, give heed to what I say;
To all I speak, to rich, poor, high, and low;
Knowledge the subject is my heart conceives,
Wisdom the words shall from my mouth proceed,
Which I will measure by melodious ear,
And ridled speech to tuned harp accord.

II

The times of evil, why should they me dismay?
When mischief shall my footsteps overflow?
And first from him whom fickle wealth deceives,
Which his too great vain confidence doth breed,
Since no man can his brother's life outbear,
Nor yield for him his ransom to the Lord.

III

For dear the price that for a soul must pay,
And death his prisoner never will forgo.
Nay, tell me, whom, but longer time he leaves,
Respited from the tomb for treasure's meed?
Sure, at his summons, wise and fools appear,
And others spend the riches they did hoard.

IV

A second thinks his house shall not decay,
Nor time his glorious buildings overthrow,
Nam'd proudly of his name, where folly reaves
Exalted men, of sense; and they indeed
A brutish life and death, as beasts they were,
Do live and die; of whom is no record.

[1] [For a note on this paraphrase in the Oxford MS., see the Introduction (p. xxiv.).]

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v

Yea these, whose race approves their peevish way,
Death in the pit, his carrion food, doth stow:
And lo, the first succeeding light perceives
The just installed in the great man's stead;
Nay,—far his prince; when once that lovely cheer,
Lovely in house, in tomb becomes abhorred.

VI

But God, my God, to intercept the prey
Of my life from the grave will not foreslowe,
For he it is, he only me receives:
Then though one rich do grow, though glory's seed
Spring with increase: yet stand thou free from fear;
Of all his pomp, death shall him nought afford.

VII

Please they themselves, and think at happiest stay
Who[1] please themselves: yet to their fathers go
Must they, to endless dark: for folly reaves
Exalted men, of sense; and they indeed
A brutish life and death, as beasts they were,
Do live, and die; of whom is none record.[2]

As far as I understand this Psalm, it declares again simply what the first did, that the ungodly shall have no part in the resurrection to judgment, but shall perish as the beasts. In both Septuagint and Vulgate the "high" and "low" of the second verse is "Sons of Earth" and "Sons of Men";[3] but I think the phrase "Sons of Earth" means here "noble," or of ancient race; men such that their posterity approve their sayings, verse 13; and they call their lands after their own names, verse 11,

[1] [The Oxford MS. reads "To" for "Who."]

[2] [Here, as in other Psalms, the last stanza originally contained additional lines (as noted in the Oxford MS.) thus:—

"He living through his life at happiest stay,
So flatterers in his ears did whispering blow;
But they shall ly where erst their Fathers lay,
In shade of death, where Life shall never show;
And justly, sure, for surely folly reaves"—

and then the three last lines as in our text.]

[3] [In Cheyne's retranslation the verse becomes, "Hear this, all ye Edomites. Attend all ye, of Ismael" (*Book of Psalms*, vol. i. p. 217).]

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or themselves after the name of their lands. If the solemn "they shall never see light" of the 19th verse, does not pronounce death on the unjust, the entire Psalm would be valueless; whereas it is introduced by its grave prelude, as one of more than usual use, and more than ordinarily to be attended truth.

RHYTHM.—Sixfold, sequent from beginning to end, with six rhymes—
5 ~~~ a b c d e f—a b c d e f, etc.

1551. "*Ridled*"—"sifted." The word riddle, I suppose, first means a remnant of words with concentrated meaning, after all explanatory ones have been removed: "out of the Eater came forth meat,"[1] or the like.

1555. Inversion too far forced; the meaning, "which doth breed his confidence."[2]

1560. "*But longer.*" Tell me whom he has even so much as respited.

1566. "*Reaves.*" For "bereaves"—*i.e.*, of sense.

1574. "*Nay, far his prince.*" Getting far above, or before, the great man, when once that lovely face of his becomes abhorred.

1577. "*Foreslowe*"—another rare word, for to delay, neglect, or omit.

[1] [Judges xiv. 14.]
[2] [In the Oxford MS. lines 1554–1555 are:—

". . . whom fickle trust deceives
Of wealth which his vain confidence doth breed."]

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PSALM L[1]

DEUS DEORUM

I

The mighty God, the ever-living Lord,
All nations from earth's uttermost confines
Summoneth by his pursuivant, his word,
And out of beauty's beauty Sion shines.
God comes, he comes, with ear and tongue restor'd;
His guard huge storms, hot flames his ushers go:
And, called, their apparance to record,
Heav'n hasteth from above, earth from below.

II

He sits his people's judge, and thus commands:
"Gather me hither that beloved line,
Whom solemn sacrifice's holy bands
Did in eternal league with me combine.
Then, when the heav'ns subsigned with their hands,
That God in justice eminently reigns,
Controlling so, as nothing counterstands
What once decree his sacred doom contains.

[1] [The version of this Psalm is different in the Oxford MS. Stanza 1 is here transcribed as a specimen:—

"The ever living God, the mighty Lord,
Hath sent abroad his pursuivant, his word,
To all the earth, to which in circling race
Rising or falling sun doth show his face.
Beauty of beauties, Sion, is the place
Which he will beautify by his appearing.
God comes, he comes and will not silent stay,
Consuming flames shall usher him the way,
A guard of storms about him shall attend,
Then by his voice he for the earth shall send
And make the vaulted heaven to earthward bend,
That he may judge his people in their hearing."]

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III

"You then, my folk, to me your God attend:
Hark, Israel, and hear my[1] people's blame:
Not want of sacrifice doth me offend,
Nor do I miss thy altar's daily flame.
To me thy stall no fatted bull shall send;
Should I exact one he-goat from thy fold?
I, that as far as hills, woods, fields, extend,
All birds and beasts in known possession hold.

IV

"Suppose me hungry;—yet to beg thy meat,
I would not tell thee that I hungry were:
My self may take, what needs me then intreat?
Since earth is mine, and all that earth doth bear.
But do I long the brawny flesh to eat
Of that dull beast that serves the ploughman's need?
Or do I thirst to quench my thirsty heat,
In what the throats of bearded cattle breed?

V

"O no; bring God of praise a sacrifice:
Thy vowèd heart unto the highest pay:
Invoke my name, to me erect thy cries,
Thy praying plaints, when sorrow stops thy way;
I will undo the knot that anguish ties,
And thou at peace shalt glorify my name:"
Mildly the good, God schooleth in this wise,
But this sharp check doth to the wickèd[2] frame:

VI

"How fits it *thee* my statutes to report,
And of thy cov'nant in thy talk to prate?
Hating to live in right reformèd sort,
And leaving in neglect what I relate.
See'st thou a thief? thou grow'st of his consort:
Dost with adult'rers to adult'ry go:
Thy mouth is slander's ever-open port,
And from thy tongue doth nought but treason flow.

[1] [The Chiswick Press edition reads "thy."]
[2] [The Chiswick Press edition reads "godlesse"; for Ruskin's alteration, see his note below.]

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VII

"Nay, ev'n thy brother thy rebukes disgrace,
And thou in spite defam'st thy mother's son:
And for I wink awhile, thy thoughts embrace,—
'God is like me, and doth as I have done.'
But lo, thou see'st I march another pace,
And come with truth thy falsehood to disclose:
Thy sin reviv'd upbraids thy blushing face,
Which thou long dead in silence did suppose.

VIII

"O lay up this in marking memory,
You that are wont God's judgments to forget:
In vain to others for release you fly,
If once on you I griping fingers set.
And know the rest: my dearest worship I
In sweet perfume of off'red praise do place:
And who directs his goings orderly,
By my conduct shall see God's saving grace."

Of the general tenor of the great lesson given in this Psalm to all worshippers of God throughout the world, there is, fortunately, no doubt possible. But our acceptance of the construction and course of the Psalm, with some of the weight of the lesson, depend on the interpretation we give to the fifth verse.[1] The proper word for Saint, in Greek, is ἅγιος. But the word in the Septuagint here is ὅσιος. And I have no doubt, therefore, that the Septuagint translators took a view of the Psalm which will make it entirely simple and direct from beginning to end. The first four verses, thus read, describe a solemn coming of God to pronounce true judgment, with all the witness of heaven and earth, upon "*his people*"—his nominal worshippers.

And the fifth verse calls these together to receive judgment,—all, namely, who have, in the sight of the world, made a covenant with God by sacrifice, and taken upon them the name of his people. Then the pronounced judgment is the separation of the "ὅσιοι"—this visible Church, into sheep and goats,—to the first of whom, true-minded, yet trusting too much to their material sacrifice, the message comes,—"thinkest thou," etc., but to the wicked and false-minded God says, Why dost thou take my *covenant* in thy mouth, when thou hatest my teaching, and hast cast my words behind thee?

[1] ["Gather my saints together unto me; those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice."]

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Thus understood, the entire Psalm is one of trenchant practical power for all time: and I am under a strong impression that the complete retributive system alleged throughout the Psalter is that those who have lived only godless, shall die like beasts;[1] but that those who have believed in God, and yet betrayed him, shall be cast into outer darkness—*"there,* shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."[2]

1592. *"With ear and tongue restor'd."* After seeming not to hear prayers, and keeping silence in judgment—at last to hear, to speak, again! Compare verse 21, and lines 1643–1648.

1594. *"Apparance."* From Latin "Apparitor."

1597. *"That beloved line."* Israel, including evil and good.

1600. *"Then, when the heavens."* I don't understand Sidney's additional lines here. He probably means that the heavens subsigned in the fire and hail on Egypt.

1619. *"Bearded cattle,"* for goats.

1627. *"Wicked."* I have replaced the original word,[3]—Sidney, having missed the bearing of the passage, had put "godless," which made the sequence unintelligible.

1631. *"Relate."* In Latin sense, with full meaning of the constant reference and relation between God and man.

1638. *"Thy thoughts embrace."* "*Hug* the thought"—hold it fast, and will not let it go.

1643. *"Did."* Again[4] by euphony, for "didst."

1651. *"Conduct,"* with accent on last syllable, short for conducting,—God "marching another pace."

RHYTHM.—Octave. 5 ⏑⏑ a b a b a c a c.

[For some verses of Psalm LII., see "Of the Sidney Metres," § 6 (above, p. 132).]

[1] [Compare below, p. 284, and p. 303 (note on verse 37).]
[2] [Matthew viii. 12.]
[3] [That is, the word in the Bible version of verse 16: "But unto the wicked God saith," etc.]
[4] [Compare above, note on 419, p. 168.]

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PSALM LIII

DIXIT INSIPIENS

I

There is no God, the fool doth say,
If not in word, in thought and will:
This fancy rotten deeds bewray,
And studies fix'd on loathesome ill.
Not one doth good: from heavn'ly hill,
Jehova's eye, one wiser mind
Could not discern, that held the way,
To understand, and God to find.

II

They all have stray'd, are cank'red all:
Not one I say, not one doth good.
But senselessness,—what should I call
Such carriage of this cursèd brood?
My people are their bread, their food;
Upon my name they scorn to cry;
Whom vain affright doth yet appal,
Where no just ground of fear doth lie.

III

But on their bones shall wreakèd be
All thy invaders' force and guile,
The[2] vile confusion cast by thee,
For God himself shall make them vile.

[1] [The version of this Psalm, again, is different in the Oxford MS.; but it is "crossed in the body of it and with 3 crosses at the beginning." Stanza I reads:—

"The fool in foolish fancy says
There is no God that marks men's ways,
So he and all the witten train
Such deeds both do, and done maintain,
Whose hatefull touch the earth doth stain.
Who good among them? None."]

[2] [The Chiswick Press edition and other MSS. read (and surely rightly) "In."]

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Ah! why delays that happy while,
When Syon[1] shall our saver bring?
The Lord his folk will one day free,
Then Jacob's house shall dance and sing.

1670. "*The vile confusion cast by thee.*" I do not know what account is given of this recurrence of the 14th Psalm;[2] but as an appointment of Providence in the ordering of the collected books of Scripture, it is strangely significant; twice over insisting on its plain lesson of the eternal separation of the malignant fool who sees no God, from the loving wise, who see God always; and, twice over, laying the same pitfall before the unhappy sect who would fain hide their own sins and ignorances under the abuse of human nature; this line, "the vile confusion cast by thee," is like a prophetic intimation by Sidney of the existing state of Protestantism. One of my friends, an actively benevolent and sensible woman, was complaining to a Low-Church clergyman the other day that he had not spoken in his sermon what had helped her, because "he did not know what was in her mind." "I know your mind perfectly well" (answered the poor puppy), "*I* am a sinner, *you* are a sinner."

1654. "*Bewray.*" The rotten deeds bewray, or betray, the fancy into darkness.

1662. "*What should I call.*" There is no name for such folly. Have they *no* knowledge then?

Any wise man will have, constantly, this feeling of the unspeakable, in reading modern political literature.

1668. "*On their bones.*" The force and guile of their enemies shall fall back on their (own) bones, scattering them; "as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood."[3]

RHYTHM.—Octave. 4 ⏑⏑ a b a b b c a c.

The next following Psalm is little more than the expansion of the last clause of this one.

[1] [This is Ruskin's emendation for "Sun" in the original, which was obviously an error. The Bible (verse 6) has, "Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion."]

[2] ["An Elohistic edition of Psalm xiv." (Cheyne, i. 238).]

[3] [Psalms cxli. 7.]

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PSALM LIV

DEUS, IN NOMINE

LORD, let thy name my saving succour be,
Defend my wrongèd cause by thy just might:
Lord, let my crying voice be heard of thee,
Let not my heavy words be counted light,
For strangers I against me risen see,
Who hunt me hard, and sore my soul affright;
Possess'd with fear of God in no degree.
But God, thou art my helper in my right,
Thou succour send'st to such as succour me;
Then pay them home, who thus against me fight,
And let thy truth cut down their treachery.
So I with off'rings shall thy altars dight,
Praising thy name which thus has set me free:
Giving me scope to soar with happy flight
Above my evils; and on my enemy,
Making me see what I to see delight.

These repeated cries of David against his enemies will always remain utterly unintelligible to a Church living in compromise with sin, and would instantly become terrifically intelligible to any body of Christians honestly endeavouring to do their duty as God's servants. And the Devil continually uses a good man's neighbourliness and goodnature to betray him into this compromise. Wide worldly applause, and the pleasure he has in the visible good done by him to his own friends and in his own circle, blind him to his falling away from loyalty to the *justice*[1] of God. I could name clergymen whose lives, floating, admired and beloved, in iridescent bubbles down the black current of their country's iniquity, will be strange signs of the times, in future history.

RHYTHM.—Couplet. 4 ⏑⏑ and a b, a b, sequent throughout.

[1] [That is, righteousness: see above, p. 121.]

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PSALM LV

EXAUDI, DEUS

I

My God, most glad to look, most prone to hear,
An open ear O let my prayèr find,
And from my plaint turn not thy face away;
Behold my gestures, hearken what I say
While uttering moans with most tormented mind:
My body I no less torment and tear,
For lo, their fearful threat'nings wound mine ear,
Who griefs on griefs on me still heaping lay,
A mark to wrath, and hate, and wrong assign'd.
Therefore my heart hath all his force resign'd
To trembling paths;[1] death-terrors on me prey,
I fear,—nay, shake,—nay, quiv'ring, quake with fear.

II

Then say I, "O might I but cut the wind
Borne on the wings the fearful dove doth bear,
Stay would I not, till I in rest might stay;
Far hence, O far, then would I take my way
Unto the desert, and repose me there,
These storms of woe, these tempests left behind!"
But swallow them, O Lord, in darkness blind,
Confound their counsels, lead their tongues astray,
That what they mean by words may not appear,
For mother Wrong within their towns each where,
And daughter Strife their ensigns so display,
As if they only thither were confin'd.

[1] [So in the Chiswick Press edition; but the Oxford and British Museum (12,048) MSS. read "pants," which must surely be right.]

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III

These walk their city walls both night and day,
Oppressions, tumults, guiles of every kind
Are burgesses, and dwell the middle near:
About their streets his masking robe doth wear,
Mischief, cloth'd in deceit, with treason lin'd,
Where only he, he only beares the sway.
But not my foe with me this prank did play,
For then I would have borne with patient cheer
An unkind part from whom I know unkind,—
Nor he whose forehead envy's mark had sign'd,
His trophies on my ruins sought to rear,
From whom to fly I might have made essay,—

IV

But this to *thee*,—to thee—impute I may,
My fellow, my companion, held most dear,
My soul, my other self, my inward friend,
Whom unto me,—me unto whom,—did bind
Exchangèd secrets; who together were
God's temple wont to visit, there to pray!
—O let a sudden death work their decay,
Who speaking fair, such cank'red malice mind,—
Let them be buried breathing in their bier.
But purple morn, black ev'n, and midday clear,
Shall see my praying voice to God inclin'd,
Rousing him up; and nought shall me dismay.

V

He ransom'd me, for he my safety fin'd,
In fight, where many sought my soul to slay.
He still, himself (to no succeeding heir
Leaving his empire), shall no more forbear:
But, at my motion, all these Atheists pay,
By whom (still one) such mischiefs are design'd
Who but such caitiffs would have undermin'd,
Nay, overthrown, from whom but kindness mere
They never found? who would such trust betray?
What butter'd words! Yet wars their hearts bewray,
Their speech more sharp than sharpest sword or spear,
Yet softer flows than balm from wounded rind.

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VI

But, my o'er-loaden soul, thy self upcheer;
Cast on God's shoulders what thee down doth weigh,
Long borne by thee with bearing pain'd and pin'd.
To care for thee he shall be ever kind,
By him the just, in safety held alway,
Changeless shall enter, live, and leave the year;
But, Lord, how long shall these men tarry here?
Fling them in pit of death where never shin'd
The light of life; and while I make my stay
On thee, let who their thirst with blood allay
Have their life-holding thread so weakly twin'd
That it, half spun, death may in sunder shear.

This entirely beautiful Psalm has been made the subject by Sidney of his best art of verse; and the paraphrase is one of the notablest pieces of rhythmic English in existence.[1]

1713. "*Mother, Wrong*" (Violence), and daughter, Strife, set up their standards on the walls, as if the entire life of the city were expressed and confined in *them*. Oppressions, tumults, and guile are the inhabitants. Mischief (destruction, masked, instead of benefit), is the ruler of all; clothed in falsehood, and the cloak of falsehood lined with ermine of treachery. A man may dissimulate, yet not betray; and deceive hostility, without being unfaithful in alliance. But here, the Falsehood is quilted thick with black-spotted treason.

1728. "*This to thee,*" etc. Only a very perfect and powerful reader can do justice to this verse; but at any rate read it *aloud*, and again, and again.

1740. "*Fined.*" "Foined," "fenced." "Come, no matter vor you foins." Edgar, assuming peasant's dialect in *King Lear*.[2]

1745. "*Still one.*" Acting all with one mind; to explain the change in pronoun from "they" to "he."

1753. "*Cast on God's shoulders.*" In quoting this verse by itself,[3] we

[1] [So in *Proserpina*, i. ch. x. § 2 *n.*, Ruskin speaks of this paraphrase as "marvellous" (Vol. XXV. p. 333). On the Psalm itself, see *Love's Meinie*, §§ 175, 176 (*ibid.*, p. 166).]

[2] [Act iv. sc. 6.]

[3] ["Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."]

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seldom recollect that the particular burden meant is the oppression of the wicked, not our own sorrow.

1756, 1757. Two noble lines, which should be learned by heart. Note the active use of "live" in the second ("to live a day," "to live a year—a life," etc.), so that enter, live, and leave, have all the same transitive force.

RHYTHM.—Twelvefold, sequent from beginning to end, with only three rhymes; A b c c b a a c b b c a; B a c c, etc., changing at fourth stanza, so that the six verses shall answer, three to three, in reversed order of rhythm, the beginning rhymes being in order A B c—c B A, and the last word rhyming to the first.[1]

[1] [For another note on the rhythm of this paraphrase, see "Of the Sidney Metres," § 9 (above, p. 135).]

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PSALM LVIII[1]

SI VERE UTIQUE

I

And call ye this to utter what is just,
You that of justice hold the sov'reign throne?
And call ye this to yield, O sons of dust,
To wrongèd brethren ev'ry one his own?
O no: it is your long malicious will
Now to the world to make by practice known,
With whose oppression you the balance fill,
Just to yourselves, indiff'rent else to none.

II

But what could they, who ev'n in birth declin'd,
From truth and right to lies and injuries?
To show the venom of their cank'red mind
The adder's image scarcely can suffice.
Nay, scarce the aspick may with them contend,
On whom the charmer all in vain applies
His skilful'st spells: aye missing of his end,
While she, self-deaf, and unaffected lies.

III

Lord, crack their teeth; Lord, crush these lion jaws;
So let them sink as water in the sand:
When deadly bow their aiming fury draws,
Shiver the shaft ere past the shooter's hand.

[1] [The version of this Psalm is different in the Oxford MS., though crossed for correction or change. The first few lines read:—

"You that in judgment sit,
Is this to speak what is in judgment fit?
Is this aright to sentence wronged case?
O you but earthly Adam's race
Though higher sit in honoured place."]

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So make them melt as the dishoused snail,[1]
Or as the embryo, whose vital band
Breaks ere it holds, and formless eyes do fail
To see the sun, though brought to lightful land.

IV

O let their broad, a brood of springing thorns,
Be by untimely rooting overthrown
Ere, bushes wax'd, they push with pricking horns;
As fruits yet green are oft by tempest blown.
The good with gladness this revenge shall see,
And bathe his feet in blood of wicked one:
While all shall say, the just rewarded be,
There is a God that shares to each his own.

Another of the great Psalms teaching the eternal separation between the sinner and the just man; farther notable for its assertion of the sinner's being born such, irredeemably. The sinners have been "made strangers of," made of another race, made "heathen" from the womb; as soon as they were born, they wandered.

1771. "*Indifferent*," for "equal," or "equitable." The word does not elsewhere, so far as I remember, occur in these Psalms.

1779. "*Self-deaf*," herself causing her deafness—"None so deaf as those who won't hear!"

1790. "*Ere, bushes wax'd.*" I suppose this to be the real meaning. There is none in our "or ever your pots be made hot with thorns."

1794. "*Rewarded.*" In the Septuagint, the just shall "have his fruit," in direct opposition to the destroyed thorn trees. As in the first Psalm.

RHYTHM.—Octave. 5 ⏑⏑ a b a b c b c b.

[1] [See the note on this phrase in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 66, § 5 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 615, 616), where the first three stanzas are quoted.]

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PSALM LXII[1]

NONNE DEO

I

Yet shall my soul in silence still
On God, my help, attentive stay:
Yet he my fort, my health, my hill,
Remove I may not,—move, I may.
How long then shall your fruitless will
An enemy so far from thrall,
With weak endeavour strive to kill,—
You rotten hedge, you broken wall?

II

Forsooth that he no more may rise,
Advancèd oft to throne and crown:
To headlong him their thoughts devise,
And past relief, to tread him down.
Their love is only love of lies:
Their words and deeds dissenting so,
When from their lips most blessing flies,
Then deepest curse in heart doth grow.

III

Yet shall my soul in silence still
On God, my hope, attentive stay;
Yet he my fort, my health, my hill,
Remove I may not, move I may.
My God doth me with glory fill,
Not only shield me safe from harm:
To shun distress, to conquer ill,
To him I climb, in him I arm.

[1] [The version in the Oxford MS. is again quite different. It is longer drawn out; the first four lines of our text being represented by the following six:—

"Yet shall my soul not grieve; but silently
Waiting on God his gracious will attend—
His will whereon my health and help depend,
For he my rock, my safety's treasury,
He is my mount; his strength even to the end
Though low I shake (?), from fall shall me defend."]

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IV

O then, on God, our certain stay,
All people in all times rely:
Your hearts before him naked lay,
To Adam's sons' 'tis vain to fly,
So vain, so false, so frail are they,
Ev'n he that seemeth most of might
With lightness' self if him you weigh,
Then lightness' self will weigh more light.

V

In fraud and force no trust repose:
Such idle hopes from thought expel;
And take good heed, when treasure grows,
Let not your heart on treasure dwell.
All power is God's, his own word shows,
Once said by him, twice heard by me;
Yet from thee, Lord, all mercy flows,
And each man's work is paid by thee.

This is written more against trust in men than in absolute dread of them: the tenth verse implying that even the just may be tempted to trust in oppression, and become vain in robbery.

Sidney's version is almost typical, in the whole series, of his fearlessly Latin construction, as in "To headlong him their thoughts devise," trusting to disentangle all if the reader will have patience for the next line. The melody and beat of it are very beautiful.

1798. "*Yet he my fort*"—"He yet being my fort,"—I cannot be removed, though I may waver.

1801. "*Thrall.*" Captivity, rarely used.

1830. "*Treasure.*" I have substituted this for Sidney's word "riches," awkwardly used as a singular noun.

1833. "*Once said, twice heard.*" I believe the meaning is, that God speaks once, and the thing is said for ever; but that we take many times telling before we believe.

RHYTHM.—Octave. 4 ~~~ a b a b a c a c.

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PSALM LXV

TE DECET HYMNUS

I

Syon it is where thou art praisèd,
  Syon, O God, where vows they pay thee:
There all men prayèrs to thee raisèd
  Return possess'd of what they pray thee.
There thou my sins prevailing to my shame,
Dost turn to smoke of sacrificing flame.

II

O, he of bliss is not deceivèd,
  Whom chosen thou unto thee takest:
And whom into thy court receivèd,
  Thou of thy check-roll number makest.
The dainty viands of thy sacred store
Shall feed him so, he shall not hunger more.

III

From thence it is, thy threat'ning thunder
  (Lest we by wrong should be disgracèd),
Doth strike our foes with fear and wonder:
  O thou, on whom their hopes are placèd,
Whom either earth dost steadfastly sustain,
Or cradle rocks the restless wavy plain.

IV

Thy virtue stays the mighty mountains,
  Girded with pow'r, with strength abounding:
The roaring damm of wat'ry fountains
  Thy beck doth make surcease her sounding,
When stormy uproars toss the people's brain,
That civil sea to calm thou bring'st again.

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V

Where earth doth end with endless ending,
All such as dwell, thy signs affright them:
And in thy praise their voices spending,
Both houses of the sun delight them;
Both whence he comes, when early he awakes,
And where he goes, when ev'ning rest he takes.

VI

Thy eye from heav'n this land beholdeth,
Such fruitful dews down on it raining,
That storehouse-like her lap enfoldeth
Assured hope of ploughman's gaining,
Thy flowing streams her drought doth temper so,
That buried seed through yielding grave doth grow.

VII

Drunk is each ridge, of thy cup drinking,
Each clod relenteth at thy dressing:
Thy cloud-borne waters inly sinking,
Fair spring sprouts forth, blest with thy blessing.
The fertile year is with thy bounty crown'd;
And where thou go'st, thy goings fat the ground.

VIII

Plenty bedews the desert places:
A hedge of mirth the hills encloseth:
The fields with flocks have hid their faces:
A robe of corn the valleys clotheth.
Deserts, and hills, and fields, and valleys all,
Rejoice, shout, sing, and on thy name do call.

There are few of the Psalms whose prophecy, at this day, remains so hopelessly unfulfilled or contradicted; its "unto thee shall all flesh come," changed into, "from thee shall all flesh shrink"; and "who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth," changed into, "who art a feeble terror in a little spot of it."

The beauty of the ordinary version cannot be mended, but Sidney's has another beauty of its own.

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1841. "*Dost turn to smoke.*" An unusual metaphor for the propitiation. Our English sins are turned into smoke in another manner; darken the sky, and fall back in soot.

1845. "*Check-roll.*" Compare the "heavenly score," line 336.

1853. "*Cradle rocks.*" Whom the sea rocks, as a cradle. A little forced in construction.

1856. "*The roaring damm.*" Dominion, or power. The "dam," in its present sense, is the thing that has "dominion" over the stream itself.

1860. "*With endless ending.*" Rounding itself for ever to new horizon.

The last line, after four exquisite verses, seems to labour and droop, nor is Sidney, as before noticed,[1] at all distinguished for skill in his closing. But the steady assertion, "on thy name do call," has more real power in it than the glibly current "call upon thy name," familiar to the ear, with which a common writer would probably have contrived to end.

RHYTHM.—Sixfold. 4̃ 4̃ 4̃ 4̃ 5 5 ~~ a b a b c c.

[1] [See above, p. 245.]

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PSALM LXIX[1]

SALVUM ME FAC

I

Troublous seas my soul surround:
Save, O God, my sinking soul,
Sinking, where it feels no ground,
In this gulf, this whirling hole.
Waiting aid, with earnest eying,
Calling God with bootless crying:
Dim and dry in me are found,
Eye to see, and throat to sound.

II

Wrongly set to work my woe,
Haters have I, more than hairs·
Force, in my afflicting foe
Bett'ring still, in me impairs.
Thus to pay and lose constrainèd,
What I never ought or gainèd,
Yet say I, thou God dost know
How my faults and follies go.

III

Mighty Lord, let not my case
Blank the rest that hope in thee:
Let not Jacob's God deface
All his friends in blush of me.
Thine it is, thine only quarrel
Dights me thus in shame's apparel:
Mote, nor spot, nor least disgrace,
But for thee, could taint my face.

[1] [The version of this Psalm, as also that of lxxi., is quite different in the Oxford MS.]

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IV

To my kin a stranger quite,
  Quite an alien I am grown:
In my very brethren's sight
  Most uncar'd for, most unknown.
With thy temple's zeal out-eaten,
With thy slander's scourges beaten,
While the shot of piercing spite
Bent at thee, on me doth light.

V

If I weep, and weeping fast,
  If in sackcloth sad I mourn,
In my teeth the first they cast,
  All to feast the last they turn.
Now in streets, with public prating,
Pouring out their inward hating:
Private now at banquets plac'd,
Singing songs of winey taste.

VI

As for me, to thee I pray,
  Lord, in time of grace assign'd:
Gracious God, my kindest stay,
  In my aid be truly kind.
Keep me safe unsunk, unmired,
Safe from flowing foes retired:
Calm these waves, these waters lay,
Leave me not this whirlpool's prey.

VII

In the goodness of thy grace,
  Lord, make answer to my moan:
Eye my ill, and rue my case,
  In those mercies told by none.
Let not by thy absence languish
Thy true server drown'd in anguish.
Haste, and hear; come, come apace,
Free my soul from foemen's chase.

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VIII

Unto thee what needs be told
My reproach, my blot, my blame?
Sith both these thou didst behold,
And canst all my haters name.
Whiles afflicted, whiles heart-broken,
Waiting yet some friendship's token,
Some I look'd would me uphold,
Look'd, but found all comfort cold.

IX

Comfort? nay (not seen before)
Needing food they set me gall:
Vinegar they fill'd me store,
When for drink my thirst did call.
O then snare them in their pleasures,
Make them trap'd even in their treasures,
Gladly sad, and richly poor,
Sightless most, yet mightless more.

X

Down upon them fury rain,
Lighten indignation down:
Turn to waste, and desert plain,
House and palace, field and town.
Let not one be left abiding
Where such rancour had residing,
Whom thou painest, more they pain:
Hurt by thee, by them is slain.

XI

Causing sin on sin to grow,
Add still ciphers to their sum,
Righter let them never go,
Never to thy justice come.
But from out the book be crossèd,
Where the good men live engrossèd:
While my God, me poor and low,
High shall mount from need and woe.

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XII

Then by me his name with praise,
  Gladsome praise, shall be upborne.
That shall more Jehovah please
  Than the beast with hoof and horn.
With what joy, ye godly grievèd,
Shall your hearts be then relievèd?
When Jehovah takes such ways
Bound to loose, and fallen to raise.

XIII

Laud him then, O heav'nly skies,
  Earth with thine, and seas with yours:
For by him shall Sion rise,
  He shall build up Juda's towers.
There his servants and their races,
Shall in fee possess the places:
There his name who love and prize,
Stable stay shall eternize.

The literal fulfilment of the twenty-first verse of this Psalm,[1] in the Crucifixion, has always caused the Christian to read the entire Psalm as if prophetic; whereas there is not another syllable of it which could, by any straining, be intelligibly applied to Christ;—the fifth verse, "O God, thou knowest my foolishness; and my sins are not hid from thee," being, in truth, the key to the whole: nor can any good be got of the reading of it, unless taken as a simple expression of David's own feelings, in which the verse about the gall and vinegar is an ordinary metaphor for the unkindness of men in his distress. So Sidney translates it throughout; and though the words "mote nor spot," etc. (1906), seem too brave for any mere man to use, the meaning of the entire song is not, as it would have been if spoken in Christ's person, that the speaker of it became shameful before God, for Man's sake; but that the speaker becomes shameful before Man, for God's sake, which is the ordinary condition of the active service of God in this world.

1896. *"Thus to pay, and lose."* There is more quaint Elizabethan opposition of terms in this Psalm than in most. The measure of it is so good, and this quaintness so like Sidney, that I should now hold it quite characteristically his, if reading without prejudice. Compare lines 1954, 1955, 1962, 1963, 1981.

[1] ["In my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink."]

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1935. "*Told by none,*"—counted by none,—"in the multitude of thy mercies."

1955. "*Sightless most, yet mightless more.*" See note above [p. 222], on Sidney's degrees of comparison.

1963. "*Hurt by thee.*" Who is wounded by thee, is slain by them.

1966. "*Righter let them never go.*" Under whatever interpretation we receive, or whatever example we take from, these repeated cursings by David of his enemies, it is entirely hopeless to narrow their sweeping malediction into the one prophetic malediction of Judas, "his bishopric let another take."[1] We may, perhaps, be more advanced than David in wisdom and charity; but if we are not prepared very decidedly to invoke mischief on considerable numbers of persons, we need not pretend to use the Psalter.

[1] [Acts i. 20.]

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PSALM LXXI

IN TE, DOMINE, SPERAVI

I

Lord, on thee my trust is grounded:
Leave me not with shame confounded;
But in justice bring me aid.
Let thine ear to me be bended:
Let my life, from death defended,
Be by thee in safety staid.

II

Be my rock, my refuge-tower,
Show thy unresisted power,
Working now thy wonted will:
Thou, I say, that never feignest
In thy biddings, but remainest
Still my rock, my refuge still.

III

O my God, my sole help-giver,
From the wicked me deliver,
From this wrongful, spiteful man:
In thee trusting, on thee standing,
With my childish understanding,
Nay, with life, my hopes began.

IV

Since imprison'd in my mother
Thou me freed'st, whom have I other
Held my stay, or made my song?
Yea, when all me so misdeemed,
I to most a monster seemed,
Yet in thee my hope was strong.

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V

Yet of thee, the thankful story
Fill'd my mouth, thy gracious glory
Was my ditty long the day.
Do not then, now age assaileth,
Courage, verdure, virtue, faileth,
Do not leave me cast away.

VI

They by whom my life is hated,
With their spies have now debated:
Of their talk, and lo, the sum:
God, say they, hath him forsaken;
Now pursue, he must be taken;
None will to his rescue come.

VII

O my God, be not absented:
O my God, now, now presented,
Let in haste, thy succours be:
Make them fall disgracèd, shamèd,
All dismighted, all defamèd,
Who this ill intend to me.

VIII

As for me, resolv'd to tarry
In my trust, and not to vary,
I will heap thy praise with praise:
Still with mouth thy truths recounting,
Still thy aids, though much surmounting
Greatest sum that number laies.

IX

Nay, my God, by thee securèd,
Where will I not march assurèd?
In my talk, who just but thou?
Who by thee from infant cradle
Taught still more, as still more able,
Have thy wonders spread till now.

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x

Now that age hath me attainted,
Age's snow my head hath painted,
Leave me not, my God, forlorn.
Let me make thy might's relation
To the coming generation,
To the age as yet unborn.

xi

God, thy justice, highest raisèd,
Thy great works, as highly praisèd:
Who thy peer, O God, doth reign?
Thou into these woes dost drive me:
Thou again shalt thence revive me:
Lift me from this deep again.

xii

Thou shalt make my greatness greater,
Make my good with comfort better,
Thee my lute, my harp, shall sing:
Thee my God, that never slidest
From thy word, but constant bidest,
Jacob's holy, heav'nly King.

xiii

So my lips all joy declaring,
So my soul no honour sparing,
Shall thee sing, by thee secure.
So my tongue, all times, all places,
Tell thy wreakes and their disgraces,
Who this ill to me procure.

As written in David's old age, and as introductory to the next one, which ends the prayers of the son of Jesse, this Psalm is of peculiar interest.[1]

[1] [Not, however, according to modern criticism, a Psalm of David, but a Psalm of the Captivity. The speaker is the inner circle of the Jewish community personified.]

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Sidney's version is very sweet and passionate; too gay in the measure of it for its meaning, according to our modern feeling;[1] but I perceive more and more, daily, that men of true heart are grave through all gaiety, and bright through all earnestness.

2035. "*That number laies.*" Tells of, or recounts.

2039. "*Who,*" following somewhat stiffly on "my" in the previous line. "Who shall be just but thou in the talk of me? who," etc.

2064. "*Wreakes.*" For "justice," or "revenges." A most beautiful occurrence of it is quoted by Johnson from *Henry VI.* "So flies the wreakless shepherd from the wolf,"[2]—incapable of revenge on him.

[1] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 66, § 15, where Ruskin quotes stanzas iv. and v., as "merry enough, in measure, to be set to a Fandango if you like" (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 624, 625). In one of his Oxford lectures, Ruskin read the paraphrase as an example of "the language of English gentlemen trained in the English Court": see Vol. XXII. pp. 495–496.]

[2] [*Third Part of Henry VI.*, v. 6, 7.]

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PSALM LXXII

DEUS, JUDICIUM

I

Teach the king's son, who king himself shall be,
Thy judgments, Lord; thy justice make him learn:
To rule thy realms as justice shall decree,
And poor men's right in judgment to discern.
Then fearless peace
With rich increase
The mountains proud shall fill:
And justice shall
Make plenty fall
On ev'ry humble hill.

II

Make him the weak support, th' oppress'd relieve,
Supply the poor, the quarrel-pickers quail:
So ageless ages shall thee reverence give,
Till eyes of heav'n, the sun and moon, shall fail.
And thou again
Shall blessings rain,
Which down shall mildly flow,
As showers thrown
On meads new mown,
Whereby they freshly grow.

III

During his rule the just shall aye be green,
And peaceful plenty join with plenteous peace
While of sad night the many-formèd queen
Decreas'd shall grow, and grown, again decrease.

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From sea to sea
He shall survey
All kingdoms as his own:
And from the trace
Of Perah's race,
As far as land is known.

IV

The desert-dwellers at his beck shall bend,
His foes them suppliant at his feet shall fling,
The kings of Tharsis homage-gifts shall send;
So Seba, Saba, ev'ry island king.
Nay all, ev'n all
Shall prostrate fall,
That crowns and sceptres wear:
And all that stand
At their command,
That crowns and sceptres bear.

V

For he shall hear the poor when they complain,
And lend them help, who helpless are oppress'd:
His mercy shall the needy sort sustain;
His force shall free their lives that live distress'd.
From hidden sleight,
From open might,
He shall their souls redeem:
His tender eyes
Shall highly prize,
And dear their blood esteem.

VI

So shall he long, so shall he happy live;
Health shall abound, and wealth shall never want:
They gold to him, Arabia gold, shall give,
Which scantness dear, and dearness maketh scant.
They still shall pray
That still he may
So live, and flourish so:
Without his praise,
No nights, no days,
Shall passport have to go.

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VII

Look how the woods, whose interlacèd trees
Spread friendly arms each other to embrace,
Join at the head, though distant at the knees,
Waving with wind, and lording on the place;
So woods of corn
By mountains borne
Shall on their shoulders wave:
And men shall pass
The numerous grass
Such store each town shall have.

VIII

Look how the sun, so shall his name remain;
As that in light, so this in glory one:
All glories this, as that all lights shall stain:
Nor that shall fail, nor this be overthrown.
The dwellers all
Of earthly ball
In him shall hold them blest:
As one that is
Of perfect bliss,
A pattern to the rest.

IX

O God who art,—from whom all beings be;—
Eternal Lord, whom Jacob's stock adore,
And wondrous works are done by only thee,
Blessed be thou, most blessed evermore.
And let thy name,
Thy glorious fame,
No end of blessing know:
Let all this round
Thy honour sound,
So Lord, O be it so.

This prayer and prophecy for his son is not only—as it must needs be—the most touching and precious of all the Psalms of David,[1] but it is the

[1] [Headed in the Authorised Version "A Psalm for Solomon"; but the modern critics read the Psalm as one for "the King's son," *i.e.*, the Messiah, the son of David: see Cheyne, vol. i. pp. 309–310.]

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most important passage in the Bible relating to the laws and happiness of earthly life. "His name shall be continued as long as the sun" (not longer;—it is earthly and sun-lighted life only of which this Psalm tells). "He shall come down as showers that water *the earth*" (not as manna of heaven); "and his dominion shall be from *sea to sea;*" (not where "there shall be no more sea."[1])

And it is literally true that in all prosperous nations this King shall be called blessed. The wisdom of the Proverbs, and the story of his reign, can never be superseded or surpassed,—every nation that is to become great, must read and learn from these.

> "So ageless ages shall thee reverence give
> Till eyes of heaven, the sun, and moon, shall fail."

2066–2069. Sidney's version is throughout magnificent and clear beyond praise. He has put his full strength upon it. We get in this first clause, for the first time, the due opposition of justice and judgment. The one means simply the keeping of equal law between persons whose rights are known. The other means the examination into right itself, the discernment of character and claim. "He shall judge all men with equity; but the poor with loving insight;—precious shall their blood be in his sight," is the full meaning.

2072. "*The mountains.*" The pre-eminent forces of intellect and wealth in the nation, however, accumulated; all becoming to it in their proportionate height, and strength, the sources of streams of blessing.

2094. I can't think where Sidney got this "race of Perah" from, unless it is merely wilful or playful changing into a name, of the Septuagint's, περάτων τῆς οἰκουμένης.[2]

2110, 2111. "*From hidden sleight, from open might.*" "He shall redeem their soul from deceit, and violence."

The entire duty of kingship is founded on this verse. "Let him prevent the poor from being either deceived or afflicted, and all his kingdom will be in prosperity and limitless power."

2119. A little bit of Sidney's own wisdom thrown in. Entirely right. Singularly enough, in an excellent article on the depreciation of silver in the *Monetary Gazette*, which I chanced to see about a fortnight ago[3] (I am writing at Brantwood, July 23rd), there occurred an admirable imaginary examination of a witness, on some commercial catastrophe in which the said "depreciation" had been one element, with the following sentences

[1] [Revelation xxi. 1.]

[2] [Verse 8, translated in the Bible "from the river unto the ends of the earth."]

[3] [See the number for July 12, 1876, vol. v. p. 510. Ruskin quotes almost textually.]

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in it, or, at least, sentences to the following purpose. I quote from memory:—

"What depreciation of the value of silver occurred in the days of Solomon?"

"It was 'nothing accounted of.'"[1]

"What was its market value?"

"The value of pebbles. He 'made silver to be in Jerusalem as stones.'"

"Was this considered a misfortune by him?"

"Certainly not. Solomon was no fool."

2128. "*Join at the head.*" Sidney thinks over the words, "shall shake like Libanus," till he imagines the ears of corn so large that they shall touch, and close up together as the heads of trees do.

[Here Part I. of *Rock Honeycomb* ended. The remaining Psalms and commentary are added from Ruskin's MS. for the intended Part II.]

[1] [See 1 Kings x. 21, 27.]

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PSALM LXXIII

QUAM BONUS ISRAEL

I

It is most true that God to Israel,—
I mean to men of undefiled hearts,—
Is only good; and nought but good imparts.
Most true, I see, allbe almost I fell
From right conceit into a crooked mind;
And from this truth with straying steps declin'd.
For lo, my boiling breast did chafe and swell
When first I saw the wicked proudly stand,
Prevailing still in all they took in hand.
And sure, no sickness dwelleth where they dwell:
Nay, so they guarded are with health and might,
It seems of them death dare not claim his right.

II

They seem as privileg'd from others' pain:
The scourging plagues, which on their neighbours fall,
Torment not them;—nay, touch them not at all.
Therefore with pride, as with a gorgeous chain,
Their swelling necks encompassed they bear;
All cloth'd in wrong, as if a robe it were.
So fat become, that fatness doth constrain
Their eyes to swell; and if they think on aught
Their thought they have; yea, have beyond their thought.
They wanton grow, and in malicious vein
Talking of wrong, pronounce as from the skies!
So high a pitch their proud presumption flies.

III

Nay, heav'n itself, high heav'n escapes not free
From their base mouths; and in their common talk
Their tongues no less than all the earth do walk.
Wherefore ev'n godly men, when so they see
Their horn of plenty freshly flowing still,
Leaning to them, bend from their better will:

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And thus they reasons frame: "How can it be
That God doth understand? that he doth know,
Who sits in heaven, how earthly matters go?
See here, the godless crew (while godly we
Unhappy pine), all happiness possess:
Their riches more, our wealth still growing less."

IV

Nay, even within myself, myself did say,
"In vain my heart I purge, my hands in vain
In cleanness wash'd I keep from filthy stain,
Since thus afflictions scourge me ev'ry day:
Since never a day from early East is sent,
But brings my pain, my check, my chastisement.
And shall I then these thoughts in words bewray?
O let me, Lord, give never such offence
To children thine, that rest in thy defence."
So then I turn'd my thoughts another way:
Sounding if I this secret's depth might find;
But cumb'rous clouds my inward sight did blind.

V

Until at length nigh weary of the chase,
Unto thy house I did my steps direct:
There, lo, I learned what end did these expect,
And what? but that in high, but slippery, place
Thou didst them set: whence, when they least of all
To fall did fear, they fell with headlong fall.
For how are they in less than moment's space
With ruin overthrown! with frightful fear
Consum'd so clean as if they never were!
Right as a dream, which waking doth deface:
So, Lord, most vain thou dost their fancies make,
When thou dost them from careless sleep awake.

VI

Then for what purpose was it,—to what end,
For me to fume with malcontented heart,
Tormenting so in me each inward part?
I was a fool (I cannot it defend).
So quite depriv'd of understanding might,
That as a beast I bare me in thy sight.

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But as I was, yet did I still attend,
Still follow thee, by whose upholding hand
When most I slide, yet still upright I stand.
Then guide me still, then still upon me spend
The treasures of thy sure advice, until
Thou take me hence into thy glory's hill.

VII

O what is he will teach me climb the skies?
With thee, thee good, thee goodness, to remain?
No good on earth doth my desires detain.
Often my mind, and oft my body, tries
Their weak defects; but thou, my God, thou art
My endless lot, and fortress of my heart.
The faithless fugitives who thee despise,
Shall perish all, they all shall be undone,
Who leaving thee to whorish idols run.
But as for me, nought better in my eyes
Than cleave to God, my hopes in him to place,
To sing his works while breath shall give me space.

We must read through the whole of it first, to get its main story,—Asaph[1] is telling us how nearly he had lost faith in God, because he could not understand His dealing either with the wicked or with the innocent;—especially with himself, who knew himself to be innocent (for observe, that when he says, ver. 15, that "if he spoke thus he should offend," he does not mean that there would be offence in declaring himself innocent, but in saying that there was no use in being innocent). And then he tells us that he was saved from such fall "by going into God's Sanctuary" (ver. 17). You don't suppose that means by going to church? I am not sure, utterly, what it *does* mean; but it means, certainly, the same as "ascending into the hill of the Lord," "standing in His Holy Place," being "hid in the secrets of His Tabernacle," and therein having the sight of God which is the blessedness of the pure in heart.[2] So that Asaph had not cleansed his heart in vain; nor washed his hands in innocency, but, so having clean hands and a pure heart, ascended into the Hill of the Lord, and was able to say at last, "I am continually with Thee," and saw indeed His ways and judgments. Compare the 84th Psalm throughout, and see the commentary on the 27th, p. 211.

Next, note, of separate verses,

1. God is good to Israel—not to all, but to such as are of a clean heart. This he says after he has himself entered into the tabernacle.

[1] [The reference is to the Bible heading "A Psalm of Asaph." For the theories of the "Higher Criticism" with regard to Psalms ascribed respectively to "David," "sons of Korah," and "Asaph," see *A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Book of Psalms*, by C. A. and E. G. Briggs, 1907, vol. i. pp. lxi.–lxvi.]

[2] [See Psalms xxiv. 3; xxvii. 5; Matthew v. 8.]

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5. The meaning is totally lost in our translations. In Septuagint and Vulgate it is very terrible.

They are not in the labour of men,
Neither with men shall they be scourged.

"In labore hominum non sunt, et cum hominibus not flagellabuntur."

"ἐν κόποις ἀνθρώπων οὐκ εἰσὶ καὶ μετὰ ἀνθρώπων οὐκ μαστιγωθήσονται."

6. Pride (5*b* *) binds them as a chain, and injustice (2*b*) as a garment. Our translation spoils all by putting "violence" for "injustice." The wicked man is here said to be "chained" by his pride,—made himself miserable by that—(forced to follow the fashion, etc., etc.)—and "clothed with injustice" as the good are "clothed with justice." That is to say, having the Robe of the Devil's Unrighteousness in exactly the same power as the good man has the Robe of Christ's Righteousness.

8–10. These verses are quite different in Septuagint and Vulgate, and I can't understand the tenth at all, in any of the three.[1] I must leave them to some one who knows Hebrew; the eighth and ninth are grand in the English, but in the tenth—I want to know whither the people return: and what waters are wrung out to them.

20. I think this verse is one of the notablest in confirmation of the thought that the entirely condemned soul shall pass away for ever.[2]

Septuagint. Thou shalt bring to nothing the image of them in thy city.

Vulgate. "In civitate tua imaginem ipsorum ad nihilem rediges."

So also Psalm v. l. 136, Sidney (too lightly interpreted in commentary).[3]

I now take up the Sidney version which, for once, is more based generally on the English than on the original. It gives only the outmost sense of the Psalm (but that, as usual, intensified), till it reaches the last clause, ver. 21.

2168. He has not wholly felt the depth of this verse,[4]—and in missing the future tense, loses its terror.

2171. He has also been here misled by the English. There is nothing actually about a chain in the Vulgate. "They are bound," it says (not decorated), "by their pride."

* I shall henceforward mark the Greek word, when necessary, by reference to its letter in the analysis given in Preface, p. 124 *et seq.*

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[1] [The Septuagint is: Διενοήθησαν, καὶ ἐλάλησαν ἐν πονηρίᾳ, ἀδικίαν εἰς τὸ ὕψος ἐλάλησαν. Ἔθεντο εἰς οὐρανὸν τὸ στόμα αὐτῶν, καὶ ἡ γλῶσσα αὐτῶν διῆλθεν ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς. Διὰ τοῦτο ἐπιστρέψει ὁ λαός μου ἐντεῦθα, καὶ ἡμέραι πλήρεις εὑρεθήσονται ἐν αὐτοῖς. (They have taken counsel and spoken in wickedness: they have uttered unrighteousness loftily. They have set their mouth against heaven, and their tongue has gone thro' upon the earth. Therefore shall my people return hither and full days shall be found with them.)

The Vulgate is: "Cogitaverunt et locuti sunt nequitiam: iniquitatem in excelso locuti sunt. Posuerunt in cœlum os suum: et lingua eorum transivit in terra. Ideo convertetur populus meus hic: et dies pleni invenientur in eis." For various explanations of verse 10, which seems inconsistent with the context, see *A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Psalms*, by C. A. and E. G. Briggs (in *The International Critical Commentary*), 1907, vol. ii. p. 144. Possibly the verse was a marginal note of consolation which subsequently crept into the text.]

[2] [On this point, see above, p. 252.]

[3] [See above, p. 149.]

[4] [That is, verse 5; see Ruskin's note, above.]

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2200. "*To children thine.*" Sidney thinks the meaning is that if he spoke such doubt, he would trouble the peace of the children who have not doubted. But both Septuagint and Vulgate have, "I should break covenant with thy children," perhaps meaning, be false to the oath of fidelity or trust in their Father which all children vow. Both meanings are perhaps involved in the original.

2214. Again he misses the meaning.[1] But from this point the paraphrase is perfect and the last verse most noble.

2234. "*Fugitives.*" Rightly substituted for the English "those who *are* far from thee." None are really far from God, except those who have wilfully fled from Him—and said to the Trees of the Garden, "Hide us," and to the Hills of it, "Fall on us."[2]

The Vulgate and Septuagint concur, "qui elongant se a te"—"οἱ μακρύνοντες ἑαυτοὺς ἀπὸ σοῦ."

RHYTHM.—Twelvefold. 5 ⏑⏑ a b b a c c a d d a e e.

2159. "*Allbe,*"—albeit, although, though. The shades of meaning in the three last expressions would be a good subject for a linguistic essay. It would take a week's work to do at all rightly: so I must not begin. Observe, however, that "though" is not a mere form of abbreviation, but ought to be reserved for the associated sense of conjecture; "though I bestow all my gifts to feed the poor,"[3] etc.

2171. "*Gorgeous,*"—in original, "gorgious"; earlier, "gorgiouse" (Johnson). Is it French Heraldic, meaning essentially the splendour of a knight's collar round the throat, or the colour of the "gula"? Compare *Deucalion*, vii. 35 [Vol. XXVI. pp. 188–189].

2176. "*Yea, have beyond.*" Note this habit of Sidney's of first putting his "positive" firmly down, and then marking the excess separately. Compare "nay, touch them not," l. 2170, the use of Nay and Yea being well seen in the two verses. Then compare 229, Thee,—thee good,—the goodness; *i.e.*, goodness itself all goodness.

2203. "*Cumb'rous.*" See note above [682].

2209. "*To fall did fear.*" The whole verse is constructed so as to give the idea of a thing falling, tossed to this side and that.

2213. "*Deface,*" unmake. See note below [p. 292].

2227. "*Glory's hill.*" In old edition "glories." The hill of thy glory, or of thy glories.

2231. "*Tries.*" Very obscure. Often his mind, and often his body, "tries" in passive sense,—makes painful trial of the defects of his desires.

[1] [Sidney's lines 2213–2215 paraphrase verse 20, which is in the Bible, "As a dream when one awaketh; so, O Lord, when thou awakest, thou shalt despise their image." For the meaning which Ruskin gives from the Vulgate, see his note on the preceding page.]

[2] [Genesis iii. 8–10; Hosea x. 8; and Revelation vi. 16: compare above, p. 215.]

[3] [1 Corinthians xiii. 3.]

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PSALM LXXIV

UT QUID, DEUS

I

O God, why hast thou thus
Repuls'd and scatt'red us?
Shall now thy wrath no limits hold?
But ever smoke and burn?
Till it to ashes turn
The chosen flock of thy dear fold?

II

Ah! think with milder thought
On them whom thou hast bought,
And purchased from endless days:
Think of thy birthright lot,
Of Sion, on whose plot
Thy sacred house supported stays.

III

Come, Lord, O come with speed,
This sacrilegious seed
Root quickly out, and headlong cast:
All that thy holy place
Did late adorn and grace,
Their hateful hands have quite defac'd.

IV

Their beastly trumpets roar,
Where heav'nly notes before
In praises of thy might did flow:
Within thy temple they
Their ensigns oft display,
The ensigns which their conquest show.

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V

As men, with axe on arm,
To some thick forest swarm
To lop the trees which stately stand:
They to thy temple flock,
And spoiling, cut and knock
The curious works of carving hand.

VI

Thy most, most holy seat
The greedy flames do eat,
And have such ruthless ruins wrought,
That all thy house is raz'd;
So raz'd, and so defac'd,
That of that all remaineth nought.

VII

Nay, they resolved are
We all alike shall fare,
All of one cruel cup shall taste.
For not one house doth stand
Of God in all the land,
But they by fire have laid it waste.

VIII

We see the signs no more
We wont to see before,
Nor any now with sp'rit divine
Amongst us more is found,
Who can to us expound
What term these dolors shall define.

IX

How long, O God, how long
Wilt thou wink at the wrong
Of thy reviling, railing foe?
Shall he that hates thy name,
And hatred paints with shame,
So do, and do for ever so?

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x

Woe us! what is the cause
Thy hand his help withdraws?
That thy right hand far from us keeps?
Ah, let it once arise,
To plague thine enemies
Which, now embosom'd, idly sleeps.

xi

Thou art my God I know,
My King, who long ago
Didst undertake the charge of me:
And in my hard distress
Didst work me such release,
That all the earth did wond'ring see

xii

Thou by thy might didst make
That seas in sunder break,
And dreadful dragons, which before
In deep or swam, or crawl'd,
Such mortal strokes appal'd,
They floated dead to ev'ry shore.

xiii

Thou crush'd that monster's head
Whom other monsters dread,
And so his fishy flesh did'st frame,
To serve as pleasing food
To all the ravening brood,
Who had the desert for their dame.

xiv

Thou wondrously did'st cause,
Repealing nature's laws,
From thirsty flint a fountain flow;
And of the rivers clear
The sandy beds appear,
So dry thou mad'st their channels grow.

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XV

The day array'd in light,
The shadow-clothed night,
Were made, and are maintained by thee.
The sun and sun-like rays,
The bounds of nights and days,
Thy workmanship no less they be.

XVI

To thee the earth doth owe
That earth in sea doth grow,
And sea doth earth from drowning spare:
The summer's corny crown,
The winter's frosty gown
Nought but thy badge, thy livery, are.

XVII

Thou then, still one, the same,
Think how thy glorious name
These brain-sick men's despite have borne,
How abject enemies
The Lord of highest skies
With cursed taunting tongues have torn.

XVIII

Ah! give no hawk the pow'r
Thy turtle to devour,
Which sighs to thee with mourning moans:
Nor utterly out-raze
From tables of thy grace
The flock of thy afflicted ones.

XIX

But call thy league to mind
For horror all doth blind,
No light doth in the land remain:
Rape, murder, violence,
Each outrage, each offence,
Each where doth range, and rage, and reign.

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XX

Enough, enough we mourn:
Let us no more return
Repuls'd with blame and shame from thee,
But succour us opprest
And give the troubled rest,
That of thy praise their songs may be.

XXI

Rise, God, plead thine own case,
Forget not what disgrace
These fools on thee each day bestow:
Forget not with what cries
Thy foes against thee rise,
Which more and more to heav'n do grow.

English Version.—I do not understand if this version is literal or figurative: if literal, it can scarcely be a Psalm of Asaph's,—in no time of his life could he have written "there is no more any prophet." It seems to me more probably a late Psalm during the decline of Israel: on the other hand, it does not seem written merely against foreign invaders, but against the habitations of cruelty and folly in Israel. By whomsoever, or whenever written,[1] it becomes, by reason of this very indistinctness, more applicable to the religious distress of all declining nations. I always used to read the fifth and sixth verses as having prophetic reference to the Cromwellian and Reforming rage, but on now referring to Septuagint and Vulgate, which Sidney also follows, I find nothing about famousness or carved work: only that the enemy destroys the doors of sanctuary (that is to say, deconsecrates it—see episcopal service for that purpose in All Hallows, London, *Fors*, 1876[2]) and throws all down, not with axes and hammers, but with axes and the *mason's trowel*. (Restoration—and building leases—to wit.)

Ver. 4, "They set up their ensigns"; ver. 9, "We see not our signs." The Telegraph-post, instead of the Church spire. Ver. 12, "For God is my King of old." The following verses are definitely Judaic. Leviathan is the great dragon of Egypt—the reference throughout to the literal Exodus. If we take the Psalm for figurative, to ourselves it will be the Spiritual Exodus.

14. "To the people of the wilderness." Vulgate, "To the Ethiopians."

15. "Thou didst cleave the fountain and the flood." Divide in two parts (Jordan and the Red Sea).

[1] [The date of the Psalm is much disputed: see Cheyne, vol. i. pp. 326–327.]

[2] [Letter 72 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 765).]

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16. "The day is thine." Henceforward the Psalm passes from the special power of the Exodus to constant Providence.

Sidney Version.—If you will read it first aloud, from beginning to end,—always supposing you can read,—you will feel this to be one of the Psalms which definitely gains by the Elizabethan interpretation. It is entirely clear, pathetic, passionate, in Sidney's heart, and enriched with his precise and iridescent imagery into a song which all Christian men will feel to belong to them, and speak for them.

2258. "*Their beastly trumpets roar.*" See the notes on my Sunday morning's study, in Preface, page 124; and compare above, note on ver. 4.

2270. "*Thy most,—most,*" with five "alls" in the seven lines from 2273 to 2280,—intensifying the outcry, in monotony of wailing.

2292. "*Hatred paints with shame.*" It is possible to hate and yet to honour, in a sort, and respect. But to paint, or daub over, hatred with shame is to mock at God, besides hating him. No reasonable person can see any signs of wisdom in the Creation, says Mr. John Stuart Mill.[1] Reason is the only real God: the God of Christendom is a malignant Larva, says the modern Italian Poet.[2]

2293, 2294. "*Hates—and hatred paints*"; "*so do, and do for ever so.*" Note this continual intensifying echo.

2317. "*Had the desert for their dame.*" For their Domina, Mistress, Mother.

2327. "*And sun-like rays.*" The rays apparent, caused by the atmosphere, and therefore the proper bounds of nights and days, prolonged in twilight. Said therefore only to be created on the fourth day.[3]

2233–2235. Three exquisite lines, but to feel them rightly the word "livery" must be fully understood in its chivalric sense. See note on it below. The entire imagination is of the Earth, with her cornfields in summer standing in fringes like pieces of fretted gold for her crown, and in winter with snow for ermine.

2353. Very grand; of the ravenous and binding power of sin. Wild beast, not made captive but making captive.

2341, 2344, 2347, 2353. The alliterations in these lines are all forms of intensity; but would be misleading examples to a writer of less passion.

[1] [See the essay entitled "Nature" in Mill's *Three Essays on Religion.*]
[2] [See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 83 (Vol. XXIX. p. 266).]
[3] [Genesis i. 14–19.]

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Compare 2272, 2304–2306, 2314, 2317. The last stanza, as we have seen so often,[1] declines from all the rest. In reading or singing this Psalm it should always be closed with l. 2359.

RHYTHM.—Sixfold. 3 3 4 3 3 4 ~~ a a b. c c b.

2250. "*Plot.*" A most curious word, if one hunts into all its burrows in both verb and substantive. It means first a flat place; and should be written *plat*. See my notes on "plate" and "blade" in *Proserpina*.[2] Then it gradually takes the meaning—an artificially flattened, limited, and *planned* place. In which sense it comes into contact—almost collision—with "plot" the verb, to "plan with intricacy," from "plat" the verb, to "plait" or "weave." Some sense of this mingles in Sidney's use of it here, not merely as a space of ground, but a planned foundation.

2257. "*Defac'd.*" Compare note above [2218] and l. 2274.

2235. "*Livery.*" Johnson's account of this word and his quotations are so perfect that I simply copy them:—

"Livery [from *livrer*, French]. The act of giving possession. Livery and seisen is delivery and possession.

> "'She gladly did of that same babe accept,
> As of her own by livery and seisen.'
> (SPENSER, *F. Q.*, VI. iv. 37.)

"To such (knights) as were victorious, prizes were awarded by the judges, and presented by the hands of the ladies—with ribbands, or scarfs, of chosen colours, called *liveries*. Those *liveries* are the ladies' favours spoken of in romance; and appear to have been the origin of the ribbands, which still distinguish so many orders of knighthood." From the old cavaliers wearing the *livery* of their mistresses, the custom of people of quality making their servants wear a *livery*, to denote *service*, is supposed to be derived.

> "Ev'ry lady cloath'd in white,
> And crown'd with oak and laurel ev'ry knight,
> Are servants to the leaf, by liveries known
> Of innocence."
> (DRYDEN, *The Flower and the Leaf.*)

[1] [See above, pp. 245, 266.]
[2] [Vol. XXV. p. 231.]

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PSALM LXXV[1]

CONFITEBIMUR TIBI

I

Thee God,—O thee, we sing, we celebrate;
Thy acts with wonder who but doth relate?
So kindly nigh thy name our need attendeth.
Sure I, when once the charge I undergo
Of this assembly, will not fail to show
My judgments such as justest rule commendeth.

II

The people loose, the land I shaken find:
This will I firmly prop,—that, straitly bind;
And then denounce my uncontrolled pleasure:
Brag not, you braggarts, and your saucy horn
Lift not, lewd mates: no more with heaven's high scorn
Dance on in words your old repining measure.

III

Where sun first shows, or last eushades his light,
Divides the day, or pricks the midst of night,
Seek not the fountain whence preferment springeth,
God's only fixed course that all doth sway,
Limits dishonour's night, and honour's day;
The King his crown, the slave his fetters bringeth.

[1] [The version of this Psalm in the Oxford MS. (crossed in the MS. from which it was transcribed) is quite different. Stanza 1, for example, reads:—

"We, O God, to thee do sing,
We to thee do praises bring,
For thy name is nigh,
When the cause assistance needs,
Us with succour to supply;
Therefore saved wondrously
We recount thy wondrous deeds."]

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IV

A troubled cup is in Jehovah's hand,
Where wine and winy lees compounded stand,
Which frankly fill'd as freely he bestoweth:
Yet for their draught ungodly men doth give,—
Gives all (not one except) that lewdly live,—
Only what from the dregs by wringing floweth.

V

And I secure shall spend my happy times
In my (though lowly) never-dying rhymes,
Singing with praise the God that Jacob loveth.
My princely care shall crop ill-doers low,
In glory plant, and make with glory grow
Who right approves and doth what right approveth.

English Version.—I cannot in the least determine who the speaker is here; and on that depends the meaning of the Psalm.[1] Asaph could not, surely, speak of himself as a judge of the congregation, and even in David's life, the bearing of the pillars of earth is a mysterious claim. If we keep that verse in its strength, it seems to me as if from the second to the eighth verse all might be read as uttered by God Himself, being the "declaration" of His marvellous works introduced by the first verse. Also in both Septuagint and Vulgate there is nothing in the second verse about receiving the congregation;—the words are, "When I shall receive the time"—"when my time is come"; otherwise, we may take the whole Psalm for David's utterance on first clearly perceiving himself to be appointed to be king in Saul's stead. Then the third verse becomes merely figurative, as Sidney interprets it, and all is clearly intelligible, except the sixth verse, in which I do not know the authority for the word "promotion."[2] In Septuagint and Vulgate—"For neither from the East, nor from the West, nor from the mountains of the wilderness"—(South?)—and there is a pause,—nothing being said of what is to come, or not to come. Sidney takes the English reading, and evidently makes the whole Psalm David's.

Sidney Version.—The first stanza is querulously feeble, but I have kept the whole for the sake of the couplet 2372, 2373, and the third and fifth verses.

[1] [See Cheyne, vol. ii. p. 1, for a discussion of the matter. Ruskin's conjectures are based, as usual, on the assumption that the Psalm is Davidic; an assumption not accepted by modern critics.]

[2] [The Revised Version translates: "For neither from the east, nor from the west, nor yet from the south, cometh lifting up;" giving as a variant in the margin, ". . . nor yet from the wilderness of mountains cometh judgment."]

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2372. "*The people loose*"—(dissolved) or dissolute—all reading Mr. Mill's Essay on Liberty.[1] "*The land, shaken,*"—land taken for the abiding power of the State. Land-holder, and therefore life-holder, under God.

2373. David will further the earthquake shaker's power and bind the licentious people.

2374–2378. Weakly expanded and obscure. There is thought in it, but not worth pursuing. See note below on "repine."

2382. "*Limits dishonour's night.*" A beautiful knightly interpretation of the verse, the sun being in heraldry the fountain of honour. Some reference is also made to the supposed fateful power of the stars. Compare Guillim (p. 115):—

"Starres are God's instruments whereby he worketh the effects of his providence in these inferiour bodies; 'Instrumenta autem utitur Artifex pro suo Arbitrio'—An Artificer useth his toole at his pleasure, and to serve his will. In vaine therefore are the predictions of them that take upon them to foretell of things contingent, and that shall come to passe in future time, and will confidently affirme what good or evill fortune shall befall a man: A thing that is onely knowne to the secret will of God, and resteth in his divine providence to dispose thereof at his good pleasure. As appeareth, Prov. 20, 24."

2393. "*Shall crop ill-doers.*" Sidney always keeps in his mind the metaphor of the first Psalm, "His leaf also shall not wither"—in perfect connection with the contrary image, "now also the axe is laid to the root."[2] "Crop" here means cut off in this sense,—yet not wholly—only low, like Nebuchadnezzar, followed by divine planting and watering—King's husbandry—"I have planted,—Apollos watered."[3]

RHYTHM.—Sixfold. 5 5 5̄ 5 5 5̄ ~~ a a b c c b.

2377. "*Repining.*" I suspect some misreading.[4] Saucy-horned people do not repine: nor is a dancing measure the expression of repining. If the reading is true, Sidney must have some idea of the old measure being wearisome to other people, sickening in iteration.

2389. "*Frankly—freely.*" There is a slight difference in the sense, giving ground for the use of the two words. The cup is filled with the freedom and fulness of love,—at least in the sense which Sidney gives to the verse. I believe rather the *whole* cup is meant in the original to mean the cup of God's wrath,—the drinking of the dregs, as the fragment of the uttermost farthing.[5]

[1] [For other references to Mill's *Liberty*, see Vol. VII. p. 229, Vol. XVII. p. 479, Vol. XIX. p. 127, and Vol. XXIII. p. 116.]
[2] [Matthew iii. 10.]
[3] [1 Corinthians iii. 6.]
[4] [The other MSS. have, however, the same reading.]
[5] [Matthew v. 26.]

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PSALM LXXVIII

ATTENDITE, POPULI

I

A GRAVE discourse to utter I intend,
The age of time I purpose to renew;
You, O my charge, to what I teach attend,
Hear what I speak, and what you hear ensue.
The things our fathers did to us commend,
The same are they I recommend to you;
Which, though but heard, we know most true to be:
We heard, but heard of who themselves did see.

II

Which never let us so ungrateful grow,
As to conceal from such as shall succeed:
Let us the praises of Jehovah show,
Each act of worth, each memorable deed,
Chiefly since he himself commanded so:
Giving a law to Jacob and his seed,
That fathers should to sons this use maintain,
And sons to sons, and they to theirs again.

III

That while the young shall over-live the old,
And of their brood some yet shall be unborn;
These memories, in memory enroll'd,
By fretting time may never thence be worn,
That still on God their anchor hope may hold;
From him by no despairful tempest torn;
That with wise hearts and willing minds they may
Think what he did, and what he bids obey.

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IV

And not ensue their fathers' froward trace,
Whose steps from God rebelliously did stray:
A wayward, stubborn, stayless, faithless race;
Such as on God no hold by hope could lay.
Like Ephraim's sons who durst not show their face,
But from the battle fearful fled away;
Yet bare, as men of warlike excellence,
Offending bows, and armour for defence.

V

And why? they did not hold inviolate
The league of God; nor in his paths would go.
His famous works and wonders they forgat,
Which often hearing well might cause them know.
The works and wonders which in hard estate
He did of old unto their fathers show:
Whereof all Egypt testimony yields,
And of all Egypt chiefly Zoan fields.

VI

There where the deep did show his sandy floor,
And heaped waves an uncouth way enwall,
Whereby they passed from one to other shore,
Walking in seas, and yet not wet at all.
He led them so, a cloud was them before
While light did last; when night did darkness call,
A flaming pillar glitt'ring in the skies
Their lode-star was till sun again did rise.

VII

He rift the rocks, and from their pierced sides,
To give them drink, whole seas of water drew:
The desert sand no longer thirst abides;
The trickling streams to such huge rivers grew.
Yet, not content, their fury farther slides;
In those wild ways they anger God anew.
As thirst before, now hunger swells their lust
To tempting thoughts, bewraying want of trust.

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VIII

And fond conceits begetting fonder words;
Can God, say they, prepare with plenteous hand
Deliciously to furnish out our boards
Here in this waste, this hunger-starved land?
We see indeed the streams the rock affords;
We see in pools the gather'd waters stand;
But whither bread and flesh so ready be
For him to give, as yet we do not see.

IX

This heard, but heard with most displeased ear,
That Jacob's race he did so dearly love,
Who in his favour had no cause to fear,
Should now so wav'ring, so distrustful prove:
The raked sparks in flame began t' appear,
And stayed choler fresh again to move;
That from his trust their confidence should swerve,
Whose deeds had shown he could and would preserve.

X

Yet he unclos'd the garners of the skies,
And bade the clouds ambrosian manna rain;
As morning frost on hoary pasture lies,
So strawèd lay eachwhere this heav'nly grain.
The finest cheat that princes dearest prize
The bread of heav'n could not in fineness stain;
Which he them gave, and gave them in such store,
Each had so much, he wish'd to have no more.

XI

But that he might them each way satisfy,
He slipp'd the reins to east and southern wind;
These on the clouds their utmost forces try,
And bring in rain of admirable kind.
The dainty quails that freely wont to fly,
In forced showers to drop were now assign'd;
And fell as thick as dust on sun-burnt field,
Or as the sand the thirsty shore doth yield.

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XII

So all the plain whereon their army lay,
As far abroad as any tent was pight,
With feath'red rain was wat'red every way,
Which show'ring down did on their lodgings light.
Then fell they to their easy-gotten prey,
And fed till fullness vanquish'd had delight:
Their lust still flam'd, still God the fuel brought,
And fed their lust beyond their lustful thought.

XIII

But fully fill'd, not fully yet content,
While now the meat their weary chaps did chew:
God's wrathful rage upon these gluttons sent,
Of all their troups the principalest slew.
Among all them of Israel's descent
His stronger[1] plague the strongest overthrew.
Yet not all this could wind them to his will,
Still worse they grew and more untoward still.

XIV

Therefore he made them waste their weary years
Roaming in vain in that unpeopled place;
Possess'd with doubtful cares and dreadful fears:
But if at any time death show'd his face,
Then lo, to God they sued, and sued with tears;
Then they return'd, and early sought his grace;
Then they profess'd, and all did mainly cry,
In God their strength, their hope, their help, did lie.

XV

But all was built upon no firmer ground
Than fawning mouths, and tongues to lying train'd:
They made but shows, their heart was never sound,
Disloyal once, disloyal still remain'd.
Yet he (so much his mercy did abound)
Purged the filth, wherewith their souls were stain'd,
Destroy'd them not, but oft revok'd his ire,
And mildly quench'd his indignation's fire.

[1] [So in the Chiswick Press edition. The Oxford and British Museum MSS. read "wrathful."]

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XVI

For kind compassion called to his mind
That they but men, that men but mortal were,
That mortal life, a blast of breathing wind,
As wind doth pass, and past no more appear;
And yet (good God) how oft this crooked kind
Incens'd him in the desert everywhere,
Again repin'd, and murmured again,
And would in bounds that boundless pow'r contain.

XVII

Forsooth their weak remembrance could not hold
His hand, whose force above all mortal hands
To Egypt's wonder did itself unfold,
Loosing their fetters and their servile bands,
When Zoan plains where crystal rivers roll'd,
With all the rest of those surrounded lands,
Saw wat'ry clearness chang'd to bloody gore,
Pining with thirst in midst of wat'ry store.

XVIII

Should I relate of flies the deadly swarms?
Of filthy frogs the odious annoy?
Grasshoppers' waste and caterpillars' harms,
Which did their fruits, their harvest hope enjoy?
How hail and lightning, breaking of the arms
Of vines and figs, the bodies did destroy?
Lightning and hail, whose flamy, stony blows
Their beasts no less, and cattle, overthrows?

XIX

These were but smokes of after-going fire,
Now, now his fury breaketh into flame;
Now dole and dread, now pine and pain conspire,
With angry angels, wreak and wrack to frame.
Nought now is left to stop his stayless ire;
So plain a way is opened to the same.
Abroad goes Death, the uttermost of ills,
In house, in field, and men and cattle kills.

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XX

All that rich land whereover Nilus trails
Of his wet robe the slimy, seedy train,
With millions of mourning cries bewails
Of ev'ry kind their first-begotten slain.
Against this plague no wealth, no worth prevails:
Of all that in the tents of Cham remain,
Who of their house the props and pillars were
Themselves do fall, much less can others bear.

XXI

Meanwhile, as while a black, tempestuous blast
Drowning the earth, in sunder rends the skies,
A shepherd wise to house his flock doth haste,
Taking near ways, and where best passage lies:
God from this ruin, through the barren waste
Conducts his troops in such, or safer, wise;
And from the seas his sheep he fearless saves,
Leaving their wolves entombed in the waves.

XXII

But them leaves not until they were possess't
Of this his hill, of this his holy place,
Whereof full conquest did him Lord invest,
When all the dwellers fled his people's face,
By him subdued and by his hand oppres't.
Whose heritage he shared to the race,
The twelve-fold race of godly Israel,
To lord their lands, and in their dwellings dwell.

XXIII

But what avails? not yet they make an end
To tempt high God, and stir his angry gall:
From his prescript another way they wend,
And to their fathers' crooked by-paths fall.
So with vain toil distorted bows we bend,
Though levell'd right, they shoot not right at all.
The idol-honour of their damned groves,
When God it heard, his jealous anger moves.

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XXIV

For God did hear, detesting in his heart
The Israelites, a people so perverse;
And from his seat in Silo did depart
The place where God did erst with men converse.
Right well content that foes on every part
His force captive, his glory should reverse;
Right well content (so ill content he grew)
His people's blood should tyrants' blade imbrue.

XXV

So the young men the flame of life bereaves:
The virgins live despair'd of marriage choice;
The sacred priests fall on the bloody glaives;
No widow left to use her wailing voice.
But as a knight, whom wine or slumber leaves,
Hearing alarm, is roused at the noise,
So God awakes; his haters fly for fear,
And of their shame eternal marks do bear.

XXVI

But God chose not, as he before had chose,
In Joseph's tents or Ephraim to dwell;
But Juda takes, and to Mount Sion goes,
To Sion mount, the mount he loved well.
There he his house did castle-like enclose,
Of whose decay no after time shall tell;
While her own weight shall weighty earth sustain,
His sacred seat shall here unmov'd remain.

XXVII

And where his servant David did attend
A shepherd's charge, with care of fold and field;
He takes him thence and to a nobler end
Converts his cares, appointing him to shield
His people, which of Jacob did descend,
And feed the flock his heritage did yield:
And he the pains did gladly undergo,
Which heart sincere, and hand discreet did show.

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English Version.—This seems to be indeed a Psalm of Asaph's, written when David's kingdom was finally established for a great warning choral song,[1] corresponding somewhat to Deuteronomy xxxii. There are scarcely any difficulties in it, and only one or two points requiring special notes.

Ver. 25. "Man did eat angels' food." ἄρτον ἀγγέλων. Panem angelorum. It is not to be passed as a merely poetical expression; if no more, it is falsely poetical and absurd. If it means anything, it means that angels eat, like men. Compare Milton, *Paradise Lost*, v. 434, 495, 632.

Ver. 37. "For he remembered that they were but flesh." Another of the important passages indicating the final annihilation, not punishment, of the weakly disobedient.[2]

Ver. 60, 61. "Tabernacle of Shiloh,—delivered his strength into captivity." The Tabernacle of the Wilderness, we must remember, was first set in Shiloh, the city of "Rest," when the land was subdued (Joshua xviii. 1), and the city became the gathering place for all Israel (Joshua xxii. 12). Joshua himself assembles them at Shechem, because it was the place of his own grandfather's tomb, and his own inheritance (Joshua xxiv. 1 and 32). This is to be noted as showing the very high supremacy of the judges in Israel: for the great oath of fidelity to the law of God is given by him, not at Shiloh, but at Shechem, with the witness of the stone under the oak, by the Lord's Sanctuary—xxiv. 26 (but I am not sure what the Sanctuary here means). The Tabernacle itself remained at Shiloh during all the days of the Judges and of Samuel, and its abiding there is only ended in the days of Eli by the Captivity of the Ark,—therefore here, "And delivered his strength into captivity, and his glory into the enemy's hand." After its redemption it remains twenty years in the house of Aminidab, in the hill of Kirjath Jearim—1 Sam. vii. 1 and 2 (and we forget too often how little its presence blessed his household. Uzzah and Ahio the *sons* of Aminidab drove the new cart—2 Sam. vi. 3)—then three months in the house of Obed Edom, where it did bring blessing—though he was a Philistine *—and then finally set by David no more in Shiloh, but in a Tabernacle which *he* had pitched for it (2 Sam. vi. 17, vii. 2) in the city of David (2 Sam. v. 9). I wonder what became of the old Tabernacle, the rods and curtains and twined linen and boards covered with silver.[3]

Ver. 67. "He refused the tabernacle of Joseph." I do not understand the reference to Shechem, nor why the tabernacle of Joseph was refused.[4]

Ver. 69. "And he built his sanctuary like high"—(palaces interpolated) "Like a unicorn," Septuagint and Vulgate. "My horn also hast thou exalted like the horn of an unicorn."[5] I cannot get at the origin of this

* Gittite (2 Sam. vi. 11), so distinguished from Obed Edom the Levite (1 Chron. xxvi. 4, 15).

[1] ["A poetical Midrash, or popular exposition of the history of Israel, from the events preceding the Exodus to the building of the temple" (Cheyne, vol. ii. p. 17).]

[2] [See above, p. 252.]

[3] [See Exodus xxvi.]

[4] [Cheyne, vol. ii. p. 17: "Jehovah interposed and put down his enemies the Jerahmeelites, but he would not again dwell among the fickle Ephraimites. He placed his permanent sanctuary in Judah, and chose David, a man of Judah."]

[5] [Psalms xcii. 10.]

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myth: if one found any one horned animal in early Greek art, we should have some clue, but it seems always to have remained a dream. In later Christian art the unicorn becomes an emblem of chastity: and I believe that our children's rhyme of the Lion and the Unicorn is indeed the remnant of the national feeling respecting the contest of the temporal and spiritual power, which nevertheless remain supporters of the Shield of the English Kingdom.[1]

Sidney Version.—It is quite one of the richest, quaintest, most precious pieces of thought and of intricate verse-work in the whole series, yet in its art and effort more prosaic, from their visible artificialness. It puzzles me greatly by these subtle differences and degradations of style which, if I found characteristic of a separable series of the versions, would be intelligible as showing a different hand,—but they show themselves, more or less, throughout all now, towards the end of the volume in a most perplexing way.

2400. "*The things our fathers did to us commend—the same are they, I (or we) re-commend.*" If you give the full value to the words, you will find instant value in the sense. The line only becomes prosaic if you read "recommend" in the false Cockney sense given to it by the modern shopkeepers.

2402. "*Which, though but heard, we know.*" I have not enough dwelt on the weight of this assertion in the original Psalm,—or the value of Tradition implied in it, for which reason it is so solemnly adopted in the Liturgy. "Oh God, we have heard with our ears,"[2] etc. Saying which, alas, is fast becoming mere lie or impudent blasphemy, either the fathers having told the children nothing,—or the children believing nothing they were told. Compare the lines 2410–2417, and verses 5 to 8 in the original, very carefully.

2418. Two precious lines. With wise hearts, we are to think what God did (unwise hearts thinking that atoms did it automatically); with willing minds we are to obey what He bids,—willing as He wills,—not merely doing what He orders against the grain.

2422. A glorious line, comprehensive and descriptive of evil quality in the most perfect English possible. "Wayward," going every way but the

[1] [The lion and the unicorn as supporters of the royal arms of England and of Scotland date from the accession of James I. of England (and VI. of Scotland), and represent—the lion the English, and the unicorn the Scottish arms, two unicorns being the ancient supporters of the latter shield. See *The Fortunes of Nigel*, chap. iii., where Richie Moniplies says of the "grand blazon at the tap" of the Royal Proclamation, "The lion has gotten a claught of our old Scottish shield now, but it was as weel upheld when it had a unicorn on ilk side of it." For the symbolism of the unicorn, see F. E. Hulme's *Mythland*, 1886, pp. 2 *seq.* The familiar nursery rhyme ("The lion and the unicorn were fighting for the crown") is given by J. O. Halliwell, in his *Nursery Rhymes of England* (1844), who, however, does not note its origin.]

[2] [Ruskin used the same passage in the Litany for the title of his studies in Christian History, *Our Fathers have Told Us.*]

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right when they move; "stubborn," standing obstinately still when they should move; "stayless," having no support or prop when they stand; "faithless," having no trust or confidence when they go on.

2464. "*The raked sparks.*" Metaphor from wood fire, raked, (or) covered over with ashes, the latent sparks raked together to flame. There is no thought of a *former* anger, however, in the original.

2472. "*The finest cheat that princes dearly prize.*" See verbal note. That princes as a class have ate up all the white bread, and left their people the brown, is the sum of all earthly wickedness. And yet perhaps the poor have not been wholly the worse. Compare *Fors*, xxx. 8:[1] "Indeed Hansli very often brought her a little white bread back from the town, whereupon, how happy did she not feel herself! and how she thanked God for having kept so many good things for her old days."

2476. Here begins a nobler series of verses, for energetic veracity of metaphor and superb language, though too much studied, and always on the edge of being spoiled by too palpable alliteration. In the thirteen lines 2480–2492 there are fourteen words beginning with *f*, thrown into sequent groups to give the idea of feathers and flying. Then come *r*, *st*, *w*, and *d*; all usefully dealt with. I cannot give space for comment on the realisation of the facts, which is constant, with a precision of explanation to make all clearer; thus in l. 2533–2534, note the distinction of evil between the three creatures: frogs that *annoy* hatefully, but do not destroy; locusts that *waste*, or consume, but do not blight; and caterpillars that sometimes *waste* little, but blight or harm all. Then the hail and lightning breaking the arms, destroys also the bodies (trunks) of the trees, and, with "flamy, stony, blows," the cattle.

After line 2540, however, the alliteration becomes almost unforgiveable until the beautiful 21st stanza redeems all.

2549. A wonderful line for giving the gist of the character of the Egyptian delta; the slime, full of fructifying power, left as a border at the retiring water's edge.

2571. A superb line of its kind, to be remembered as entirely descriptive of national possession. From that point, however, the version gradually loses power, and I have only admitted the last stanzas of it that the reader might be able to study it as a whole.

RHYTHM.—Octave. 5 ~~ a b a b a b c c.

2399. "*Ensue.*" To follow, in active sense, as "pursue"; but to ensue is to follow a thing out in its detail, to follow it in its interior, as it were; pursue, to follow it from the outside or from a distance. "Ensue" is retained by the French in the useful "il s'ensuit" and "ensuite."

In 2420 it has the sense of following by putting one's foot in the same footstep, as on sand, or in cut ice steps.

[1] [Vol. XXVII. p. 550 (p. 8 in the original edition of Letter 30).]

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2417. "*Despairful*," "separating." A curious word connected with dispart," and more obscurely with "disparage"; and on the other side, with an implied negative of the verb to "pair,"—to "dispair," this again associated in the writer's mind with the Saxon first form of "impair." "What profiteth it a man if he win the whole world, and do pairing to his soul" (Wycliffe's translation,[1] quoted by Johnson).

2437. "*Uncouth*." Unusual, unknown.

2439. "*In seas*." I have substituted "in" for the clearly wrong "on" of the Chiswick edition.

2472. "*Cheat*." Johnson says "bought" (from "acheter") or baker's, as opposed to "household" or home-made, bread, and manchet, main-cheat. I am not satisfied with these derivations.[2]

2481. "*Assigned*," in transitive sense, like "designed." Rare.

2538. "*Blows*." The lightning and hail are considered as one power, before the following singular "overthrows." But this grammar of thought instead of word is inadmissible.

2542. "*Now dole*," etc. Grief and fear of mind, starvation and fear of body. Pine as substantive, rare.

2543. "*Wreak*," vengeance (of the angry angels).[3] "*Wrack*," destruction (by the bodily plagues).

2548. "*Whereover*" is whereon. Rare.

2562. "*Fearless*." The sheep, that is to say. Latin inversion.

[1] [Of Mark viii. 36.]

[2] [The *New English Dictionary* says "derivation uncertain." *Cheat* means "wheaten bread of the second quality, made of flour more coarsely sifted than that used for *manchet*, the finest quality."]

[3] [Compare the note on line 2064 (p. 275).]

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PSALM LXXIX

DEUS, VENERUNT GENTES

I am obliged to omit the Sidney version, which is certainly by another hand. There is continual confusion between the modes of sounding the past participle; and a quite frivolous jingling measure disgraces the deep tenor of the noble Psalm beyond all that I have yet found in the paraphrases. Yet through all the bad taste and want of pathetic sympathy there is still the piercing sight or amplification of idea. Thus the quaint second stanza:—

> "The lifeless carcases of those
> That lived *thy* servants, serve the crows.
> The flock so dearly lov'd of thee,
> To rav'ning beasts dear food they be."

The Psalm itself cannot certainly have been written by Asaph, and beautiful though it be, cannot be adopted for our own in any literal way.

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PSALM LXXX[1]

QUI REGIS ISRAEL

I

HEAR, thou great herdsman that dost Jacob feed,
  Thou Joseph's shepherd shine from cherub's throne:
In Ephraim, Benjamin, Manasse's need,
  Awake thy power and make thy puissance known,
  Free us distressed, raise us overthrown.
Reduce us stray'd, O God, restore us banish'd,
  Display thy face's sky on us thine own,
So we shall safely dwell, all darkness vanish'd.

II

Lord God of hosts, what end, what mean appears
  Of thy wrath's fume against thy people's cry?
Whom thou with tears for bread, for drink with tears
  So dietest that we abandoned lie
  To foes of laughter, and to dwellers by
A field of brawl: but God restore us banish'd,
  Display on us thy face's cleared sky;
So we shall safely dwell, all darkness vanish'd.

III

A vine thou didst translate from Zoan plains,
  And weeding them that held the place of old
Nor planting care didst slack, nor pruning pains,
  To fix her roots whom fields could not enfold.

[1] [Once more, the version of this Psalm in the Oxford MS. (crossed in the MS. from which it was transcribed) is quite different. It thus begins:—

"Thou who dost Jacob keep,
  Attend and hear,
Who guidest Joseph as thy sheep,
  From throne of cherubims appear.
Manasse now begin
  Thy strength to show.
Make Ephraim, make Benjamin,
  O make us all thy safety know."]

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The hills were cloaked with her pleasing cold,
With cedars' state her branches high contended;
Scarce here the sea, the river there controll'd
Her arms, her hands, so wide she both extended.

IV

Why hast thou now thyself dishedg'd this vine,
Carelessly left to passengers in prey?
Unseemly rooted by the wood-bred swine,
Wasted by other beasts that wildly stray?
O God, return, and from thy starry stay
Review this vine, reflect thy looking hither;
This vineyard see, whose plot thy hand did lay,
This plant of choice, ordained not to wither.

V

Consum'd with flames, with killing axes hewn,
All at thy frown they fall, and quail, and die:
But heap thy might on thy elected one,
That stablest man in whom we may affy.
Then we, preserv'd, thy name shall magnify
Without revolt, Lord God restore us banish'd:
Display on us thy face's cleared sky,
So we shall safely dwell, all darkness vanish'd.

English Version.—This might have been written by Asaph during the distress of Israel under Saul;[1] in the 17th verse speaking of David,—or perhaps, "the man of thy right hand" is merely another expression for Israel.

I find that I have been too much in the habit myself of carelessly reading the 3rd and 10th verses as if they were prayers to God that He would return to us, instead of that He would turn us back to Him. It is well to remember these in the desolate times when, for all we can do, we cannot turn ourselves.

Sidney Version.—It is one of the most forcible and thoughtful; dwelling with echo of music on God's showing the light of His countenance—"thy face's sky." See lines 2618, 2626, 2650.

2615. I am not sure in what way the idea of the old word "puissance" differs in the writer's mind from that of "power," but you may always be sure he does not use two words for one thought. So far as I can guess, he means the force of the power of God to be awakened and its far extent or kingly dominion to be known.

[1] [See Cheyne, vol. ii. p. 29.]

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2616-2617. Every word at any rate tells in this couplet; "distress," observe, being taken in the first power of "seizure for debt," and "reduce," of course, in its literal one of leading back.

2624. Inverted Latin construction. "Thou makest us a field of laughter to our foes, of brawl to our neighbours."

Compare the 6th verse in the original with the 4th of Psalm 79, "We are become a reproach to our neighbours,"—therefore a strife,—they being ashamed of us and wanting to get quit of us.

2631. "*Whom fields could not enfold*"—the branches spreading also over the rocks. All ideas of the sweet shade and coolness of the vine trellis over burning rocks are summed in the beautiful 2632nd line.

2635. "*Arms,—hands.*" Too far forced,—but the original "boughs and branches" is also perhaps more tautological than distinct. The rest is all fine, and to the end.

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PSALM LXXXI

EXSULTATE DEO

I do not understand the mingled character of this Psalm;[1] chosen always for a chief expression of joy in old Psalters, and adorned with pictures of David playing on the bells, and yet the close of it is entirely sorrowful. The Sidney version has many bright lines; but others ludicrous, and none of any specialty.

PSALM LXXXII

DEUS STETIT IN SYNAGOGA

Of this also the Sidney version is feeble, and the original is much too noble to be altered. I do not understand the expression "like one of the princes,"[2] because they *are* the princes who are being spoken to. But the general force of the Psalm is straightforward and unmistakable. God stands in the midst of the Earth, assuring them of its confusion, then ending with their condemnation, that though He had put them in the place of Gods, and made them children of the Most High, they should die like common men. It is a Psalm of strange importance for its expression of the Gift of Divine Right—and of its forfeiture.

[1] ["Two distinct psalm-fragments. The first is a conventional, however earnest, liturgical song of praise to Yahwè as King; the second, a solemn protestation of Yahwè, in the tone of Deuteronomy" (Cheyne, vol. ii. p. 34).]

[2] [Verse 7 of the Psalm in the English version.]

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PSALM LXXXIII

DEUS, QUI SIMILIS

I

Be not, O be not silent still:
Rest not, O God, with endless rest;
For lo, thine enemies
With noise and tumult rise;
Hate doth their hearts with fierceness fill,
And lift their heads who thee detest.

II

Against thy folk their wits they file
To sharpest point of secret sleight:
A world of traps and trains
They forge in busy brains,
That they thy hid ones may beguile,
Whom thy wings shroud from searching sight

III

Come let us of them nothing make,
Let none them more a people see;
Stop we their very name
Within the mouth of fame.
Such are the counsels these men take,
Such leagues they link, and these they be.

IV

First Edom's sons, then Ismaell
With Moab, Hagar, Gebal's train;
With these the Ammonites,
The fierce Amalekites,
And who in Palestina dwell,
And who in tents of Tyre remain.

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V

Ashur, though further off he lie,
Assisteth Lot's incestuous brood.
But, Lord, as Jabin thou
And Sisera didst bow:
As Midian did fall and die
At Endor walls and Kison flood.

VI

As Oreb, Zeb, and Zeba strong,
As Salmana who led thy foes
(Who meant, nay said no less
Than that they would possess
God's heritage), became as dung:
So, Lord, O soe, of these dispose.

VII

Torment them, Lord, as tossed balls;
As stubble scatt'red in the air;
Or as the branchy brood
Of some thick mountain wood,
To nought, or nought but ashes falls,
When flames do singe their leafy[F] hair.

VIII

So with thy tempest them pursue,
So with thy whirlwind them affright;
So paint their daunted face
With pencil of disgrace,
That they at length to thee may sue,
And give thy glorious name his right.

IX

Add fear and shame to shame and fear,
Confound them quite, and quite deface;
And make them know that none
But thou, and thou alone,
Dost that high name Jehovah bear
High plac'd above all earthly place.

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I kept this Psalm, thinking we might trace differences in the forms of enmity represented by different nations, which it would be instructive to study; and now I have no time to follow them rightly. The second and fifth stanzas of the Sidney version are very fine,—the whole worth meditation, if indeed the church in her purity is always thus to suffer from the enmity of men.

RHYTHM.—Sixfold. 4 4 3 3 4 4 ~~~a b c c a b.

PSALM LXXXIV

QUAM DILECTA TABERNACULA TUA

WITH all its beauty, I do not understand this Psalm. It seems to me that the third verse is of lamentation, meaning that the altars of God are desolate, and the wild birds brood there; yet this complaint is not in harmony with the rest of the tender song, which is rather of one excluded from the glory of the temple than mourning its ruin.

It would be very beautiful if it meant that the sparrow and swallow might build nests there, and be safe, while *he* was outcast.[1] But I feel no security in such meaning. The Sidney version is unusually poor.

[1] [Such is the generally accepted meaning: see Briggs, vol. ii. p. 226.]

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PSALM LXXXV

BENEDIXISTI, DOMINO

I

Mighty Lord, from this thy land
Never was thy love estrang'd:
Jacob's servitude thy hand
Hath, we know, to freedom chang'd.
All thy people's wicked parts
Have been banish'd from thy sight,
Thou on them hast cured quite
All the wounds of sinful darts.
Still thy choler quenching so,
Heat to flame did never grow.

II

Now then, God, as heretofore
God the God that dost us save,
Change our state, in us no more
Let thine anger object have.
Wilt thou thus for ever grieve?
Wilt thou of thy wrathful rage
Draw the thread from age to age?
Never us again relieve?
Lord, yet once our hearts to joy
Show thy grace, thy help employ.

III

What speak I? O let me hear
What he speaks, for speak he will;
Peace to whom he love doth bear,
Lest they fall to folly still.
Ever nigh to such as stand
In his fear his favour is;
How can then his glory miss
Shortly to enlight our land?
Mercy now and truth shall meet:
Peace with kiss shall justice greet.

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IV

Truth shall spring in ev'ry place,
As the herb, the earth's attire;
Justice's long-absent face
Heav'n shall show and earth admire.
Then Jehovah on us will
Good on good in plenty throw;
Then shall we in gladness mow,
Whereas now in grief we till.
Then before him in his way
All go right, not one shall stray.

This lovely Psalm happily needs no commentary, except on the single verse, "Truth shall spring out of the Earth and Justice look down from Heaven." Truth, the perception of natural law, and of the trust that man may place in its constancy—earthly, but if left without hope of heaven sinking into material science. Moral law, spoken from heaven, and assuring men that they have souls.

The fourth stanza of the Sidney version is very lovely. There are no difficulties in the text.

RHYTHM.—Decade Trochaic. 3. a b a b c d d c e e.

PSALM LXXXVI

INCLINA, DOMINE

THE 86th and—to my amazement—the 87th are lost in the Sidney version. The mysterious sorrow of the 86th is—for all who have suffered like things—expressed rightly in the simple words of our old translation—and should only be read or learned by grieved hearts there.

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PSALM LXXXIX

MISERICORDIAS DOMINI

I AM very sorry to have been forced to omit the Sidney version of this, by one or two unendurable quaintnesses and prosaic falls; some of its stanzas being entirely noble.

The original, however, in spite of its extreme beauty, is one of the least useful to ourselves—being, in the beginning, as far as I can understand it, written in prophecy to David alone; while the last piece of it, from the 38th verse to the end, written afterwards, yet still with reference only to David's distress.[1]

The 18th and 21st verses might be thought to refer to Christ; but these spiritualizations are always likely to mislead.—Believe all that is definitely written of Christ, without any doubt, and obey all that Christ plainly says, without any hesitation, and there will be no need for us to twist more Christ-references out of obscure Psalms. The 18th verse here, I believe, means simply that God is the defence of Israel, and the mortal person made holy among the nation by the anointing oil is the nation's king. Compare the next verse: "I have exalted one chosen out of the people."

I must at least give of the Sidney version the two stanzas which render the 44th to 48th verses of the text:—

And yet, O now, by thee abjected, scorned,
  Scorch'd with thy wrath is thy anointed one.
Hated his league, the crown him late adorned
  Pull'd from his head, by thee, augments his moan.
Raz'd are his forts, his walls to ruin gone,
Not simplest passenger but on him preyeth,
  His neighbours laugh, of all his haters none
But boasts his wreck, and at his sorrow playeth.

Takes he his weapon? thou the edge rebatest:
  Comes to the field to fight? thou makest him fly:
Would march with kingly pomp? thou him unstatest:
  Ascend his throne? it overthrown doth lie.
  His age's spring, and prime of jollity,
Winter of woe, before the day, defineth.
  For praise,—reproach; for honour,—infamy
He over-loden bears, and bearing pineth.

[1] [For discussions of this "composite psalm," see Briggs, vol. ii. p. 250, and Cheyne, vol. ii. p. 63.]

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PSALM CI[1]

MISERICORDIAM ET JUDICIUM

When, now appointed king, I king shall be,
  What mercy then, what justice use I will,
I here, O Lord, in song protest to thee.

Till that day come thou me the crown shalt give,
  Deep study I on virtue will bestow:
And pure in heart at home retired live.

My lowly eye shall level at no ill;
  Who fall from thee, with me not one shall stand:
Their ways I shall pursue with hatred still.

Mischievous heads far off from me shall go:
  Malicious hearts I never will admit:
And whispering biters all will overthrow.

Ill shall I brook the proud ambitious band,
  Whose eyes look high, whose puffèd hearts do swell:
But for truth-tellers I will search the land.

Such men with me my counsellors shall sit:
  Such evermore my officers shall be,
Men speaking right, and doing what is fit.

No fraudulent within my house shall dwell:
  The cunning coining tongue shall in my sight
Be not endur'd, much less accepted well.

As soon as I in all the land shall see
  A wicked wretch, I shall him hate outright;
And of vile men Jehova's city free.

[1] [This Psalm was not prepared for press by Ruskin; but as he analyses its metre (above, p. 135), it is here added from the Chiswick Press edition (with the spelling modernized).]

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III

ELEMENTS OF ENGLISH PROSODY

(1880)

(SUPPLEMENTARY TO "ROCK HONEYCOMB")

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ELEMENTS

OF

ENGLISH PROSODY

FOR USE IN ST. GEORGE'S SCHOOLS.

EXPLANATORY OF THE VARIOUS TERMS USED IN "ROCK HONEYCOMB."

BY

JOHN RUSKIN, D.C.L., LL.D.,

HONORARY STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD; AND HONORARY FELLOW OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD.

GEORGE ALLEN,
SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON, KENT.
1880.

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[*Bibliographical Note.*—The title-page of this work, forming a supplement to *Rock Honeycomb*, was as shown on the preceding page.

Octavo, pp. vii. + 62. Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. i.–ii.; Title-page (with imprint on the reverse, "Hazell, Watson, and Viney, Printers, London and Aylesbury"), pp. iii.–iv.; Preface, pp. v.–vii.; p. viii. is blank; Text, pp. 1–62. The headline "Elements of English Prosody" is on each page.

Issued on October 7, 1880, in buff-coloured paper wrappers, with the title-page (enclosed in a double-ruled frame) reproduced upon the front, the *Rose* being added. 1000 copies. Price 2s. 6d. (reduced in March 1893 to 1s. 6d.). The pamphlet is still current.

The numbering of the sections is introduced in this edition for convenience of reference.]

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PREFACE

I HAVE never hitherto printed any book falling so far short of what I hoped to make it as this sketch of the system of English Prosody; but I had no conception, when I threw the first notes of it together, what a number of difficult and interesting questions would arise out of the variable conditions of national ear for music, and intention in song. On some of these I have not even touched in the following pages—others are only alluded to; and even the formal arrangement of elementary metre is incomplete: but I cannot delay the long-promised book[1] longer, nor do I think my time would be well spent in endeavouring to follow out the questions it has suggested to myself. I must leave them to better scholars, while I still hope that what is here done by way of introduction to the systematic criticism of English rhythm may be of some use in checking the lawlessness of recent popular versification. I have been, however, chiefly disappointed in finding myself unable to interest any of my musical friends in obtaining more direct correspondence between verbal and harmonic intention. I arranged the examples of verse here chosen on musical lines, hoping that my harmonic friends aforesaid would be good enough either to construct or choose for me passages of pure music which would fit the verses, note to syllable; but I found them all incredulous or disdainful of the propriety of such correspondence, and bent, unanimously, upon establishing a code of abstract sound which should be entirely independent of meaning. Merely to show what I wanted, I have put a few chords to three

[1] [It was promised in *Rock Honeycomb* (1877) as likely to be "ready not long after this beginning of Psalter is published" (see above, pp. 114, 132).]

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of the simplest iambic measures; and can only pray the reader to excuse—or use, perhaps, for himself—the otherwise unnecessary apparatus of bar and line.

A most interesting letter, lately received from a friend in Sheffield to whom the first proofs of the following pages had been submitted, directing my attention to the difference between the stress-accent in English verse, the (probably) intonation-accent in Greek, and the properly so-called quantity, or duration, of syllables, should have been printed *in extenso*, had I been able to answer its inquiries satisfactorily. But I know nothing whatever of Greek accentuation, while I believe the stress-accent on English words will be found always to involve delay as well as energy or loudness of pronunciation, and that, at all events in verse, it may be considered as identical with quantity. It is true that the shrillness of a cry, or the strength of a word spoken in brief anger or appeal, will not of course imply the duration of sound; nor am I at all sure that what, throughout the following treatise, I have called long and short syllables, may not in several, or even frequent instances, be only loud and low ones. But the stated system itself will not be found, for this reason, inaccurate; and the reader will only have occasion to substitute for the examples in which accent has been mistaken for quantity, others, better chosen, of which the rhythmic time may be unquestionable.

CHARTRES, *15th September*, 1880.

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ELEMENTS OF ENGLISH PROSODY

1. VERSE differs from prose in being "measured," that is to say, divided into groups of words and syllables, which, when the verse is passionless, must be spoken in given times; and when it is passionate, are made more beautiful by certain modes of transgression of their constant law.

The real meaning of the word "verse" is, a line of words which "turns" at a certain point, as the furrow turns in a ploughed field. It partly, therefore, involves the idea of returning in *another part* of the field, and so has been ordinarily employed in the sense of "stanza." This last word, meaning, first, the chamber of a house, properly signifies a piece of a song enclosed or partitioned by itself. In this book I may permit myself to use the word "verse" for a rhymed couplet or balanced quatrain; but shall generally use it of all rhythmic composition; "line" for a single measured line; and "stanza" for a recurrent group of lines.

2. The music of verse unaccompanied by instrumental sound, consists in the precision and graceful arrangement of the measured times of utterance,—in the beautiful and complete sound of the syllables spoken in them,—and in the variations of tone and time induced by passion in the reader. Completeness of sound in a word consists in the precision of its clear utterance, and in the rightness of the accent expressing the feeling with which it ought to be spoken.

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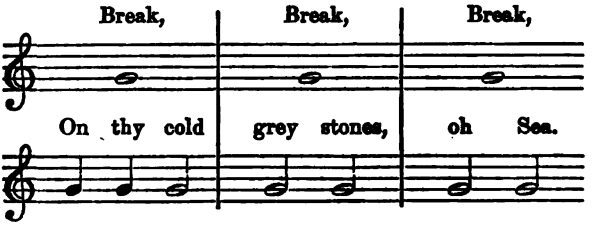
Therefore, the measures of verse, while their first simple function is to please by the sense of rhythm, order, and art, have for second and more important function that of assisting, and in part compelling, clearness of utterance; thus enforcing with noble emphasis, noble words; and making them, by their audible symmetry, not only emphatic, but memorable.

The Greek word "metron," "measure," has been adopted in all languages, with just respect for the first masters of poetry, to signify a measured portion of a verse.

8. Each metre, in reality, consists either of actual syllables completely uttered each in its time, or of one or more of such syllables with measured rests, filling up the time required, as in bars of music. I shall use in the expression of time, therefore, the ordinary system of musical notation: a more convenient one may perhaps be afterwards devised, but the use of our accepted musical signs will be at present easiest.

Grammarians enumerate more than twenty different metres; but all that are of effective use in English verse are ten; of which the names and times follow.

(I.) The full long syllable: which, when it is used as a perfect metre, may be equal to two of the syllables called "long" in ordinary verse. It will be represented by the semibreve, equal to two minims,



In this couplet,[1] each verse consists of three equal

[1] [For a reference, in a different connexion, to these lines of Tennyson, see (in a later volume of this edition) a note by Ruskin, reprinted from the *Transactions of the New Shakspere Society.*]

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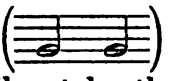
measures, the times of the syllables being indicated by the musical notes.

I am obliged to say that the full long syllable *may* be equal, instead of that it *is* equal, to two of ordinary length, because it would always depend on the reader's choice to fill up the time with his voice, or to give an interval of silence; but the three divisions of the verse would always be kept equal; and the two lines of the couplet would be kept equal.

The second line, it will be seen at a glance, has its first metre composed of two short syllables with one long one (two crotchets and a minim), and the other two metres of two long syllables each. These last are a kind of metre rare in English verse; but of all others the most important to the general system of the poetry of the world. They therefore follow second in order in our list.

4. (II.) The Spondeus.  Two syllables of equal length, uttered so deliberately that they may correspond to the time in which a man, walking firmly and serenely, takes two paces.

This metre was called Spondeus in Latin, and σπονδεῖος (πούς) in Greek, because it was the measure of the melodies used at the most solemn religious and national ceremonies, accompanied always with the "σπονδή," "drink-offering," to God.

And it has the perpetual authority of correspondence with the deliberate pace of Man, and expression of his noblest animal character in erect and thoughtful motion: all the rhythmic art of poetry having thus primary regard to the great human noblesse of walking on feet; and by no means referring itself to any other manner of progress, by help either of stilts or steam.

In this power, the Spondeus, or time of the perfect pace of a reasonable two-legged animal, has regulated the verse of the two most deliberate nations of the earth—the Greek and Roman; and, through their verse, has regulated

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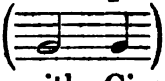
the manner, the mien, and the musical ear, of all educated persons, in all countries and times.

5. It is usual only to define it as consisting of two "long" syllables; but the actual length in time has never been stated; and it is absolutely necessary, in order to fix proper educational laws either for music or verse, that the time of metres should be defined positively no less than relatively.

Now, any person holding himself well erect, and walking in regular time, so firmly that he could carry a vase of water on his head without spilling it or losing its balance, will find that he can easily take two paces in a second; and not easily, more.

The proper length of the Spondeus will, therefore, be one second (indicated by two minims); and a long syllable (indicated by a minim), forming a part of any other foot, will, primarily, have the length of half a second. From this measure we shall form all our divisions of time: noticing in what special verses, or under what particular conditions, the time may be quickened or delayed.

The Spondeus is a foot, practically, if not utterly, peculiar to the Greek and Latin races and languages. It is inconsistent with the temper, and, except in rare cases, impossible in the tongues, of modern nations. All verses written in modern languages in imitation of the classic hexametre are forced, false, and unmusical; though, as I have said, our own rhythms are all derived from it, in proper subjection to our own tempers and tongues.

6. (III.) The Choreus,  or Choral foot, afterwards called (but I hold, with Cicero,[1] less rightly), the Running or Tripping foot, "Troche."

A long syllable, followed by one of half of its length, and often, in the finest uses of it, with a following or

[1] [*Ad Marcum Brutum Orator*, 63, § 212, where Cicero uses the word *choreus* for – ∪. He does not, however, discuss whether – ∪ should be called *choreus* or *trochæus*, for the latter means to him ∪ ∪ ∪.]

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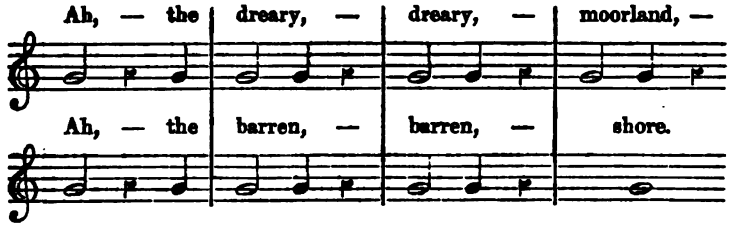
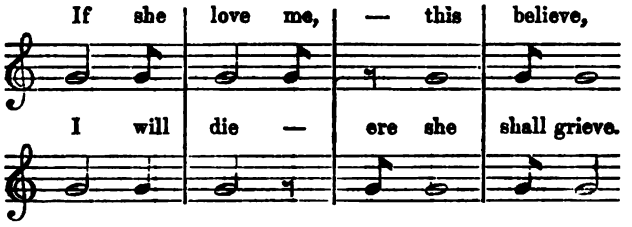
intermediate quarter-second rest, adding to its deliberation and intensity, and completing the metre to spondaic time.[1]



When used pure, and without a rest, the Choreus always has an appointed duty in securing the exaggeration of accent proper to mark passionate and eager sentiment; so that, while forced accents are allowed by the greatest writers to modify and check the flow of Iambic verse, they are always used by the best masters to enforce that of Choreic, which indeed ought not to be employed at all, unless many of the accents are intended to be forced.



In this case[2] the dramatic power is entirely master of the verse, and changes it into Iambic at will by introduced rests, as the feeling increases in depth. The same unequal relation between the syllables is, however, also obtained when, instead of the first being strongly accented, the second faints, as in exhaustion. It is this wearied and breathless Choreus,—crotchet and semiquaver,—which gives the intensely pathetic truth to the measures of the "Northern

[1] [For another reference to these lines from Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*, see Vol. XIV. p. 21.]

[2] [George Wither: from the song (1619) beginning, "Shall I, wasting in despair."]

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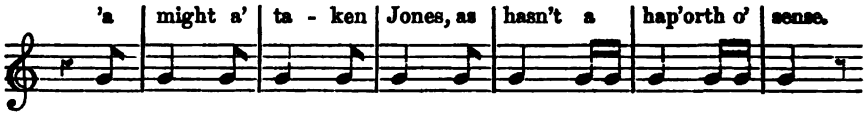
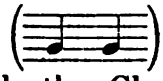
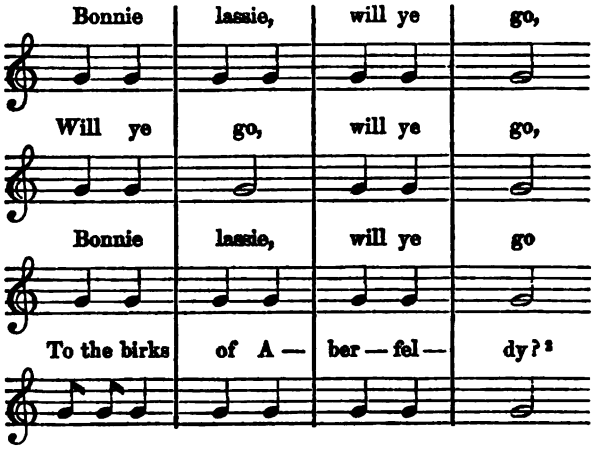
Farmer,"[1] associated with the short dactyl, which we shall see presently is derived from it.



The rest in the close of this choreic verse is the full length of the short syllable, if the next line begins with a long one; or may pass into the beginning of the next line as a pronounced syllable;—in the above line the beginning 'a is the close of the choreus which ended the line before.

7. (IV.) The Trochæus.  Confused by nearly all writers on prosody with the Choreus. It consists of two equal short syllables, and corresponds in time to the paces of a man running. It is a rare measure, and, indeed, almost unacknowledged in Greek verse, except as a mere acceleration of the Choreus. But it is of extreme importance in English verse, rippling in the sweetest rivulets of bright feeling or delicate haste.



[1] [For other references to this poem by Tennyson, see Vol. XX. p. 87; Vol. XXIII. p. 331.]

[2] [For other references to this song by Burns, see *Proserpina* (Vol. XXV. pp. 298, 334).]

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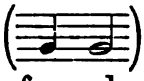
Observe, however, that in fine lyric verse of this kind, changes of accent are introduced which are entirely distinct from those of time, the metres in the word "Aberfeldy" being reversed in accentuation from those of "lassie" and "will ye"; and although, in accurate system, I must distinguish the short running foot from the firmly-set-down foot of the Choreus, I shall use the accepted term, Trochaic verse, of all lines composed of either Choreus or Troche.

8. (V.) The Iambus.  A short syllable followed by a long one. It is formed constantly by the proper accentuation of familiar, but dignified, conversational language, either in Greek or English: it is the dramatic metre in both, and in English, the Epic also. When the softened or passionate syllables of Italian replace the Latin resoluteness, it enters the measure of Dante, with a peculiar quietness and lightness of accent which distinguish it, there, wholly from the Greek and English Iambus.

And, indeed, the whole subject of Prosody has been confused, and its systematization for English readers made virtually impossible, by the want of clearly understanding the difference between accent and time.

The word "crusty" is a perfect choreus formed of a long and short syllable, with the accent on the long one.

But the word "crustacean" is composed of a spondeus followed by a troche, in which, though the "crust" takes, or ought to take, just as long to say as it did in "crusty," the accent is on the second syllable: and a bad verse-maker might imagine that he could therefore use the first as a short one. Which by license, he might; and describe a stage of development in such an Iambic couplet as

> "In conch and claw, through sequent tribes we trace
> Crustacean beauty from molluscous grace;"

but he could not introduce such a line into a really melodious passage without spoiling it. Accent, therefore, is always arranged by the great masters so as to enhance

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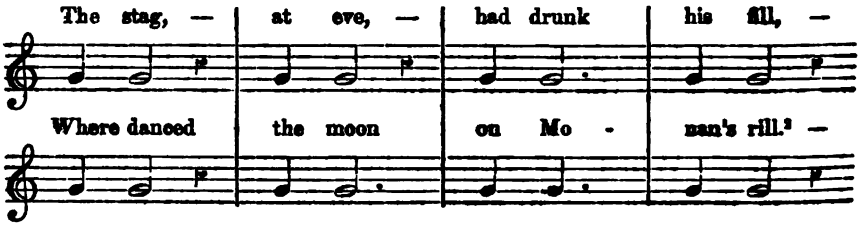
and illustrate their prosody; and they require of the reader only that he should understand their meaning, and deliver it with proper accentuation: then *they* will answer for the prosody coming right. For instance:—

> "Or that the past will always win
> A glory from its being far,
> And orb into the perfect star
> We saw not, when we moved therein."[1]

If the reader has intelligence enough to put the accent on the *or*, and *be* of being, the verse comes right; but imagine the ruin to it if a merely formal reader changed the first line into a regular iambic by putting the accent on *that*. In actual length, quality, and recipient power, the words "or" and "that" are precisely alike,—their value is a question of accent only.

9. Iambic verse, by far the most important of all in English literature, divides itself mainly into three classes—lyric, epic,* and dramatic, each of which submit to laws and claim license peculiar to themselves.

The lyric iamb is so much accented on its second syllable that it is at the reader's option to leave a rest between it and the following foot, or, if a rest be inadmissible, to lengthen the second syllable by one-half, so as to convert the whole current of verse into spondaic time.



* For meaning of "epic" see below (page 370), under the account of pentametre verse.

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[1] [Tennyson: *In Memoriam*, xxiv. For Ruskin's numerous references to the poem, see General Index.]

[2] [Scott: *The Lady of the Lake*, canto i. 1.]

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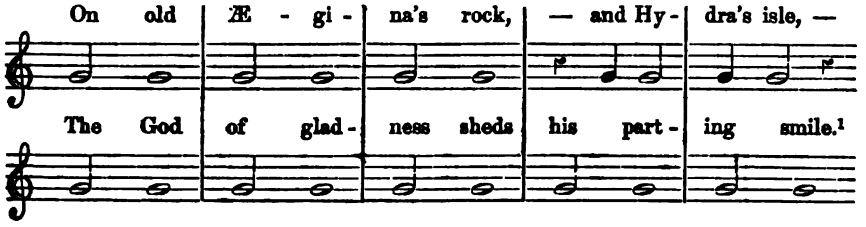
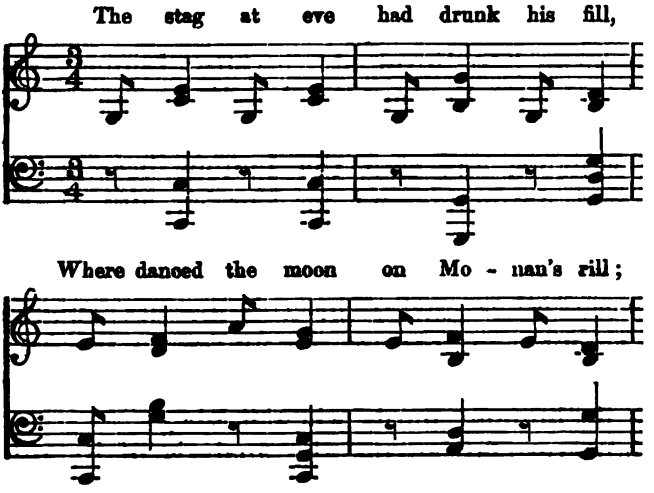
10. But in epic iambs this forced accentuation is not admissible,—even the first syllable of the iamb remaining always so weighty as to be able to carry a full diphthong without cumber; and the time of the metre being therefore oftener minim with semibreve than crotchet with minim.



The difference will be felt in a moment by putting the simplest triple-time tune to the lyric measure, which will always take it contentedly enough. Not so the epic, which can never be sung unless to equally divided or appropriately varied chords. Even the lyric, however, when pensive or earnest in the sense of it, likes to have its short syllable lengthened as soon as any musical tone is joined with it—as here, for instance, in the last line of the second couplet.



[1] [Byron: *The Corsair*, canto iii. 1. For Ruskin's setting of these lines, see below, p. 515.]

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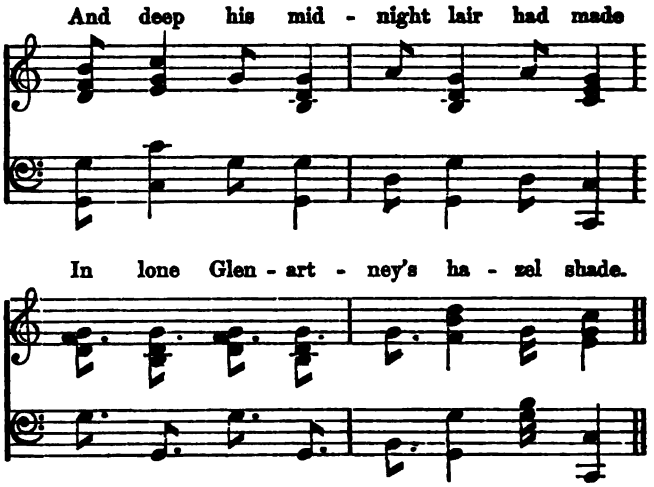

11. The dramatic iamb differs from the epic in becoming simply the more or less constant form of graceful human speech; beginning softly, and laying the force on its close; and the different arrangements of this one foot are susceptible of every kind of expression, from the most logical and deliberate narration to the extreme glow of passionate triumph, appeal, or complaint; but the specific virtue and power of the Iambus is appellant. The root of the word is said to mean "to throw at," because Iambic verses were first used in dramatic taunt. But the natural instinct of the voice, in any appeal to another person, is to lean on the final syllable, and thus the Iambus becomes in Greek the accepted dramatic, and in English also the accepted epic, metre, through the most continuous dialogue and prolonged narration. The Iambus differs from (as far as I know) every other metre in this perfect submission to dramatic accent. It does not merely permit the interference with grace or patience; it even asks for, and rejoices in it; and "has its humour most, when it obeys."[1]

See, however, farther on, the analysis of its use in the pentametre [p. 369].

[1] [Pope's *Moral Essays*, ii. 264.]

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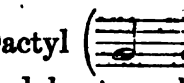
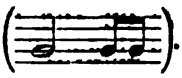
12. (VI.) The Dactyl  , or  . A long syllable, followed by two short ones.

It has not been yet sufficiently recognized by writers on prosody that there are two Dactyls,—the long Dactyl, formed by the division of the last syllable of a Spondeus into two, giving two seconds of time to the whole metre, as to the Spondeus from which it is formed; and the short Dactyl, formed by dividing the last syllable of the Choreus into two, the syllables being severally half a second and two-eighths of a second long,—minim and two quavers; or in lightest measure—crotchet and two semiquavers.

It will be most convenient to call the first of these the Heroic, and the second the Lyric Dactyl, the last being almost exclusively used in English verse. But for both, the name "Dactyl"—"Finger," meaning a cadence composed of three joints in diminishing proportion, indicates a subtlety in the distribution of time which cannot be expressed by any musical measurement. The division of the foot, in fine utterance, sounds as if it resulted from a certain degree of languor, as if the second syllable had fallen short by some failure of power or feeling, and then the loss had been supplied by the added third. And although the heroic dactyl, since it carries the close of the line, may become nobly energetic, its power is always like the fall of a wave. It is sometimes used as an expression of rapidity; but is then always more or less vulgar;—its true power is in tranquillity,—"Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum";[1] or in sadness,—

> "Farewell to others, but never we part,
> Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!
> Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
> Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day."[2]

I need not spoil these lines by bars—they are perfectly, and therefore simply, dactylic, the voice necessarily leaning

[1] [Horace: *Epistles*, i. 2, 43: for another reference to the line, see Vol. IX. p. 272.]
[2] [Byron: *Hebrew Melodies*, "Song of Saul before his last Battle."]

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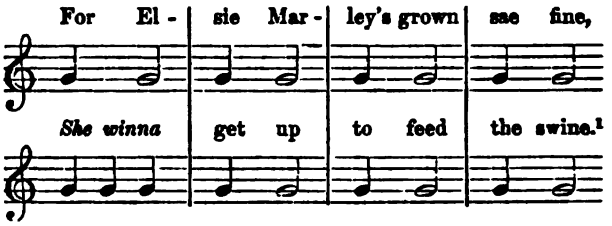
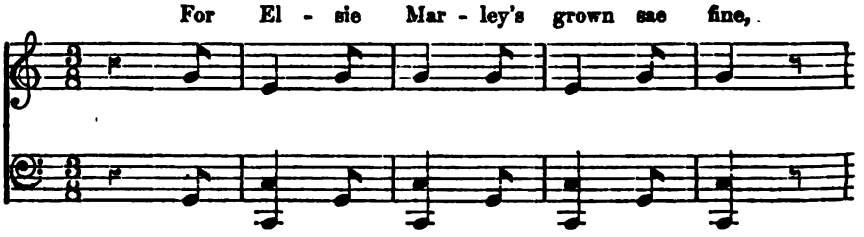
always on the right syllable, and the two words "royalty" and "diadem" being each perfect examples of dactylic cadence.

18. (VII.) The Tribrach. Three consecutive short syllables, formed in English either from a troche or iambus by substituting two short syllables for the long one.



It is so difficult, however, in English, to pronounce three syllables without some inequality of force, that the real Tribrach is constantly interchanged with what the Greeks called an amphibrach—a long syllable between two short ones;—thus in the verse just quoted many readers would give the words "she winna" as . But for simplicity's sake, I shall call the amphibrach, the *long* tribrach, there being in English every gradation in accent from the one to the other; and the foot being always liable to transpose itself into a dactyl or anapæst. Thus if we put some tune into the metre of this couplet, it will come with more zest by the following division of the second line.



[1] [Old Lancashire song.]

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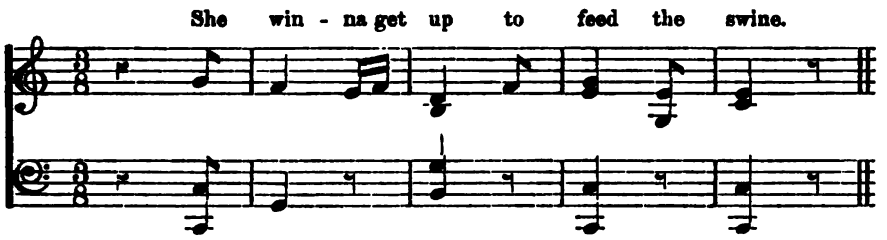
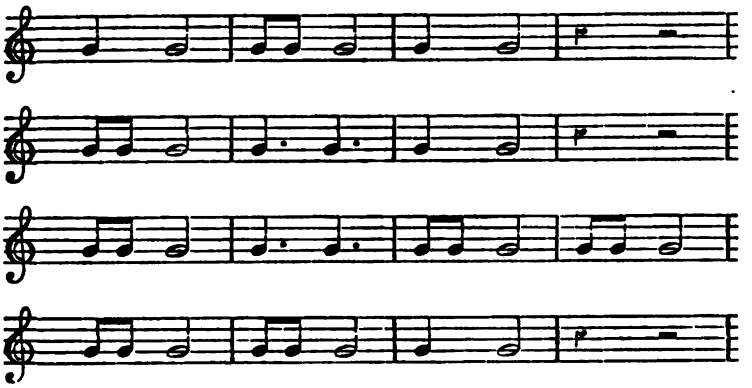


14. (VIII.) The Anapæst, , or

"ἀνάπαιστος," "struck back," meaning a reversed dactyl. Two short syllables followed by a long one: the long dactyl reversed, giving the long anapæst; and the choreic dactyl, reversed, giving the short anapæst,—in English, the most energetic of all metres.

"Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
And the woodbine odours are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown."[1]

I will not spoil the lines by division; but this is their prosody:—



The intense anxiety and agitation of the lover's mind is marked by not one of the lines being exactly similar to

[1] [For another reference to this quotation from Tennyson's *Maud*, see *Sesame and Lilies*, § 94 (Vol. XVIII. p. 143).]

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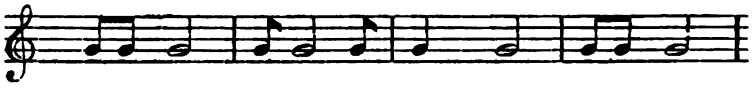
another in its prosody; the third line might perhaps be better rendered with a long tribrach.



It is often difficult in long anapæstic verse to distinguish anapæst from dactyl; but if the line is full in energy, it is sure to be essentially anapæstic.

The Assy | rian came down, | like the wolf, | on the fold, |

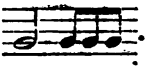
for instance, could not be for a moment mistaken for a cadence out of the Song of Saul. The line

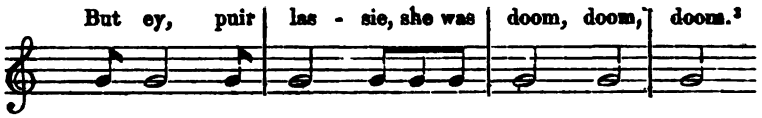
With the dew on his brow, and the dust on his mail,[1]

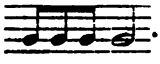
is an entirely faultless anapæstic tetrametre.

This foot is also necessarily used as a *conclusive* one, in verses requiring pertinence and point.

But the Pro	vost, douce man, said, Just een	let him be,
For the toun	is well quit o' that deil	o' Dundee.[2]

15. (IX.) The Trine Dactyl,  . A long syllable followed by triplet short ones.



16. (X.) The Trine Anapæst. The reverse of the trine Dactyl,  .

[1] [Byron: *Hebrew Melodies* ("The Destruction of Sennacherib").]
[2] [Scott, however, wrote in the second line, "The Gude Town is weel quit," etc.]
[3] [From a North Country song. The story is that of a man who marries a dumb wife, and takes her to the doctor, who "cuts her chattering strings" and cures her. Before long, however, the man takes her back to the doctor and wants him to make her dumb again. The doctor informs him that, while it was possible to make a dumb woman speak, to make a talking woman silent is beyond the art of man.]

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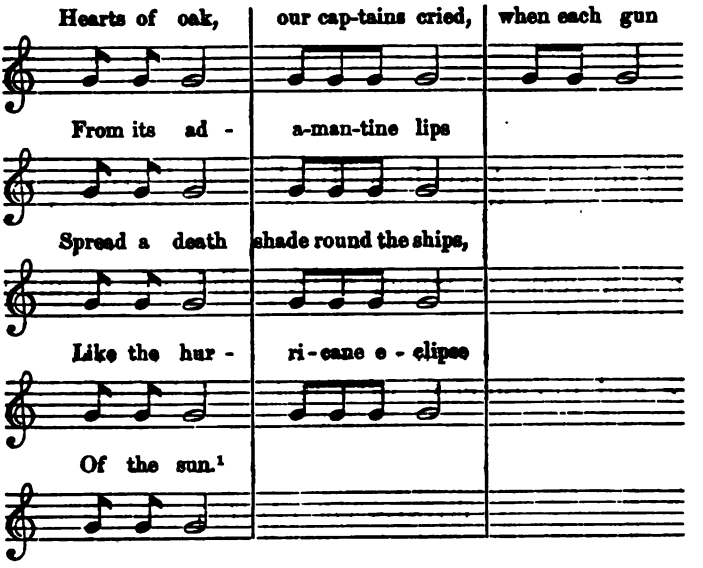

17. Of these ten metres, variously combined, all mediæval and modern English verses are composed: but every one of them has special powers, and claims special liberties in use, of which the natural exertion and indulgence constitute fine versification. It will be the most convenient method of analysis to take the various lines used by English poets in the order of their length, and investigate in particular instances the motives and methods of construction.

English lines only in exceptional cases admit more than six metres, and contain rarely fewer than three; but it will be best to arrange and name them systematically from one metre to six, thus:—

A Monometre line consists of one metre.
— Dimetre _____ two ——
— Trimetre _____ three ——
— Tetrametre _____ four ——
— Pentametre _____ five ——
— Hexametre _____ six ——

[1] [For another quotation from Campbell's *The Battle of the Baltic*, see below, p. 359.]

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I. THE MONOMETRE

18. Only the Spondeus, Iambus, and Anapæst can be gracefully or forcibly used to form a single clause in a stanza; and even these are rarely so used but in the finest old English verse, in which every syllable is meant to have full weight.

I take first an exquisite example from Herrick, Iambic dimetre and monometre, with rest.[1]

(THE MORROW SHALL TAKE THOUGHT FOR THE THINGS OF ITSELF)

In endless mirth
She thinks not on
What's said, or done,
In earth.

Nor does she mind,
Or think on't, now,
That ever thou
Wast kind.

These lines are in the very highest manner of central English poetry, the accent being almost equal throughout, because the feeling is far too intense in every word and syllable to permit the marked accentuation of any;—the strength of passion compelling two contractions, otherwise vulgar, here noble;—and the current of expression entirely unbroken by the slightest transposition or strain of word.

Here next—also from Herrick—is an instance of the

[1] [*Hesperides*, No. 1026. The title here is Ruskin's, Herrick's being "Comfort to a youth that had lost his love." Ruskin quotes the lines in a letter to Coventry Patmore (April 20, 1880), adding that he had been "putting chords of music to them, such as he could."]

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forceful or expostulant accentuation of the Iambus; trimetre, dimetre, and monometre in descent, finished with the recurrent trimetre.

(TO KEEP A TRUE LENT)[1]

Is this a fast?—to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veales and sheep?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragg'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look and sour?

No; 'tis a fast, to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate,
And hate;
To circumcise thy life,

To show a heart grief-rent,
To starve thy sin,
Not bin;
And that's to keep thy Lent.

The rests in this measure are at the reader's choice; strictly, they fill the vacant places in the shorter lines, and the last two stanzas are therefore the only perfect ones, allowing the completely measured pauses to enforce the sense.

Many instances of the weighty and appellant or expostulant use of the Iambic monometre might be given from old English writers. The anapæstic monometre has

[1] [*Noble Numbers*, No. 228. The title here is Herrick's.]

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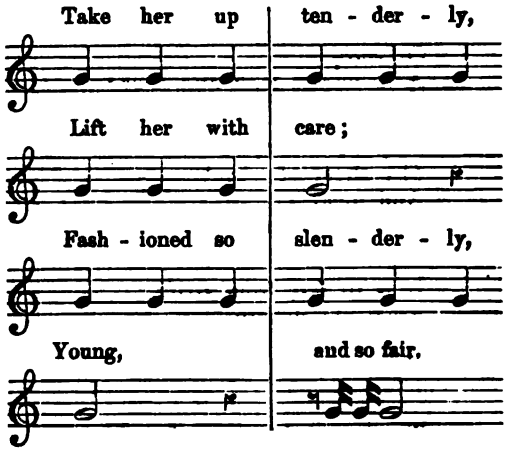
been more beautifully used by the moderns; but, before giving example of it, I must show more completely the distinction between anapæst and tribrach. I go on, therefore, to the second order of metre.

II. THE DIMETRE.

19. I take for first example Hood's beautiful measure in the "Bridge of Sighs"—double tribrach with choreus and anapæst.



An imperfectly trained reader might at first think these lines were dactylic. But the emotion is entirely continuous, and the accent equal on every syllable, but hastening and trembling all the time, till at last it only comes full on the words "young" and "fair." The reader will see by the bar divisions how the magnitude of the tribrach syllable, two-thirds of the second, allows the equal time to the choreus, with its short syllable in rest, and the final choreic Anapæst.

The equality of the tribrach is shown perfectly in the beautiful close of the stanza,—

"Anywhere—anywhere,
Out—of the world."

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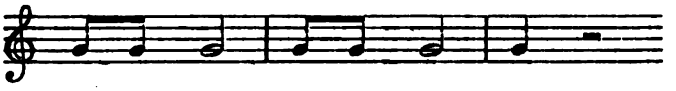
20. I take next Scott's coronach in the *Lady of the Lake*, double anapæst, with terminal pause, in quatrain.



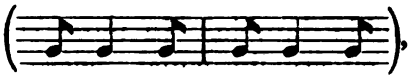
It ought in strictness to be called a trimetre with two syllables in rest, but is dimetre to the ear.

"He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest."

I place this immediately after the "Bridge of Sighs" in order to show how the anapæst or dactyl may be at once known from the tribrach. If any of the locally short syllables in anapæstic or dactylic verse are by nature long, the verse labours at that syllable: thus "dried" and "our" are both too long for their place in this stanza. But the tribrach will take a long syllable without pressure; and the "where" in "anywhere" does not in the least encumber, though it beautifully deepens the melody.

This metre of Scott's is a very rare one, being peculiar in the insistence on the pause after the short closing syllable in each verse, as if it had ended in a sob.

The dimetre of long tribrachs



"Which see not—the sight of
Their own de—solation,"[1]

is a favourite one with Byron; but it is so because susceptible of continually varied stop and division, which would be extremely difficult to express by notation.

21. The pure iambic dimetre is used chiefly as an intermediate or supplementary line associated with tetrametres.

[1] [*Manfred*, Act ii. sc. 3 (Second Voice).]

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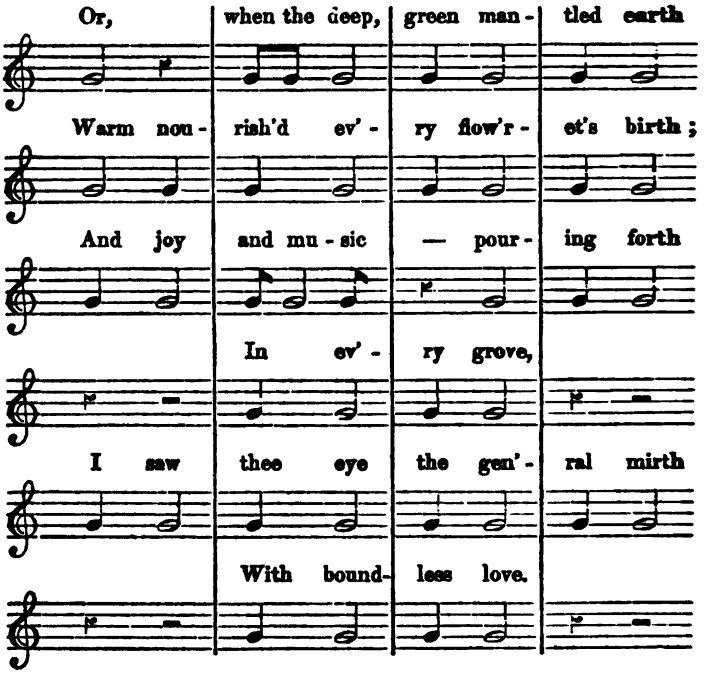
It is in this grouping a great favourite with Burns;[1] *e.g.*,—



In verses of this blended time, the rests must be left to the reader's feeling, but the general division of this stanza would be as above given, the variations of foot in the tetrametres being almost at pleasure, but the dimetres being strictly double Iambic. In more subtle versification, the accents are effectually equal, every syllable carrying full meaning:—

"Farewell, sweet lass,
Thy like ne'er was
For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan.
Poor Coridon
Must live alone:
Other help for him, I see that there is none."[2]

[1] [*The Vision:* Duan Second.]
[2] [No. xviii. (one of the "Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music") of the various pieces of poetry included under the title *The Passionate Pilgrim*, and sometimes attributed to Shakespeare.]

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The trochaic dimetre

"Double, double
Toil and trouble,"[1]

and trochaic dimetre with rest for the last syllable

Other | joys—
Are but | toys—[2]

need little notice, being never used at any length, or in important passages of verse.

III. THE TRIMETRE

22. We have seen that when lines consist only of one or two metres, they are almost necessarily so pregnant or so forcible in meaning, that their accent cannot be mistaken, nor easily exaggerated: but when we come to what may be called completely constituted lines, in which the metres are never fewer than three, other, and very singular and beautiful, considerations mingle with the laws of barren prosody.

In the first place, observe, that all great poets intend their work to be read by simple people, and expect no help in it from them; but intend only to give *them* help, in expressing what otherwise they could never have found words for. Therefore a true master-poet invariably calculates on his verse being first read as prose would be; and on the reader's being pleasantly surprised by finding that he has fallen unawares into music.

"I said, there was naething I hated like men!
—The deil gae wi' him, to believe me."[3]

[1] [*Macbeth*, Act iv. sc. 1.]
[2] [Walton: *The Compleat Angler*, part i. ch. xvi. ("O the gallant fisher's life," etc.).]
[3] [Burns: "Last May a Braw Wooer."]

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The only doubtful accent in this piece of entirely prosaic and straightforward expression is on the "him," and this accent depends on the context. Had the sentiment been, for instance, "He's gaen,—the deil gae wi' him," the accent would probably have been on the "wi'." But here, the speaker is intent on fastening the fault on her lover instead of herself; and the accent comes therefore full on the "him," if only the reader understands completely the *sense* of what he is reading. That sense being naturally expressed, Burns answers for the prosody: and the entirely simple and almost involuntary burst of temper becomes perfectly flawless anapæstic verse.

Again:

> "You have the Pyrrhic dance,—as yet:
> Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
> Of two such lessons, why forget
> The nobler and the manlier one?"[1]

There is not a forced accent, nor a transposed syllable, nor a so-called poetic expression, throughout this sentence. But it cannot be read in truth of ordinary feeling and understanding, without falling into march-music.

Again,—and this time I will write the verses in the form of prose, that the lyric measure may indeed be felt unawares.

> "They bid me sleep, they bid me pray; they say my brain is warped and wrung:—I cannot sleep on Highland brae,—I cannot pray in Highland tongue; But, were I now where Allan glides, or heard my native Devon's tides, so sweetly would I rest; and pray, that Heaven would close my wintry day."[2]

28. Now all the work of the great masters, without exception, is done to this degree of perfectness; or if not, the passage is looked on by them as makeshift and

[1] [For another reference to these lines from Byron (*Don Juan*, iii. 86, 10), see *Art of England*, § 80 (Vol. XXXIII.).]

[2] [*The Lady of the Lake*, canto iv. 22.]

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slovenly, and permitted only as a painter allows scrabbled touching when he is tired; or it will be put into the mouth of an inferior person, and mark a broken or unworthy feeling.

> "Welcome to Stirling towers, fair maid!
> Come ye to seek a champion's aid,
> On palfrey white, with harper hoar,
> Like errant damozel of yore?—
> Does thy high quest a knight require,
> Or may the venture suit a squire?" [1]

This is a squire's address: it is transposed, burlesque-poetical, and artificial throughout; and therefore imperfect verse. Not so Ellen's reply:

> "Her dark eye flash'd—she paused—and sighed,
> 'Oh, what have I to do with pride?'" [2]

The reader's knowledge and feeling of the story are supposed to be clear enough to compel the accent on the "I," which makes the line a faultless Iambic tetrametre (with choreus for its first foot)—of which presently.[3]

24. But there is much more to be noted in the manner of the great masters than this mere simplicity. If only straightforward prose, arranged so as to fall into metric time, were poetry, any one with an ear could write it. But the strength of poetry is in its thought, not in its form; and with great lyrists, their music is always secondary, and their substance of saying, primary,—so much so, that they will even daringly and wilfully leave a syllable or two rough, or even mean, and avoid a perfect rhythm, or sweetness, rather than let the reader's mind be drawn away to lean too definitely on the sound. Ὅτι τῇδε, for instance, is not a very sonorous or melodious ending for a Greek

[1] [*The Lady of the Lake*, canto vi. 9.]
[2] [*Ibid.*]
[3] [For the Iambic tetrametre, see below, pp. 366, 368.]

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hexametre, yet it ends the first of the two loveliest lines of poetry the world possesses.[1] So again—

> "And I, a maid at your window,
> To be your Valentine,"[2]

is perfect, just because the first line cannot be brought under rhythmic law, the song being in the fact, and not in the sound of it.

25. On the other hand, the lower order of singers cast themselves primarily into their song, and are swept away with it (thinking themselves often finer folks for so losing their legs in the stream), and are in the end little concerned though there be an extremely minute dash and infusion of meaning in the jingle, so only that the words come tuneably:—forcing perhaps an accent or two at last even in these, without any excuse or law for it.

> "But vainly thou warrest,
> For this is alone in
> Thy power to declare,
> That in the dim forest
> Thou heard'st a low moaning,
> And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair,
> And didst bring her home with thee
> In love and in charity
> To shield her and shelter her from the damp air."[3]

These lines are pretty and flowing in the extreme; but the war in them is declared only for the sake of a rhyme to forest; and the mere swing of the metre is trusted to carry on the slurred rhyme of "in" to "ing," and to compel a vulgar insistence of accent on "didst" and "from," while it is clear from the chinking cadence of "charity" that the writer has never felt the depth of that word enough to keep him from using it thus disrespectfully for a supplementary dactyl after its equivalent "love."

[1] [For other references to the epigram of Simonides on the heroes of Thermopylæ, see Vol. V. p. 412, and Vol. VII. p. 214.]
[2] [*Hamlet*, Act iv. sc. 5.]
[3] [Coleridge: *Christabel*, part i.]

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26. While, however, the entire family of poets may thus be divided into higher and lower orders,—the higher always subordinating their song to their saying, and the lower their saying to their song,—it is throughout to be kept in mind that the primal essence of a poet is in his being a singer, and not merely a man of feeling, judgment, or imagination; just as it is primarily the business of a painter to paint[1]—however this skill may be afterwards outsoared or restricted by the action of his higher mental powers. And the definition which I gave of poetry in the opening of the third volume of *Modern Painters*, "the presentment to the imagination of noble grounds for the noble emotions,"[2] was defective in this point. I ought to have said, the presentment, *in musical form*, to the imagination, etc. Nor is there any real inequality between the musical and imaginative gifts; the higher gifts of poetical or pictorial conception are never given without the parallel bodily faculty: the musical ear of Shakespeare or Dante is just as far finer than Coleridge's, as their sense is stricter; though they never forget their purposes in their chant: and the touch of Luini is just as much lighter and lovelier than Del Sarto's or Guercino's, as his thoughts are loftier.

27. And the relation of the forms of poetry to the requirements of actual song is so fixed, that the laws of the four great groups of metre which we are now successively to examine—the trimetre, tetrametre, pentametre, and hexametre—all depend upon the physical power of utterance in the breath. As the first division of their time is from the pace of a man, so the length and rapidity of them are determined by the power of his breath. The trimetre, which does not require a full breath to deliver it, is always an incomplete verse, and only under rare conditions used alone, being nearly always treated as an interposing or grouped line. The tetrametre and pentametre, which require the full breath, but do not exhaust it, constitute

[1] [See Vol. IX. p. 448.]
[2] [See Vol. V. p. 28, and the note from *Præterita* there added.]

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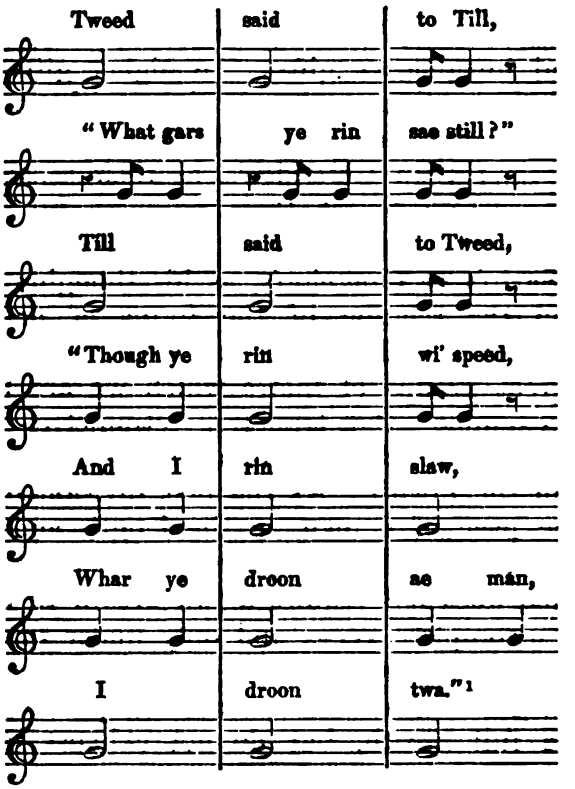
the entire body of the chief poetry of energetic nations; the hexametre, which fully exhausts the breath, is only used by nations whose pleasure was in repose.

28. Since, as I have just said, the trimetre is so short a line as not to require a full breathing to utter it, the pause at its end implies always that enough has been said for the speaker's purpose; and therefore the verse, if used alone (or with other verses shorter than itself), is necessarily emphatic and sententious. Here, for first instance, is the iambic trimetre in full power, associated with a stern one, of which the two first metres are monosyllabic (see above, § 8) in the opening, and all the three at the close, of the dialogue.



[1] [For these lines, see *The Two Paths*, § 12 *n.* (Vol. XVI. p. 267).]

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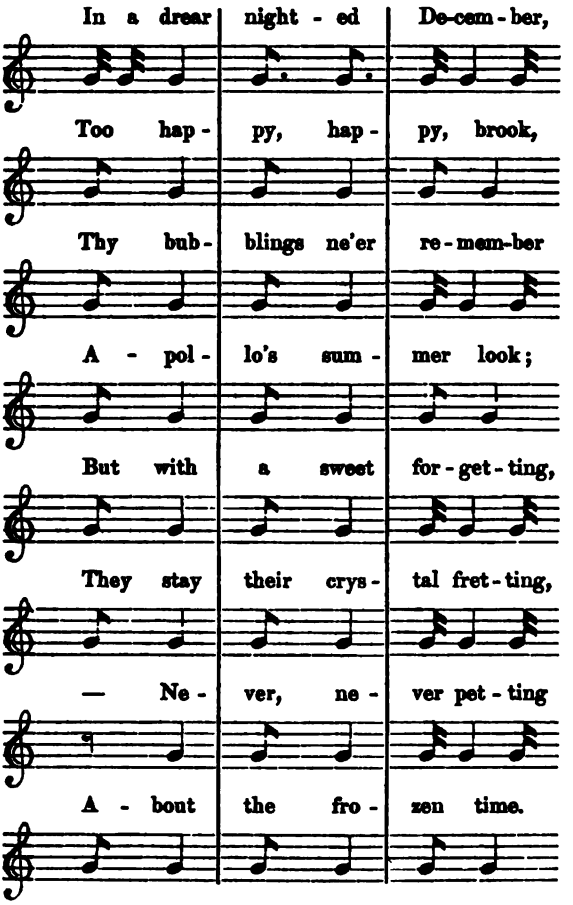
Nothing can be finer than the alternating and balanced variations of the metre in this old Scottish rhyme, conducting, with the strength of a black eddy, the current of the verse to its massive close in the three minims.

29. In lighter measure, but with the same fulness of intent,[1]—



30. The long tribrachs for third foot in these lines show the peculiar use of this metre in more or less pensive

[1] [For another quotation from this song by Keats, see *The Three Colours of Pre-Raphaelitism*, § 10 (Vol. XXXIV.).]

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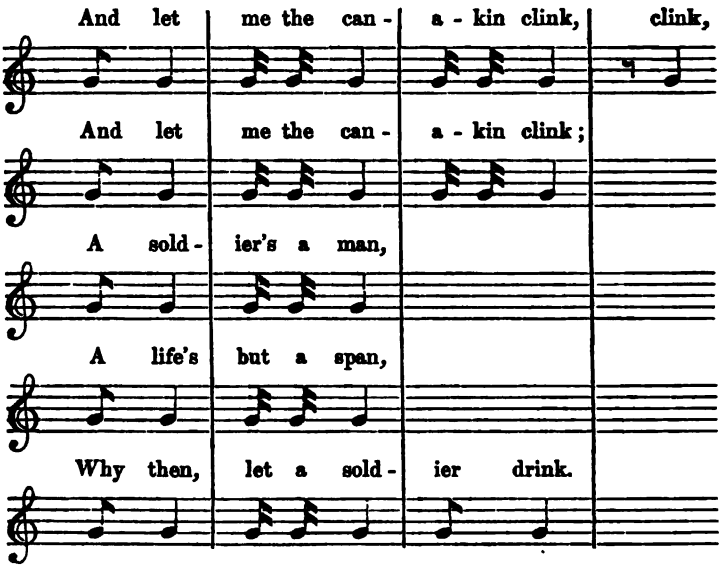
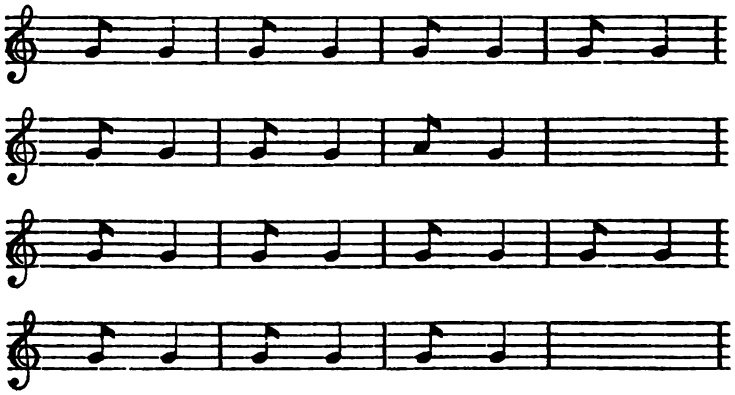
or languid termination. Here, on the contrary, is the anapæst, giving careless energy:[1]—



This stanza is, in the essential structure of it, an ordinary quatrain of tetrametre with trimetre, broken into its present form by drunken gravity of pause upon, and repetition of, the word "clink"; and drunken division into careless anapæsts of the third line; the real form from which this stanza is derived being simply—



[1] [*Othello*, Act ii. sc. 3 (song).]

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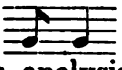
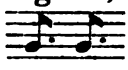
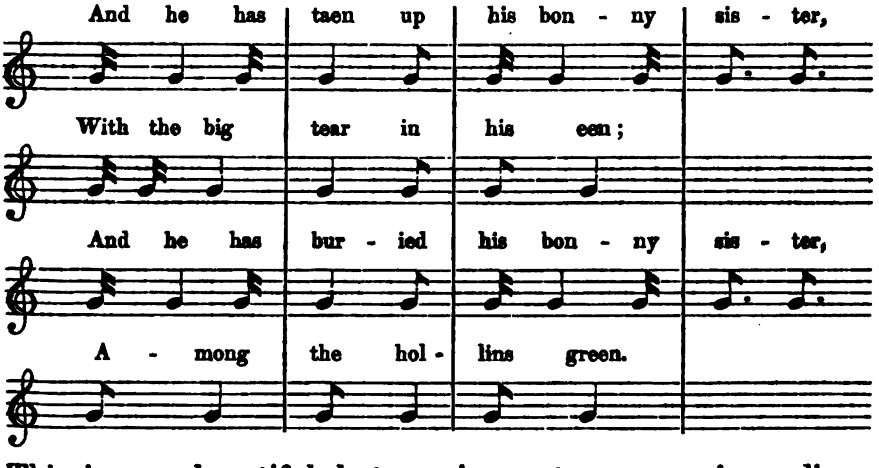
which is the normal form of the pure ballad quatrain, and at least in three to one proportion against all other measures in Border song, although never, in the fine types of it, without exquisite intervals and change in its measure, partly expressive of emotion breaking rhythm, and partly of a simplicity which cannot perfectly contrive rhythm.

"Ye lee, ye lee, ye bonny lad,
Sae loud's I hear ye lee,
For I'm Lord Randal's ae daughter,
He has nae mair nor me."[1]

This stanza is entirely regular, except in the beautiful change of  into  in the word "daughter."

31. The analysis becomes more difficult in the next but one following verse:—



This is very beautiful, but requires extreme care in reading; —the closing stanza is quite perfect; normal, except in the anapæst in the third line, which consummates its expression.

"I carena for your hinds, my lord,
I carena for your fee,
But oh, and oh, for my bonny hind
Beneath the hollin tree!"

[1] [The ballad of "The Bonny Hind," verse viii. The following quotations are from verses xi. and xvi. of the same: see F. J. Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, vol. i. pp. 446–447.]

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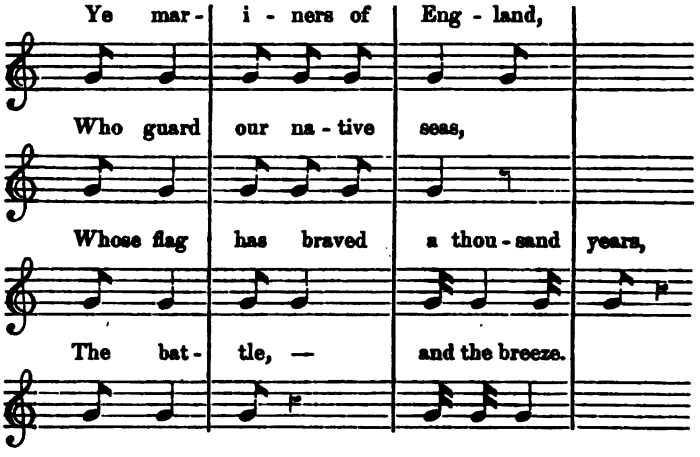
It becomes, however, quite impossible to analyze the varieties of accent which the trimetre admits in this grouping, when the melody of it is modified by the pauses or failing of the voice in strong passion: and the power either of enjoying or singing them depends entirely on the general fineness of sympathy and ear; so that their treatment would be modified by every great singer or actress according to her own temper or thought at the moment.

"Yestreen the Queen had four Maries;
The night, she'll hae but three:
There was Marie Seaton, and Marie Beaton,
And Marie Carmichael,—and me."[1]

A quite endless variety of intonation and musical time might be given, and always gracefully, to this one stanza, by good readers.

32. But poetry of this kind belongs essentially to periods when the passions are strong, and the arts simple. In more finished, or at least more disciplined, song, it is almost impossible to retain the intensity of passion; but most accomplished work of this kind has been done by Campbell, with the advantage of more general motives of sentiment: perhaps no other master has used trimetre verse with so subtle skill.



[1] [From the ballad of "Mary Hamilton," or "The Queen's Marie": see F. J. Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, vol. iii. p. 388.]

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The reader may perhaps be surprised at my division of the emphatic "a thousand years" into short notes. But he will find, on trying the verse with full heart in it, what an utterly different force the phrase has in its present place from what it would have taken in the common measure;—suppose—

"Whose flag has drooped a thousand years,
Betrayed by guilt, and dimmed by tears."

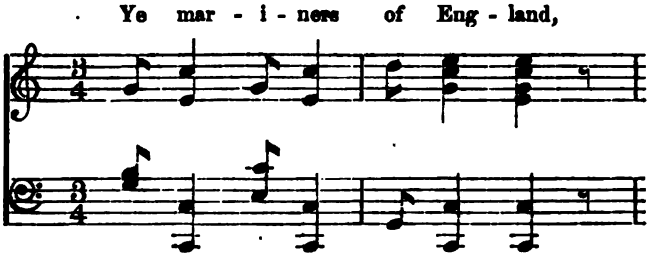
Or, again, take the great following stanza, of which the prosody is accurately the same:—

"Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep;"

and it will be found that the cadence of close in the third line is altogether different from that which the same words would take in the sequence of ordinary and equally timed iambic verse; as, for instance,—

"O'er blue ravine, in thund'rous cave,
Distorted rose the mountain wave."

Nevertheless, the time, in all clauses of metre so much affected by passion, is partly left to the reader's will; and the words may be dwelt upon, or hastened, as the impulse comes on him: so that always, if we added melody to the words, many of the passages might advisably be given in different time; for example:—



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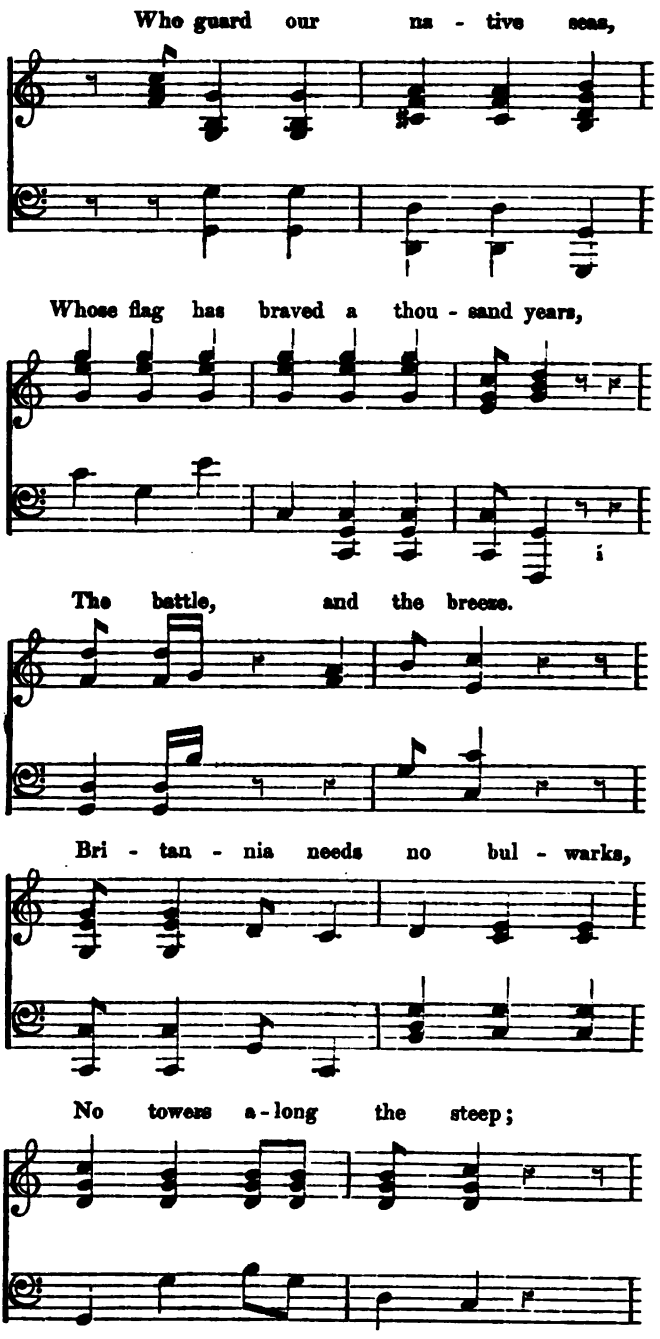

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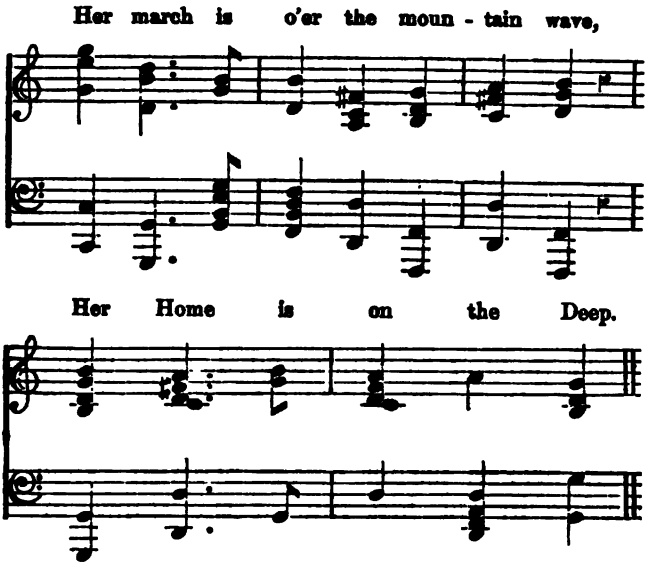
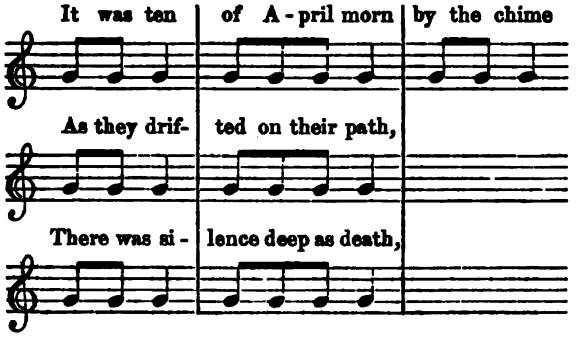


33. There is much less difficulty in timing the verse of Campbell when he uses, instead of the trine dactyl, his favourite foot, the trine anapæst. The—so far as I know, unique—measure of the "Battle of the Baltic," which at first, and by a careless reader, might be taken for trimetre, "Of Nel | son and | the North" | has in fact only one trimetric line in mid-stanza; and the rest are all dimetres, "Of Nelson | and the North" | closing with a monometre formed by one massy anapæst, thus (reading from the mid-stanza):—



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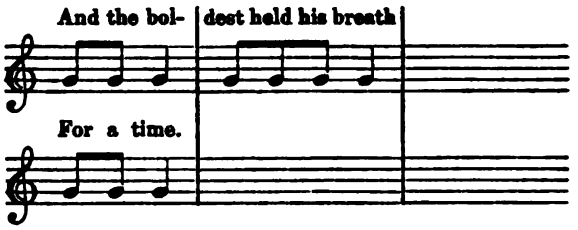
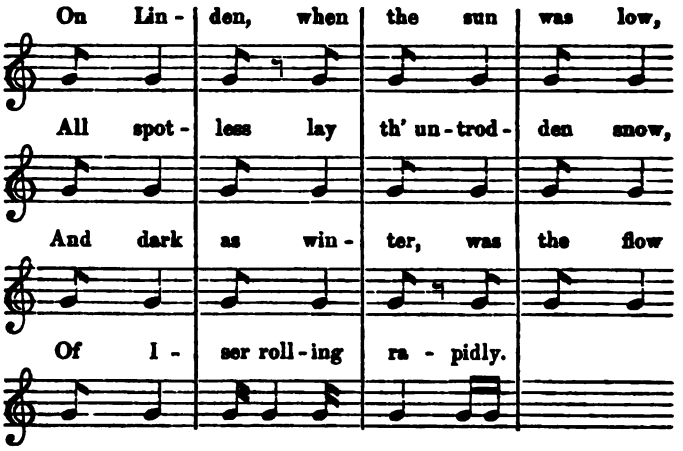


Taking the three short syllables of the trine anapæsts as triplet, the time of the metres is perfectly equal throughout, which gives the intended calm to the whole stanza, as of vessels moving at commanded pace under perfectly steady wind. It is impossible to find a more finished example of this majestic evenness, for comparison with the troubled and broken pathos of the Scottish ballad metres.

34. Finally, in the last line of the stanza of "Hohenlinden" (a complex trimetre of iambus, tribrach, and dactyl), a very curious example is given of the proportioned decline of power in the dactyl which is the origin of the name of that foot. There are other niceties in the versification which may begin well for us the study of the tetrametre.



I have written the three first lines of this stanza as Iambic tetrametres, of which the second is normal, and the

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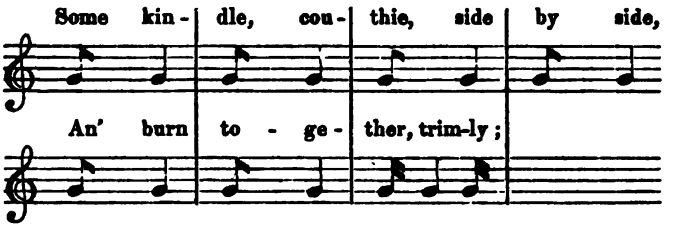
first and third are modified by the placing of the breath-rest. But I should certainly *read* the first and third as trimetres, thus, "On Linden, | when the sun | was low," | and it is well to consider the Iambic tetrametre as a verse at any time replaceable by trimetres composed of groups of syllables whose collective time shall be of equal value; and thus, in writing the prosody of any varied passage, to use tribrachs or dactyls corresponding with the natural punctuation. But, in allowing this variation in the number of its bars, the Iambic tetrametre (for the first time, observe, in our progressive inquiry) withdraws itself from ordinary musical laws, and approaches the conditions of unfettered speech. Into which quality of it we must now look more carefully.

IV. THE TETRAMETRE

35. Between the trimetre and tetrametre there exists a singular form of intermediate verse, of little importance in English or Teutonic poetry, but of very great importance in Greek. This intermediate form is, however, in its real time, tetrametric, and to be considered as an imperfect or nascent type of the symmetric four-barred verse. It is formed by the elongation of the last syllable of the long tribrach, when the trimetre normally ends with that foot. We shall get the transition perfectly exampled in Burns' play with his favourite stanza.



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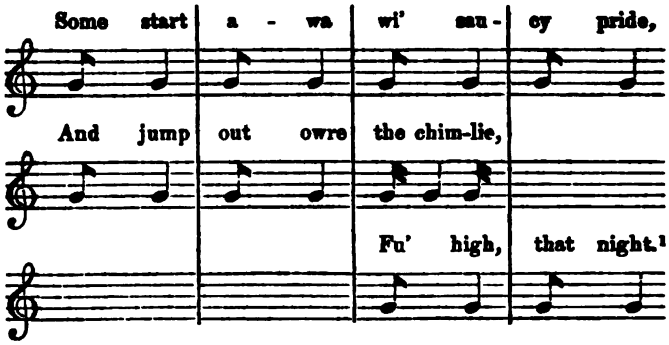
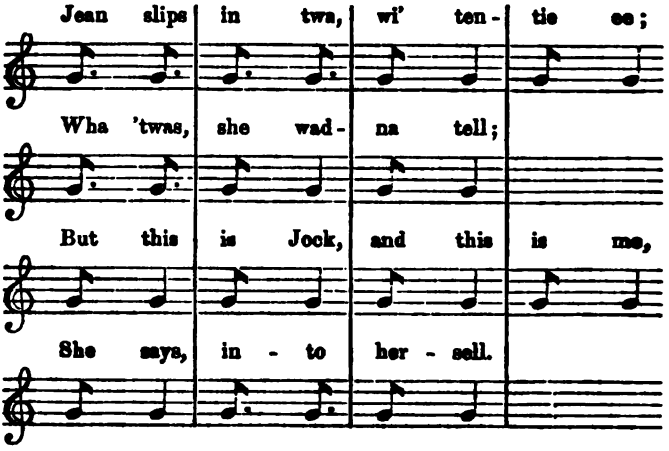


This stanza, observe, is simply the alternate tetrametre and trimetre, with the long tribrach for its last foot, occupying the place of an iambus, and replaced by an iambus at will, as in the next following verse:—



The reader may note at once in this place that the graceful and subtle substitutions of two equally timed syllables for the iambus, constantly permitted by Burns in this and other similar poems, are one of the proper distinctions of dramatic from epic verse, in which last the metre must always be perfect,—of which more presently:[2] the point at present is to observe that the third foot in the second and fourth lines of this stanza is a pure iambus, for which

[1] [*Hallowe'en*, 7 and 8.]

[2] [See below, pp. 370–372.]

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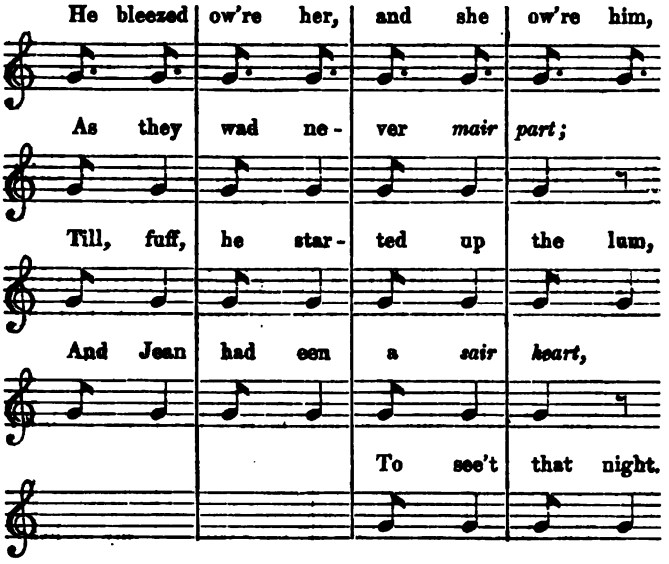
the long tribrachs in the preceding stanza are accurate equivalents. But in the next stanza there is a quite new time:—



86. The second and fourth lines of this stanza take a closing long syllable, which cannot be in the least hurried, and has a distinct quaver rest after it, forming a perfect fourth foot. In this form, the tribrach with terminal long syllable and rest is the lyric verse of Anacreon; and in that constant measure, varied only by occasional anapæsts, he contentedly writes the entire body of his odes; in which, indeed, the sentiment requires little variation in its expression, but might at least without harm have received it; and whose changeless tenor, when compared, both as to form and contained moral, with the lyric passages, from highest to lowest chord of passion, mingled with the acutest philosophy and loftiest patriotism, which are alike fantastic and majestic in the Eolian song of Horace and of Burns, —must be thought of more as the song of a cicada than of a human being.

And this contented accuracy and continuity of temper,

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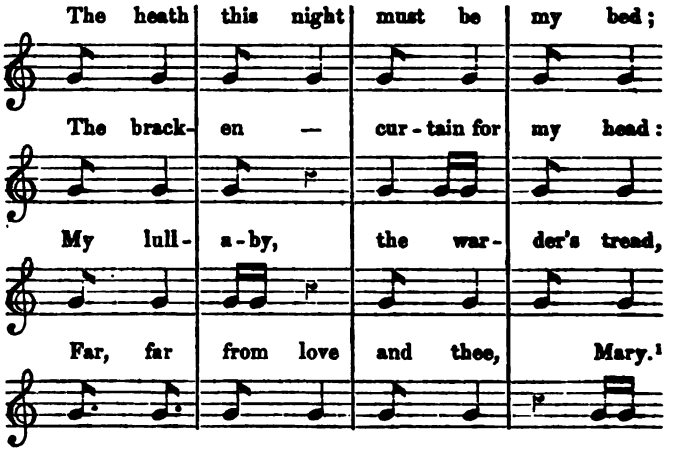
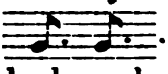
as of rhythm, regulating, as it does, much of what has been thought most majestic or severe in Greek architecture, —often fancied to be pure when it is merely stupid,—has yet to be analyzed in its good and bad elements;—what is orderly in it discerned clearly from what is mechanical; and what is simple and contented from what is monotonous, and even brutal; or, to use at once a word more tender and more Greek, "ornithic,"—"birdy."

37. The Anacreontic tetrametre is, as above said, almost useless in English verse; it cannot be written continuously by any artifice of words; and even in occasional use, seldom pleasantly, unless by dividing its closing long syllable into two short ones, and putting the quaver rest before instead of after them, as in the last line of this stanza.



The reader may perhaps at first think that there is no rest in this last foot, and that the two syllables of the name should be of equal length,  . But the stanza is sung *running;* and the broken short syllables at its close exactly indicate the failure of the breath. Try the line with "Marie" instead of Mary, and the placing

[1] [*The Lady of the Lake*, canto iii. 23.]

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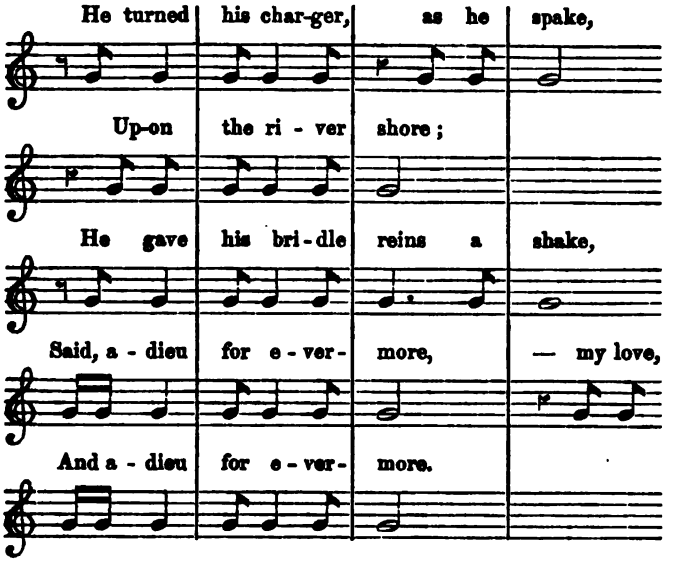
of the pause in the actual form will be instantly felt, by its opposition to the continuous iambic.

So again in the fourth line here,[1]—



in which the two short syllables indicate contempt.

The prosody of this entire stanza is very difficult and interesting, and could only be given rightly by a considerable variation in gradated time at the reader's judgment—slackening, that is to say, after the strong first and third lines, so as to give the short syllables of the opening foot in the second, fourth, and fifth, more actual time than they could have rhythmically.

38. Putting, then, this too rare and accidental English, and too formal Greek, tetrametre out of question, the real and useful tetrametres are essentially these following.

(1.) Pure Choreic, consisting of four full choreuses: the last allowed to pass into a spondeus, if necessary. It is the measure of *Hiawatha*, and very beautiful in Longfellow's hand; rightly chosen for its wild and sweet monotony: no other would have expressed so much of the soft current

[1] [Song in *Rokeby*, canto iii. 28.]

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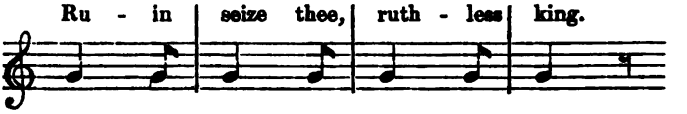
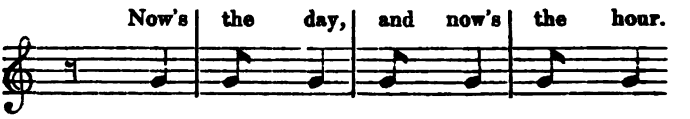
and tender constancy of Indian nature.[1] But it is not a measure suited to the general purposes of English literature.

(2.) Terminated Choreic; consisting of three full choreuses, and one long syllable with closing rest for the fourth foot. The general measure of the best English Choreic verse.

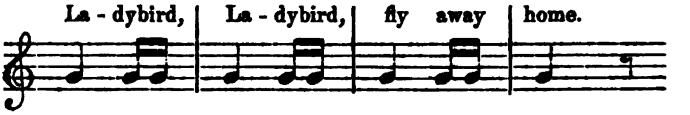


(3.) The appellant Iambic, beginning with an impetuous single syllable, after an emphatic rest.

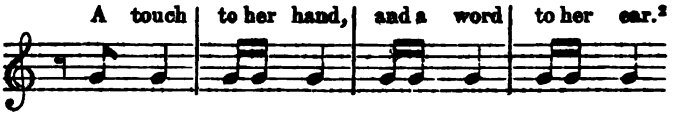


(4.) The pure Iambic without the opening rest.

(5.) Dactylic, with closing rest, long or short.



(6th), and lastly, Anapæstic, the most energetic of English verses.



Of these metres, the second, or terminated Choreic, is

[1] [Compare what Ruskin says of *Hiawatha* in the Epilogue (1883) to *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. (Vol. IV. p. 355), and *Pleasures of England*, § 47 (Vol. XXXIII.).]

[2] [Ruskin here quotes (2) the first line of Gray's *The Bard*; (3) Burns, "Bannockburn"; (4) *Lady of the Lake*, canto i. stanza xi.; (5) the popular rhyme; (6) *Marmion*, canto v. 12 ("One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear").]

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almost always as distinctly appellant as the appellant Iambic; but not compulsorily so; and it may be, at the reader's pleasure, called the Trochaic tetrametre, waiving the distinction between Choreus and Troche. I have always so called it when occurring in the *Sidney Psalter*.[1]

But, as above noticed, its energy is lost, or quite unnecessary, in continuous narrative or sentiment; and good poets therefore only use the measure as an appellant one.

"Dearest Saviour, *if* my soul
Were but worth the having."

"*What*, child! is the balance thine?
Thine the poise or measure?"[2]

It is to be noticed also that this measure is only, in strictness, preferable to appellant Iambic, when the stress is on the beginning rather than the close of the thought,—as in the above lines. And it is only the reader's feeling of this difference, and the poet's art in placing the division of the words rightly, which distinguish one line from the other. No good reader, for instance, could divide, as follows, the line

"Wha sae—base, wad—be a—slave."[3]

If so divided, it would be a pure Choreic; but its right division,

"Wha—sae base—wad be—a slave,"

makes it appellant Iambic.

On the other hand, the pure Choreic,

"What, child!—is the—balance—thine?"

could by none but the worst readers be changed into an appellant Iambic thus:—

"What!—child, is—the ba—lance thine?"

[1] [See above, pp. 184, 245, 316.]

[2] [Lines 1, 2, 9, and 10 of "Dialogue," which is the 87th piece in George Herbert's *The Church*. In line 1, Herbert wrote "Sweetest Saviour," and in line 10, "Thine the poise and measure."]

[3] [Burns: "Bannockburn" ("Wha sae base as be a slave").]

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Of the third form, pure Iambic tetrametre, the full value and power have only been shown by Scott and Byron. The absolutely best verses in this measure in the English language, commending themselves to every ear and every heart, and so accurately constructed as to be almost independent of the reader's skill, may be found in the *Bride of Abydos*,[1] *Giaour*, and *Siege of Corinth*. Lovelier rhythms exist, dependent for their music on the feeling of the reader, but of purely constructed and errorless verse, there are no other such examples.

Of dactylic and anapæstic verse, also, with the full beat of rhythm in them, Scott, Burns, and Byron have given the most perfect models. But none of these symmetrically constructed dactylic songs have the delicately varied beauty of some of the mixed ones of Elizabethan time, where the lines are indeed each rather a separately invented melody than normal verse:—

> "Then wouldest thou learn to carol of love,
> And hery with hymns thy lass's glove;
> Then wouldest thou pipe of Phillis' praise,
> But Phillis is mine for many days.
> I won her with a girdle of gelt
> Embost with bugle about the belt,
> Such an one shepherds would make full fain,
> Such an one would make thee young again."[2]

It is impossible, however, to examine analytically verses of this variable melody; one can only say, as one may of prose, that they have been written by a person with an ear —or without one, and that they are either entirely delightful, or good for nothing.

[1] [It is interesting to note that in one of his earliest essays (1836) Ruskin had written of "the voice, the glory, the life, that breathes through the bursts of melody" in this poem (see Vol. I. p. 372). For an early reference to the *Giaour*, see *ibid.*, p. 442; and compare *Præterita*, iii. § 25. For a quotation from the *Siege of Corinth*, see *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. p. 301).]

[2] [Spenser: *The Shepheard's Calendar* (February).]

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V. THE PENTAMETRE

39. Upon adding the fifth foot to our gradually lengthening line, we find ourselves fallen suddenly under hitherto unfelt limitation. The verses we have hitherto examined may be constructed at pleasure of any kind of metre—dactyl, troche, iamb, or anapæst. But all at once, we now find this liberty of choice refused. We may write a pentametre verse in iambs only.

A most notable phenomenon, significant of much more than I can at present understand,—how much less explain;—conditions, indeed, first of breathing, which are merely physical, and as such explicable enough, only not worth explaining; but, beyond these, feelings, and instincts of speech, full of complex interest, and introducing us, in spite of ourselves, to all the grammatical questions of punctuation, and logical ones of clause, and division, which I must not attempt to deal with at present; the historical fact being quite indubitable and unalterable, that no poet has ever attempted to write pentametre in any foot but the iamb, and that the addition of another choreus to a choreic tetrametre—or of another dactyl to a dactylic one, will instantly make them helplessly prosaic and unreadable.

40. Leaving the reader to try such experiment at his leisure, and to meditate on the causes of it at his liking, I shall content myself with stating the principal laws affecting the manner and construction of the iambic pentametre, the most important, and that by far, of all accepted divisions of sentence in the English language.

Pentametre verse divides itself essentially into three kinds:—

(A.) Sententious.
(B.) Personally emotional.
(C.) Dramatic.

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41. (A.) Sententious pentametre.

In this kind of verse, the structure and rhyme (if rhyme be admitted) are used merely to give precision and weight to a prose sentence, otherwise sifted, abstracted, and corrected into extremest possible value. Such verse professes always to be the result of the writer's utmost wisdom and utmost care; it admits therefore of no careless or imperfect construction, but allows any intelligible degree of inversion; because it has been considered to the end, before a word is written, and the placing of the words may afterwards be adjusted according to their importance. Thus, "Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,"[1] is not only more rhythmic, but more elegant and accurate than "Sir Plume, justly vain of his amber snuff-box": first, because the emphasis of rhyme is laid on his vanity, not his box; secondly, because the "his," seen on full consideration to be unnecessary, is omitted, to concentrate the sentence; and with a farther and more subtle reason, which, unless the reader knows my *Munera Pulveris*,[2] I cannot explain to him here,—namely, that a coxcomb cannot, properly speaking, *possess* anything, but is possessed by everything, so that in the next line Pope does not say, "And the nice conduct of *his* clouded cane," but of *a* clouded cane.

The sententious epic* may, however, become spoken instead of written language, if the speech be deliberate and of well-considered matter; but this kind of verse never represents precisely what the speaker is supposed to have said, but the *contents* of his speech, arranged so as to

* I believe the word "epic" is usually understood by English readers to mean merely a long and grand poem instead of a short slight one—at least, I know that as a boy I remained long under that impression myself. It really means a poem in which story-telling, and philosophical reflection as its accompaniment, take the place of dramatic action, and impulsive song.[3]

[1] [Pope: *Rape of the Lock*, iv. 123.]
[2] [See Vol. XVII. pp. 168, 288.]
[3] [Compare the definitions of "dramatic," "lyric," and "epic" in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 34 (Vol. XXVII. p. 628).]

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make it more impressive or memorable, as continually in Wordsworth's *Excursion*.

On the contrary, if the speech be dramatic,—that is to say, representing what the speaker actually would have said,—no forced inversion or artificial arrangement is allowable; and

"We are glad the dauphin is so pleasant with us,"[1]

must for no cause and under no pretence become,

"We are glad the dauphin is with us so pleasant."

All the work of Pope, Goldsmith, and Johnson is in sententious pentametre; in which emotion, however on sufferance admitted, never leads or disturbs the verse, nor refuses to be illustrated by ingenious metaphor. In this manner some of the wisest, and many of the acutest, things ever said by man, have been put into perfect syllables by Pope and Goldsmith. Johnson is of quite viler metal, and has neither ear nor imagination; yet the weight of his common-sense gave him such favour with both Scott and Byron, that they alike regard him as one of their masters.[2] I fancy neither of them ever tried to read *Irene*.

42. (B.) Emotional pentametre.

The measure of Gray's *Elegy*, *Lycidas*, and the *Corsair*, —sentiment always guiding and deepening the melody, while a lyric sweetness binds the verses into unbroken flow.

It always implies an affectionate and earnest personality in the writer; never admits satire; and rarely blame, unless, as in *Lycidas*, with the voice of an accusing angel. The

[1] [*King Henry V.*, Act i. sc. 2, line 259. For a further discussion of the laws of inversion, in connexion with the same passage, see *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 66.]

[2] ["'He (Sir Walter) often said to me,' continues Ballantyne, 'that neither his own nor any modern popular style of composition was that from which he derived most pleasure. I asked him what it was. He answered—Johnson's; and that he had more pleasure in reading *London*, and *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, than any other poetical composition he could mention'" (Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, 1837, vol. ii. p. 307). And so Byron, of *The Vanity of Human Wishes*,—"all the examples, and mode of giving them, sublime. . . . 'Tis a grand poem" (*Letters and Journals*, 1901, vol. v. p. 162).]

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forms of its music, always governed by feeling, are not to be analyzed by any cunning, nor represented by any signs; but the normal divisions of the verse are studiously accurate, and all artificial inversions forbidden.

Thus—

"He asked no questions; all were answered now" [1]

is a perfect line of emotional pentametre; but would be an entirely unendurable one if, in order to rhyme to "call" or "fall," it had been written,

"No questions asked he; answered now were all."

48. (C.) Dramatic pentametre.

On the contrary, in noble dramatic verse, the divisions are purposefully *in*accurate;—the accepted cadence of the metre being allowed only at intervals, and the prosody of every passionate line thrown into a disorder which is more lovely than any normal order, as the leaves of a living tree are more lovely than a formal honeysuckle ornament on a cornice;—the inner laws and native grace being all the more perfect in that they are less manifest. But the study of dramatic melody is the study also of dramatic truth, and entirely beyond the scope of these pages.

VI. THE HEXAMETRE

44. The hexametre in English poetry exists only as an occasional (usually concluding) line—the conclusion with which it is burdened being broad and lingering, as opposed to the trenchant power of shorter lines in termination of stanzas.

Known generally in English as the "Alexandrine," it becomes the properly final clause of the Spenserian stanza,

[1] [*The Corsair*, canto iii. stanza xxi.]

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and may be employed grandly in irregular verse by a good master; but it cannot be used for consecutive verses,—always, if so treated, dividing itself instantly and naturally either into couplets of trimetre or triplets of dimetre. In this last division,

"But look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest,"[1]

it is entirely lovely; and no poet of power or feeling ever binds it, habitually, into cumbrous unity. The standard power of the line is only in the close of Elizabethan stanza, or disciplined ode; where it may even pass into the heptametre, the longest admitted—or even to the breath—possible, verse of the English language—

"Shout round me, let me hear thee shout, thou happy shepherd-boy."[2]

Lastly, note that the force of the classic hexametre, iambic with anapæsts for the drama, and spondeic with dactyls for the epic, is not reducible under any laws of English prosody. For my own part, I perceive scarcely any music, but only a pert and monotonous symmetry, in the dramatic hexametre; and I never read Greek tragedy for its language, but only for its matter.

45. Of the epic hexametre, and the lyric Latin measures of Horace, I could perhaps, with time, point out more beauty than most English readers recognize in them; but beauty of a kind which the scholars who have been trained to write imitations of them would perhaps scarcely acknowledge; and which in some cases I cannot be sure of rightly interpreting.

Here, therefore, for the present I close my notes on prosody. What more I know, or feel, respecting many things here so imperfectly treated, will be, I trust, set

[1] [From "Byron's Last Verses," headed "On this day I complete my thirty-sixth year": *The Works of Lord Byron*, Poetry. Vol. vii., 1904, p. 86.]
[2] [Wordsworth: *Ode on Intimations of Immortality* ("Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts," etc.).]

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down with sufficiency in the essays on Scott and Byron, which I have begun in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*:[1] and what I do not know, and have not felt, supplied in due time by some student of language and of music happier in their mastership than I; and not less reverent of their honour.

J. RUSKIN.

ABBEVILLE, *26th August*, 1880.

[1] [The references to prosody in the essays entitled *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, are, however, slight; see §§ 39–41 (Vol. XXXIV.).]

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IV

A KNIGHT'S FAITH

(1885)

(*VOL. IV. OF "BIBLIOTHECA PASTORUM"*)

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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

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Sir Herbert Edwards, K.C.B., K.C.S.I.

From a Lithograph (1850)

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BIBLIOTHECA PASTORUM.

VOL. IV.

A KNIGHT'S FAITH.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF SIR HERBERT EDWARDES.

COLLATED BY

JOHN RUSKIN,

HONORARY STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH,
AND HONORARY FELLOW OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD.

GEORGE ALLEN,
SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON, KENT.
1885.

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[*Bibliographical Note.*—Part of the book (pp. 385 *seq.*, 505–506) published under the title *A Knight's Faith* was originally written by Ruskin for a lecture which he delivered at the Mechanics' Institute, Coniston, on Saturday afternoon, December 22, 1883. The title of the lecture was "The Battle of Kineyree." A short notice of it appeared in the *Yorkshire Post*, December 24, 1883.

Ruskin, two years later, revised and expanded the lecture as volume iv. in *Bibliotheca Pastorum*.[1] The title-page of the work was as shown on the preceding page.

ISSUE IN PARTS

It was originally issued in Three Parts (1000 copies of each being issued), which will now be described successively :—

Part I.—The title-page was that of the whole work; there being no separate one for this Part.[2] Royal octavo, pp. vi.+106. Title-page (with blank reverse), pp. i.–ii.; Preface, pp. iii.–iv.; Contents (of Part I.), p. v.; p. vi. is blank; Text of Part I., pp. 1–106 (containing Chapters i.–v.).

Issued on October 25, 1885, in thick buff-coloured wrappers, lettered on the front (in a double-ruled frame), "Bibliotheca Pastorum | Vol. IV. | Part I. | [*Rose.*] | A Knight's Faith," with the words *Price Half a Crown* below the rule. On page 4 of the wrapper the double-ruled frame is repeated, with the *rose* in the centre, and the imprint, "Printed by Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Ld., London and Aylesbury," below the rule.

Part II.—The title-page was the same as in the case of Part I., except for the addition of the words "Part II. | The Shores of Indus." It had the imprint (as above) at the foot of the reverse. Pages vii.–viii. (with "Contents of Part II." on p. vii.)+107–192 (containing Chapters vi.–xi., as numbered in the present volume).

Issued on November 6, 1885, in wrappers precisely as before, except that the lettering on the front now reads: "Bibliotheca Pastorum. | Vol. IV. | A Knight's Faith. | [*Rose.*] | Part II. | The Shores of Indus."

Part III.—The title-page was the same as in Part II., except for the substitution of the words "Part III. | The Patience of Kineyree," which words were similarly substituted on the front of the wrapper. Pages ix.–x. (with "Contents of Part III." on p. ix.)+193–250 (containing Chapters xii.–xvii. as numbered in the present volume). Imprint (as on the wrapper) at the foot of the last page.

Issued on November 13, 1885, in wrappers as before.

[1] Vol. III. (the intended Part II. of *Rock Honeycomb*) was never issued: see above, p. 103.

[2] The title of the Part, "The Valley of Four Hundred Forts," was given on p. 1.

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ISSUE IN VOLUME FORM

On the completion of the work, the separate parts were bound up in a volume; the separate title-pages of Parts II. and III. being omitted, and the several lists of Contents being collected at the beginning. The volume, royal octavo, thus consists of pp. ix. + 250. Issued in thick white paper boards, lettered on the front, "Bibliotheca Pastorum. | Vol. IV. | [*Rose.*] | A Knight's Faith"; and up the back, "Bibliotheca Pastorum. Vol. IV." Price 7s. 6d. The volume is still current.

In the present volume, the chapters have (for convenience of reference) been numbered consecutively, and the Contents collected into a single list. For economy of space, and in order to maintain uniformity throughout the edition, the extracts from Sir Herbert Edwardes' Journal are printed in smaller type; in the original issue of *A Knight's Faith*, Ruskin's summaries or commentaries are not typographically distinguished from the extracts.

In this edition, dots have been inserted where Ruskin omitted words or passages in his citations from Sir Herbert Edwardes (pp. 39, 66, 102, 119, 128). In the original edition, dots were sometimes inserted where, in fact, no omissions had been made. These dots are now removed (pp. 23, 24, 30, 31).

In the original edition, confusion existed with regard to the footnotes. Some of them are in Sir Herbert's book, others were added by Ruskin, but he did not always indicate which were which. The initials "J. R." in square brackets are now added to indicate footnotes added by him. In ch. xvi. (p. 501 here), Ruskin added to each note "(Sir Herbert)." In the present edition all notes, not distinguished as Ruskin's, are from Edwardes' book.

The introductory remarks, now printed at the head of Chapter viii., were in the original edition printed as a footnote.

In ch. ii. (here p. 403, note †, "I fear" is restored (from Edwardes' book) for "I believe" (in *A Knight's Faith*).]

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PREFACE

THE following pages are in substance little more than grouped extracts of some deeply interesting passages in the narrative published by Sir Herbert Edwardes, in 1851, of his military operations in the Punjaub during the winter of 1848–1849.

The vital significance of that campaign was not felt at the time by the British public, nor was the character of the commanding officer rightly understood. This was partly in consequence of his being compelled to encumber his accounts of real facts by extracts from official documents; and partly because his diary could not, in the time at his disposal, be reduced to a clearly arranged and easily intelligible narrative. My own abstract of it, made originally for private reference, had reduced the events preceding the battle of Kineyree within the compass of an ordinary lecture, which was given here at Coniston in the winter of 1883; but in preparing this for publication, it seemed to me that in our present relations with Afghanistan,[1] the reader might wish to hear the story in fuller detail, and might perhaps learn some things from it not to his hurt.

My work at Oxford this last spring,[2] and illness during the summer, prevented the final revision of the proofs; but here at last is the first of the three proposed sections, and

[1] [In 1884 it had been resolved between England and Russia to delimit the northern frontier of Afghanistan. The work proceeded smoothly, until, in March 1885, when the Ameer was conferring with the Viceroy (Lord Dufferin) at Rawalpindi, the news came that at Penjdeh, a disputed place on the boundary, a Russian force had driven out the Ameer's troops. War between England and Russia was for a time imminent; but the affair was settled diplomatically, and the demarcation of the frontier proceeded.]

[2] [Ruskin was not actually at Oxford in the spring of 1885; he means the work of preparing his last Oxford lectures for publication: see *Pleasures of England*, § 80 *n.* (Vol. XXXIII.).]

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I think there is every hope of the volume being completed by Christmas.

I have only to add that, although I have been happy in the friendship both of Sir Herbert and Lady Edwardes,[1] my republication of this piece of military history is not in the least a matter of personal feeling with me;—it is done simply because I know it to be good for the British public to learn, and to remember, how a decisive soldier and benevolent governor can win the affection of the wildest races, subdue the treachery of the basest, and bind the anarchy of dissolute nations,—not with walls of fort or prison, but with the living roots of Justice and Love.

[1] [See the Introduction, above, p. xxxix.]

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A KNIGHT'S FAITH

PART I

THE VALLEY OF FOUR HUNDRED FORTS

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

My friends of the North Countrie, it cannot but have seemed strange to you that I chose the story of a battle fought in India forty years ago, to be told you for your help in keeping your Christmas merry and holy in Coniston to-day. But this battle is singular in having been fought under the command of a Christian missionary,[1] or modern military Bishop, differing from the military ecclesiastics of former ages, in that they, officially bishops, were practically soldiers; but the hero of this, my Christmas tale, officially a soldier, was practically a bishop.

Practically, indeed, both; and perfectly both: a first-rate fighter of men, in war; a first-rate fisher of men, in peace: a captain whom all were proud to follow; a prelate whom all were eager to obey,—and in a word, "a man under authority, having soldiers under him," of whom his Master might perhaps, in our days also, have said, "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel."[2]

What faith *does* remain vital, in modern spiritual Israel,

[1] [Compare ch. xii.; below, p. 477.]
[2] [For Bible references here, see Matthew iv. 19; viii. 9, 10.]

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I neither recognize nor guess; but among the lives of men known to me, there is not such another course of unflinching, straightforward, childlike belief in Heaven's will and help, since—since I don't know when! I really remember nobody quite like him—since St. Martin of Tours!*

You will have noticed that the battle was fought on Waterloo day.[1] It is very singularly also, in the course of it, a miniature Waterloo, won by sustaining for many hours the attack of a superior force, till the time of retaliate charge arrived: but it differed essentially from Waterloo, in that it was won with native, not British troops: won with a motley gathering of various tribes, some hostile to each other, some on the eve of revolt to the enemy—not a single British soldier nor officer on the ground but the one in command, and the handful of faithful troops with which he wrought the victory, attached to him only by personal regard, by their knowledge of his justice, their experience of his kindness,† and the fidelity which over all the earth binds together the hearts of its brave and good men.

And I have therefore asked you to hear the story of it to-day, not that we may learn how battles may be won,—we find out usually, with less or more of blunder, how to do that;—but that we may learn the happier lesson how

* This was written in 1883, when I had heard nothing of General Gordon. But Gordon, Havelock, and Stonewall Jackson were all men of Herbert Edwardes' stamp, only there is a vein of gaiety and natural humour in Edwardes which makes him like St. Martin of Tours, in a sense the others were not.[2]

† "And sympathy,"—adds Lady Edwardes, with significance; for without sympathy, in the high sense of intellectual penetration, kindness may be only folly, and intended aid, oppression.

---

[1] [The battle of Kineyree, 1848. At the lecture Ruskin no doubt exhibited a diagram of dates.]

[2] [For other references—to Gordon, see Vol. XVIII. p. 516; to Havelock, Vol. VII. p. 450; to Jackson, Vol. XX. p. 357. For St. Martin, see *Bible of Amiens*, ch. i. *passim*.]

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men may be won: what affection there is to be had for the asking; what truth for the trusting; what perennial honour for a moment's justice; what lifelong service for a word of love.

My first business must be to give you the clearest outline possible in the time, of the events which led to the struggle; and, before I can relate them, we must have distinct conception of the places in which they happened. Now, since it's Christmas time, will you pardon my having prepared this lecture rather for young people, who don't always know everything they ought to know, than for the old ones, who always do. Of course, we old people know perfectly well that India is the little country that John Bull carries in his left-hand waistcoat pocket, with Canada and a few more miscellaneous articles in the pocket on the other side; but for the children's sake, it is just as well that we should spare a minute or two now to look at a map or two. You know maps are, of course, in modern days, extremely scientific; but when drawn with contracting meridians, as the countries take violently different forms in their different groups, they are puzzling for young people, besides being apt to make them think *they*, too, may draw a country of one shape one day, and another the next. But these maps of mine are done in a much safer and pleasanter way. You put an ideal pin right into the middle of the country first, and pin it well down; then you change yourself into a pelican, or a phœnix, or a frigate bird, or something of that sort, and you fly up above the pin in the middle of the country as high as ever you can, till you can see the country's edges all round, quite easily; then you cry down to some bird of sense below to draw a cross through the pin—north and south, and east and west—till the ends of the cross come to the edges of the country—and beyond, far enough to make all the four arms of the cross equal. Then you draw the country as you see it exactly, not squinting, nor stretched, one way or another; and then you can enclose the whole cross and

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it in a square, which you can easily make of some accurately measured and easily remembered size, merely by giving the branches a little more or less margin.[1] Here, you see, is the whole of India enclosed in a square every quarter of which is 15 degrees, or 900 geographical miles, the side. That is something more than 1000 English miles the side; and in a map of so large a country the distances drawn are, in proportion to the earth's roundness, greater as they are farther from the centre; so you may say, for our present purposes, roughly, a thousand miles square, or a million of square miles, each quarter. Half of this, however, is Indian ocean, and Cachemire highland. India herself has not more than a couple of millions of square miles to reign over, and two millions of square miles may be easily said; but if you like to cut the British islands out of another map on the same scale, and pin *them* down in the middle of India, thus,—you see the latter country isn't quite so easily carried in our waistcoat pocket.

One other principle I wish you to note in this school map-making.[2] I always take my north and south line through the capital, if central enough; otherwise, through any chief feature of the country, natural or historical:—thus, for England and Wales I take it through Holy Island, with the east and west line through Lichfield. But India is an easy and perfect example; for, taking the north and south line through her capital, Delhi, it passes also through her southernmost point, Cape Comorin, and forms a measure for nearly all her length of latitude. I don't in the least know what Comorin means, though it is Indian for something, certainly; but you can easily recollect it by remembering that we English are making, or want to make, a home of India now, instead of a mere

[1] [See Plate V., which is reproduced from Ruskin's drawing. For use at the lecture, he had an enlarged diagram made from it; with another, of the British Islands to scale.]

[2] [On the subject generally, see chap. ix. ("Of Map Drawing") of *Laws of Fesole* (Vol. XV. pp. 440 *seq.*).]

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3/4 of inch = 5 degrees 1½ inch to 10°. 4½ to 30°
Polar line Through Delhi and Cape Comorin.
Base of map, seven degrees N. polar point 22°

The Four cities marked below Delhi are
Bombay. Seringapatam. Madras. Calcutta.

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inn or caravanserai; and so you can make a nursery rhyme of it, saying:—

"Whether as a home, or inn,
Don't forget Cape Comorin."

On this map I have only marked the Indian capital, and four Colony-capitals, Bombay, Seringapatam, Madras, and Calcutta, without their names, for then the children will see exactly where they are: whereas if you put the name, the child never can tell at which end of it the town is. I know that, by experience, because in the first map I made for my father to travel by, when I was a little boy, I copied all the names in their proper places, with extreme care, but put the towns under their names or above, or at this end or that of them, as looked neatest; and as the postillions had no knowledge of these arrangements, my father was obliged to take to his vulgar road map again. Also, when you don't write the names, the children have to write them in their own minds, which is far better for them.

In the north of this great peninsula I draw, in dark blue, the courses of the main streams of the two great rivers, Indus and Ganges, with the four upper branches of Indus, of which the principal one, the Hydaspes, is that which gives Milton his grand line—

"Of Ganges or Hydaspes,—Indian streams,"[1]

and is the one beside which we have presently to be patient. That, as well as the outer Hyphasis or Sutlej, is an Indian stream wholly; but the great Indus is half Cashmerian, longer than the Ganges, and though nothing like the biggest, the most important river in the world.

For, first, note of it that it cuts the highest mountain chain in the world in two. Neither Amazon nor Orinoco

[1] [*Paradise Lost*, iii. 346.]

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divides the Andes, nor Rhine nor Danube the Alps.* But the Indus cuts through the Himalaya.

Then, secondly, it not only divides the highest mountains in the world, but the World itself. The *old* world, that is to say, the only one hitherto worth thinking about, —though the Americans are now beginning to make themselves an appreciable quantity in animated nature.† But taking this side of the globe as, in the past, containing the total power of mortality, the Indus divides *it* into east and

* A casual reader asks me why I don't name the Mississippi? Because I've no idea about the Mississippi, except as the drainage of a big swamp full of alligators. I may be wrong in this impression, but can't rectify it in correcting press. I've looked at Johnson's *Atlas of the World*, Edinburgh, 1883; but the Mississippi is jammed into the chink of the map No. 30, which won't open, and it seems to join on to the Ottawa and Toronto railroad, which looks like another big river running into the St. Lawrence, so I've given it up.

† I meant the colonist Americans, of course; for the old red ones I have the deepest respect,—and the white ones, who live enough or travel enough in Europe, become extremely nice; witness Mr. Lowell and Mr. C. E. Norton, and Miss Alexander—extremely appreciable quantities all;—but I trust that Miss Alexander will forgive my quoting, in my love of the Aborigines, the following passage of a letter received from her this morning (20th February, 1885), as I correct this slip of type:—

"And I want to tell you, once for all, that my eyes are among the principal earthly blessings which I have to be thankful for. I am very far-sighted, and at the same time see near things very minutely, and can do the finest work, just as near-sighted people do. I never knew that other people did not see so plainly at a distance as I did, until one day, years ago, when we were living at Bellosguardo; I was standing on the balcony, with some friends, when one of them asked me what o'clock it was. I looked, as my habit was, at the clock on Palazzo Vecchio, and answered: 'A quarter past five.' 'But I wanted you to look at the clock!' said the other. 'I *am* looking at it,' said I. And then they all were astonished, and said that it was impossible to see anything at that distance, and would not believe that I could tell the time by that clock, until they had found a watch somewhere, which exactly agreed with what I said. The clock was, I think, about two miles away. But all my senses are exceedingly acute, like those of our American Indians; and if I must tell you all the truth, there is an old story in the family (who were among the first settlers of Connecticut), that my grandfather's grandmother was an Indian. The family all laugh at it, but I am much inclined to believe it, as it accounts, not only for this physical peculiarity, but for the fact that I have never been able really to like civilisation, and feel always happier and more at home in the woods than anywhere else. And if I appear to you sometimes 'vindictive,' you see that I come by it honestly."

(*N.B.*—This charge was in consequence of some of the young lady's expressions about vivisectionists, and what she would like to do to them, in a former letter.—J. R.)

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west. Whatever is west of Indus is Abrahamic, and progressive, like a tree; whatever is east of Indus, Brahmic, and, somehow or other, evaporating into air, or crystallized into changeless shape, like a jewel: so that from the birth of Christ, since the Mahometans acknowledge Him as a prophet, you may broadly say the world is Christian and Brahmic. And between these it is not the Bosphorus that bars,—the Bosphorus has no more to do with the matter than the English Channel—not so much, indeed, for English Breton and French Breton are far more distinct people than Attic and Ionian Greek; but the *Indus* is the river of Separation.* West of *that*, all civilized nations believe either in the God of Isaac or of Ishmael,—to the north are Sarah and the children of the free woman,—to the south, Hagar and the children of the bond woman; but all having Abraham to their Father,[1] and believing in one Father-God, Jehovah, Jove, or Allah. But east of Indus

* *Note by Lady Edwardes.*—The people of the Punjāb belong to the great Aryan family. A large proportion of the dwellers in the five "Doābs" (the natural divisions formed by the rivers of the Punjāb proper) are Jâts, supposed to be the same as the Scythian Getes of classical authors. Recent investigations point to the Jâts as the real forefathers of the wandering gipsies of Europe (*Edinburgh Review*, July 1878). The Indus divides the languages.

The history of the Punjāb is the history of successive conquests. On the banks of its rivers first settled the Aryan invaders of India, some two thousand years before Christ; and here were, probably, composed the Vedic hymns which, in the nineteenth century, are studied with such deep interest. The India mentioned by Herodotus, as subjugated by Darius Hystaspes, about 500 B.C., probably means only the Punjāb.

Our earliest information concerning the country is derived from the accounts by Diodorus Siculus, and Arian, of the campaigns of Alexander the Great. The Macedonian conqueror crossed the Indus about 327 B.C., probably by a bridge of boats at Attock.

His great victory over Porus was fought on the east bank of the Jhelum; and when farther advance was prevented by the discontent of the troops, they were conveyed down the five rivers in ships by Nearchus. Mahometanism arose in the seventh century, and after three hundred years of resistance the Hindūs were conquered by Mahmoud, of Ghuznee, about A.D. 1000.

[1] [See Matthew iii. 9.]

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you have the numberless Brahmic—there is no other so good general epithet—religions, Hindū, Chinese, Tartar, Japanese, and what not, attaching themselves no more to any one conceivable or visible God, but floating and whirling round any quantity of inconceivable, invisible, and in their symbols, monstrous gods,—gods like cuttle-fish, with uncountable legs; gods like cauliflowers, with inseparably sprouting heads; orbicular gods, with no ends; polygonal gods, with any quantity of ends; air gods, water gods, mud gods, vacuum gods, infinitely ugly abortions of things without origin, infinitely shapeless oddlings of unhatchable egg.

Now, *this* is separation indeed!—and note with what strange decision, on this and on that side of the river, the bounding line is drawn. On the one side, the Hindūs have a sacred tradition that they must not pass it; on the other, the Greek power is for ever stayed by it. Alexander, by the hindmost branch of it, conquers Porus, but buries Bucephalus, and eastward he rides no more.* But a wilder power than the Greeks is stayed by the Indus also. You see this central mountain, gathering into a knot the chain of hills on its western bank.[1] That is called "Solomon's Throne" to this day, and it is the term of the *Arabian* power. The miraculous strength of the Ishmaelite, which swept round seven thousand miles of the earth, resting westward on Granada in Spain, and centralized in the Arabian

* During the second Cabul campaign the monument erected by Alexander over his favourite horse, Bucephalus, was passed by the British army in nearly as perfect a state as the day when it was erected, and Greek coins were found on the spot. These ancient "mounds" are frequently found in different parts of these wild frontier lands, and trace the course of this great warrior of old. Some of the pieces of ancient stone-carving found, distinctly show the mingling of the stiff figures of Indian sculpture with the more graceful lines of Grecian art. (See *A Year in the Punjāb*, vol. i. pp. 340, 341, 342, for further Greek illustrations.)

[1] [See Plate VI., which is reproduced from another map drawn by Ruskin for this lecture.]

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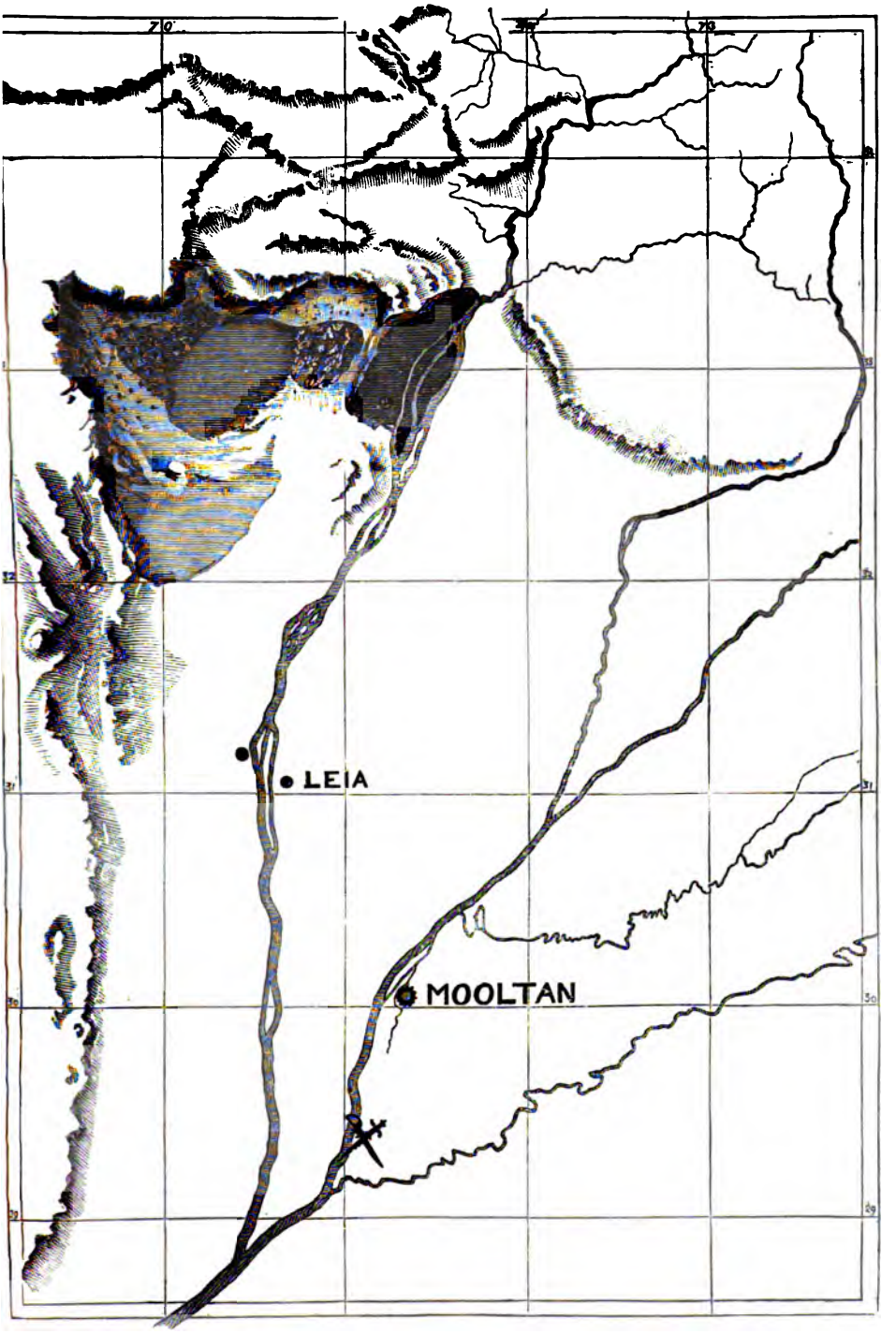

"Solomon's Throne" and Adjacent Country

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peninsula, founded the thrones of his caliphs by the Persian Gulf, and planted its last standard on this mountain, the Throne of Solomon, above Indus' shore. Put your terrestrial globe with the Indus under the brass meridian, and west of it you have seven thousand miles of Mahometans: east of it, seven thousand miles of Indians; but, strangely, close to the river, within the very sound of cannon shot from side to side, are two types of the evermore divided races, each among the most perfect that, in this century, exist—the Sikh and the Afghan.

I told you just now that I drew the meridian of my map of India through Delhi, as the capital of India. Religiously, it is the capital of all the East, and is to Indian faith what Rome is to Christian. But, encompassed by the loop of the northern Himalaya, in the plain, so called, of the Five Waters, the tributaries of Indus,* has arisen within the last four hundred years, a kingdom of a strange sort of evangelical Hindūs, who believe in a Divine Book, instead of Brahma (and get leave in their Book to do pretty much what they like), a practically strong and prosaic race, Hindū Roundheads and Independents, as it were, who yet have a trace of old imagination in their hearts, and adore an Elysian island in a "Lake of Immortality," actually visible and visitable somewhere; who also are the most military race of Hindostan, and to whom all her national enthusiasm looked, says Sir Herbert Edwardes, for the expulsion of Christianity from the Peninsula.[1] After forty years' gathering of strength, under Runjeet Singh, the Sikh army, that is to say the Sikh nation (for every

* More properly, the Indus with its four tributaries, being—

The Jhelum, ancient Hydaspes.
The Sutlej, ancient Hyphasis.
The Chenāb, ancient Acesines.
The Ravee, ancient Hydrastes.

[1] [See *A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. p. 3.]

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Sikh is a soldier),* challenged us to fight for the Indian Empire,

"and was humbled to the dust in a campaign of sixty days. In February, 1846, Lord Gough encamped his avenging army under the walls of Lahore. Duleep Singh, the boy-sovereign of the Punjāb, knelt to the Governor-General of India for forgiveness; Lord Hardinge raised him from the ground, and reseated him on the Sikh throne, shorn though it was of its former splendour. In the 'Land of the Five Waters' he was still king of four."[1]

The struggle, note you, had been primarily one of *creeds:* the Sikhs fought, not so much against England as against Christianity; and being, as I said, a sort of obstinately reformed and petulantly pious Hindūs, they hate with theologic—no less than national bitterness, more than the Christian English on the other side of the world, the Mahometan Afghans on the other side of the Indus.

And having, before they attacked us, already habitually robbed, and partially subdued, the Afghan provinces nearest them, and on their side of the Himalaya—having overflowed the ridge from Afghanistan proper,† the first thing the

* *Note by Lady Edwardes.*—After the Mahometan subjection of the Punjāb came the Sikh power, which was, in the first instance, a movement of religious reform among the Hindūs, begun by Nānuk in 1526, but was developed into a military commonwealth in 1675, under Nānuk's tenth successor in the leadership of the sect—named no matter what—who said to his followers, "Hitherto you have been Sikhs (disciples); henceforth you shall be Singhs" (lions). This commonwealth was called Khâlso (pure), and the combination of ascetic and knightly tendencies in its warriors made them fierce and gloomy fanatics, a character fostered by the cruel persecutions they underwent, whenever the continued struggles between them and their Mahometan neighbours gave the latter the ascendency.

Their founder Nānuk had aimed at establishing a society that should attract both Moslems and Hindūs.

He taught that there is one God, the Creator of all things, perfect and eternal, but incomprehensible; that the knowledge of God, and good deeds, together, would procure salvation; that the souls of the dead might (as the Brahmins said) live in other bodies; but that the righteous might (as the Moslems said) hope for a consciously happy existence at last.

† *Note by Lady Edwardes.*—The Sikh military power ultimately became predominant in the Punjāb, and especially in the present century, under Runjeet Singh, who, by birth a Jât, rose to be supreme ruler of the country,

[1] [*A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. pp. 3–4.]

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Sikhs ask of the British Government when they have got its support, is to help them to collect their customary taxes from this outlying, and only under compulsion tributary, Afghan tribe.

The British Government thinks itself bound to do so, but at the same time to see that its new Sikh protégés do their Afghan taxing moderately, and civilly, and not by mere inroad and casual pillage. It allows a Sikh army of 1500 irregular horse, a regiment of cavalry and five of infantry, with two troops of artillery, to be sent into the province to enforce fiscal arrangements; but it places over them, as supreme controller of movement and operation, an English officer. Not an old officer, neither; on the contrary, still in the fire of youth—born in Nov. 1819—totally inexperienced in war, not heard of yet in council, uncompetitive in any manner of examination, and in military rank, lieutenant only. But the man who appointed him, Sir Henry Lawrence, knew his metal, and sent, to control an army of the fiercest soldiers of India, in their invasion of the wildest tribes of Afghanistan, a single English youth,—Lieutenant Herbert Edwardes.

You Englishmen of the moor and glen, who are proud of your country and its laws, is not *this* a wonderful Christmas tale for you? An altogether true one—of only seven-and-thirty years ago!—think you it ought already to be forgotten?

and after the fall of Napoleon in 1815 engaged several French generals to organize his army, which they did most effectively.

They were a warlike race, and every man a soldier; and this rendered them the most formidable antagonists that had yet confronted the power of England in India.

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CHAPTER II

THE VALLEY IS RECONNOITRED

Now, have you got the look of all this, and the gist of it, well into your heads? Here the Indus,[1] virtually always, young or old, deep in defile, or wide wandering in the plain, always a wild and wilful mountain torrent, the grandest kind of river. On the west of it, seven thousand miles of Mahometans; on the east, innumerable miles of Hindūs; and, to make the contrast more glittering, almost the best types of the men of each religion close to each other, on the river's very banks, only the ten or fifteen miles of its waves to part them.

I will show you pictures of both.*

Here is, first, the Mahometan, Kowrah Khan,[2] a chief of the lower Derajat, the bit of plain between the Indus and Solomon's Throne. I must partly anticipate events here, in order to give you an idea of the character of this good and faithful ally. Hyder Khan, his son, serving with a contingent of their tribe in that part of Sir Herbert's force which was lying detached in the north before the battle of Kineyree, under General Cortlandt, and recognizing the need of clearing Sir Herbert's rear with all speed, of all rebels west of Indus, asks leave of General Cortlandt to

* The reference was to the excellent drawings by Mr. Arthur Severn, from the plates given in Sir Herbert's book. [J. R.]

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[1] [See Plate VI., p. 392.]

[2] [See Plate VII., which is reproduced from Mr. Severn's drawing, which in turn was drawn from the plate at vol. ii. p. 208 of *A Year on the Punjab Frontier*.]

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JUL OF CALIFORNIA

Kowrah Khan, a Belooch Chief

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go ahead alone, raise his father's clan, the Khosuhs, and drive Longa Mull, a rebel chief, across the river. Sir Herbert's diary proceeds thus:[1]—

"General Cortlandt gave him permission, but thought so little of it, that he never mentioned it to me. Hyder Khan made but one request to a Pathan friend—that if he fell in the fight, 'he would ask the Sahib to revenge his death'; then joined his father, Kowrah Khan, and the two raised their clan for a grand struggle against their enemies, who mustered 500 strong* round Longa Mull, in front of the fortress of Ghazee Khan. The Khosuhs attacked in the last hour of the night, were repulsed more than once, and at last drew off till morning dawned, when Kowrah Khan thus addressed his son: 'Son, you were a fool to pledge the honour of your tribe in this matter, but, as you have done so, the pledge must be redeemed.' Then, dismounting from his own horse, and drawing his sword, he called upon every true Khosuh to follow him on foot, and leave their horses for the enemy to fly on! The clan obeyed, and their now united assault proved irresistible.

"Thus was this noble soldier left master of the fort of Dera Ghazee Khan, and of forty large, masted boats, collected by Longa Mull, at Moolraj's orders, to enable the rebel army to cross the Indus.

"For this timely service, very handsome dresses of honour were given to all the Khosuh chiefs; letters were sent by both the Maharajah and the Resident, thanking Kowrah Khan and his son; and the dearly-loved title of 'Ali Já,' or 'Of high degree!' was conferred upon them.

"Proud of both what they had done and what they had won, they followed me afterwards 'to the wars,' with four hundred horsemen of their own tribe, and shared with me many months of exposure and hard fighting, without any other recompense than their food!

"These, indeed, were not Kowrah Khan's first fields. He had in earlier years striven army to army with the great Nuwab of Bhawulpûr, and when defeated, had given his daughter to the conqueror in marriage, as a proud acknowledgment of submission.

"I recall these anecdotes of Kowrah Khan, because my memory dwells with admiration on his character: so brave, so humble, so hot in fight, so cool in council, so sober and dignified in triumph, so smooth-browed and firm amid disaster; a man at all times to be relied on.

"Nor is it the least pleasing recollection of him, that, when danger and difficulty had passed away, peace returned, and the State had no more need of volunteers, Lord Dalhousie, with a just and unforgetting gratitude, which rulers do not always imitate, not only confirmed Kowrah Khan in

* Force of the Khosuhs not told; probably about the same. Their contingent afterwards to Sir Herbert is 400, but Longa Mull had one gun and five field-pieces. [J. R.]

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[1] [*A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. ii. pp. 206–209. Ruskin compresses the text somewhat.]

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possession of a jageer of one thousand rupees a-year, but extended it also to the lifetime of his gallant son; added a money pension of twelve hundred rupees a-year to Kowrah Khan, and *gave a garden at their native place to the family for ever.*" *

This, then, was the kind of man Sir Herbert could find for his help among the Afghans. The second portrait I show you is of his Hindū[1] ally, the Prince (Nuwab) of Bhawulpūr; faithful and well-meaning, but not to be counted on for active co-operation. You would probably think him, to look at him, much the fiercer warrior of the two—Kowrah Khan's most manifest characters being grace and gentleness.

Knowing what can thus be made visible to you of the two races with whom he has to deal, you must next know something of the province which this English youth is sent to take order with. Take your map of the district of the Upper Indus[2] alone, and you will see that there is an inlet of the great plain of the river running up into the mountains, and more or less locked in by lower spurs of them.† This valley is, roughly, about the size of Yorkshire, and it is watered by rivers of its own, which flow down into it from the hills, and never get out of it again, but use themselves quite up in making it pretty. And it is, besides, in the fruitfullest latitude of the world,—that of Christ's country. Solomon's Throne, a hundred miles south, is exactly in the latitude of Jerusalem; this mountain valley has the climate of Lebanon and Damascus:—

"In spring, it is a vegetable emerald, and in winter, its many-coloured harvests look as if Ceres had stumbled against the great Salt range and spilt half her cornucopia in this favoured vale." [3]

* Italics mine, that you may notice the reward which the good soldier cares for. Not a place at court, but a garden in his village. [J. R.]

† Height of hills to south-east of Bunnoo wanted,—as, indeed, of the hills all round. Sir Herbert is horribly careless about his trigonometry, except when he's got a fort to build! [J. R.]

[1] [Really Mohammedan: see Ruskin's correction in chap. xiii. (below, p. 486). Plate VIII., again from Mr. Severn's drawing; for the original, see the frontispiece to vol. ii. of *A Year on the Punjab Frontier.*]

[2] [See now Plate IX., p. 406.]

[3] [*A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. p. 61.]

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Bhawul Khan

(Ally of Sir Herbert Edwardes)

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With the just-quoted earnest praise of his Indian friend, and this pretty praise of his Indian province, I begin our excerpts from Sir Herbert's own diary; arranged and completed by him in 1851, and published under the title of *A Year on the Punjâb Frontier*. A book of most faithful and perfect history, supported by every necessary document, and one which should have its place in every English library,—but chiefly in our national and civic ones. More may be learned from it than from the newspapers of as many days as it has leaves; and henceforward I use it for my total narrative, interpolating only such explanatory notes as these broken extracts may require for their connection.

Such being the soil and climate of the valley he has to deal with, he next describes its people:—

"Although forming a distinct race in themselves, easily recognizable, at first sight, from any other tribe along the Indus, they are not of pure descent from any common stock, and able, like the neighbouring people, to trace their lineage back to the founder of the family; but are descended from many different Afghan tribes, representing the ebb and flow of might, right, possession, and spoliation in a corner of the Cabul empire, whose remoteness and fertility offered to outlaws and vagabonds a secure asylum against both law and labour. The introduction of Indian cultivators from the Punjâb, and the settlement of numerous low Hindûs in the valley, from sheer love of money, and the hope of peacefully plundering by trade their ignorant Mahometan masters, have contributed, by intermarriage, slave-dealing, and vice, to complete the mongrel character of the Bunnoo people. Every stature, from that of the weak Indian to that of the tall Doorânee; every complexion, from the ebony of Bengal to the rosy cheek of Cabul: every dress, from the linen garments of the south to the heavy goat-skin of the eternal snows, is to be seen promiscuously among them, reduced only to a harmonious whole by the neutral tint of universal dirt.

"Let the reader take this people, and arm them to the teeth; then, throwing them down into the beautiful country I have described, bid them scramble for its fat meads and fertilizing waters, its fruits and flowers,—and he will have a good idea of the state of landed property, and laws of tenure, as I found them in 1847. Such, indeed, was the total confusion of right, that, by way of gaining for this community a new point of departure, and starting fair on an era of law and order, Colonel Lawrence was obliged to declare that five years' possession should be considered a good title.

"Mr. Elphinstone, writing in 1808, says of the Bunnoochees, that though 'without any common government,' they 'pay some regard to the King's

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authority,' *i.e.*, the King of Cabul. From that date, the Cabul empire grew rapidly weaker; and in a few years the capital was unable to send a force to collect tribute from such a distant province as Bunnoo; and without a force, no attention was paid to either royal messengers or royal Purwannahs. Bunnoo became independent of its own lawful sovereign. About 1822, the far more odious power, which had risen up on the opposite bank of the Indus, began its attempts to include Bunnoo in the Sikh empire. If the Bunnoochees were unwilling to pay tribute to Cabul, they were quite resolved not to pay it to Lahore; and through a quarter of a century, in the face of armies and devastations, they succeeded in maintaining their new-gained independence.

"Owning no external allegiance, let us see what internal government this impatient race submitted to: In truth, none. Freed from a king, they could not agree upon a chief; but every village threw a wall around its limits, chose its own *Mullick* (master), and went to war with all its neighbours.

"A highly intelligent native named Agha Abbas, of Shiraz, who was employed by the late Major R. Leech to make a tour through parts of the Punjāb and Afghanistan, in the year 1837, reported that there were 'full four hundred, if not five hundred, forts and villages in the district.' (A fort and a village in their language mean the same thing. There was not an open village in the country.) Ten years later, I sent a spy before me into Bunnoo to draw me a rough map of it. He returned with a sheet of paper completely covered over with little squares and lozenges, and a name written in each, with no space between.

"'Why, Nizamooddeen,' I said, 'what is this?'

"'That,' he replied triumphantly, 'why, that's Bunnoo!'

"'And what are all these squares?'

"'Oh! those are the forts.'

"A pleasing prospect for the individual to whom the subjugation of Bunnoo had been confided!"[1]

Sir Herbert, then Lieutenant, Edwardes, received the charge in the middle of February, 1847:—

"From Lahore to Bunnoo was a month's march; and the hot season of the Punjāb commences in March, and sets violently in in April. I had, therefore, at best a month allowed me to talk over an independent people, who had resisted Sikh supremacy for a quarter of a century; and I think it is not very surprising that I signally failed in the attempt.

"We entered Bunnoo on the 15th of March, and were burnt out of it by the sun on the 1st of May. Of a lakh and three-quarters of rupees of revenue, due from the valley, we had collected only half a lakh; and as to a peaceable settlement for the future (that is to say, an engagement, on the part of the people, to pay *anything* annually of their own free will), we had fully ascertained that it was hopeless.

"Was, then, this first expedition fruitless?

"Far from it. Two great objects had been gained.

[1] [*A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. pp. 62–64.]

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"Firstly. A Sikh army, under the influence of a single British officer, had passed, unmolesting and unmolested, through a country, which before it never entered but to devastate, and never left but with heavy loss.

"Secondly. I had reconnoitred the whole valley, ascertained the strength of its tribes, and seen how both might be subdued.

"Let me explain both these results. The Sikh army was notorious for plunder; and one of Colonel Lawrence's strictest injunctions to me at parting was: 'To make severe examples of every instance, and in very bad cases to send the offenders in irons to Lahore.' For the first fortnight I had full employment. On the line of march, in the morning I did nothing but detect, stay, reprove, chase, overtake, and imprison plunderers, horse and foot; and all the rest of the day my tent was besieged by the people of the country bewailing their damaged fields, and calling on me to punish the offenders.

"Long indulged in military licence, the Sikh soldiers could not believe that they were no longer to be allowed to help themselves from every farmer's field, pull their firewood from every hedge, and drag a bed from under its slumbering owner, in order that they might take a nap on it themselves. The cavalry, too, thought it quite arbitrary that they should have to pay for the fodder of their horses (fine young corn, which the Zemindar intended one day to be bread!) But when the wholesome reform once dawned upon their convictions as a fact, and a few severe examples, before the whole force, showed what all plunderers had to expect, the men gave it up at once, and settled down into a completer state of discipline in this respect than is ever attainable in the camp of an Anglo-Indian army, where officers have no power of punishment on the spot.—(In the Company's army, there is nothing so difficult as to *convict* a native soldier of plundering; or, if convicted by evidence, to get a sentence of punishment from the native officers who compose the court-martial. It would be a good thing, too, if the European officers would not consider themselves quite so much bound by *esprit de corps* to shelter their own men. It is a kindly, but mistaken, feeling.)

"The news of the anti-plunder regulations in our camp spread through the country, and long preceded us to Bunnoo; encouraging a third, at least, of the population to await our arrival in the valley, instead of flying bodily to the mountains as usual. Nor, during our stay of six weeks in Bunnoo, were there more than two breaches of the new discipline. In the one case, some soldiers, by order of their officer (General Purtáb Singh), cut down a fine willow tree,* under whose shade the holy Syuds of a village were wont to sit and pray; and I was induced, by the long services of the General, to let him off with compensation to the Syuds. In the other case, another holy man rushed into my tent, and complained that an elephant driver had begun to cut his green wheat, and carry it off as fodder for our elephants; the Syud remonstrated in the only language he knew—viz., Pushtoo, and the Mahout replied with a still harder

* Not a willow really, but a pretty Indian tree like one, growing by stream-sides, for which I say "willow" as easiest English.[1] [J. R.]

[1] ["Sheeshum" is the name, for which Ruskin substitutes "willow" in the text.]

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medium of communication. In proof of his story, the poor Syud was covered with blood. There being only four elephants in camp, a very short investigation brought the offence home to the servant of a Sikh chief, named Sirdar Soorjun Singh; and I resolved to make a signal example of the depredator. A parade of the whole Sikh force was ordered; the troops formed into a hollow square, and in spite of the personal entreaties of his master, the Mahout was tied up to the triangles and flogged—then passed with bare back down the ranks of his comrades. Assembling the officers, I then explained to them, and desired them to explain to their respective companies, that the people of the country, relying on my protection, had received us as friends; but would resort to their old systems of night attacks and assassinations, if the Sikh soldiers plundered them as of old; that, consequently, the peace of the whole camp, and many men's lives, depended on the maintenance of discipline; and so far as I was concerned, I would never overlook a breach of it.

"After this there were no more complaints. Whether they paid revenue or not, the Bunnoochees flocked into our camp, and bought and sold with our soldiers, and sat and talked in our assemblies, as friends instead of enemies."[1]

Sir Herbert was surely unjust to himself in saying above, p. 400, that his first effort at "talking over" the Bunnoochees had "signally failed." He has established pacific and intelligent relations between the Sikhs and their tributaries,—he has himself obtained the trust and respect of both; and more than these, the courteous affection of all with whom he has had direct personal intercourse:—

"The great question at issue between us—the Lahore tribute money—was referred to argument, instead of the sword; almost all the chiefs took heart, and returned from the mountains to join the national council in my tent, whether inclined to yield or determined to resist; their different characters were discriminated; many were won over to our side, and friendships formed which afterwards stood us in good stead.

"One anecdote I must relate before leaving this subject, because it is most honourable to the Sikh force, and shows of what a high degree of discipline that military people is capable. Sikh detachments, and, indeed, all forces not at the capital (before Colonel Lawrence introduced regular pay), used to be paid by assignments on the provincial collectors of revenue; on whose solvency, or caprice, it depended how soon or how late they should realise their pay. The army sent to Bunnoo had a very worthless bit of paper indeed, drawn on one Dowlut Raie, the 'contractor' (and I may add, devastator) of several provinces on the right bank of the Indus. Either he could not, or he would not, honour it; and our poor fellows, obliged by me to pay ready money for everything they bought in the valley, were soon so distressed for food, that some of them dropped down

[1] [*A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. pp. 15–18.]

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under arms from weakness. Not till then was it reported to me by the officers, in their expressive language, that 'the whole force was hungry,' and wanted my permission to quarter on the enemy. They were, indeed, standing as sentries over the ripe corn-fields of the refractory Bunnoochees! I looked out from my tent, and saw the rich harvest of that prolific land, in every stage, from green to gold, waving temptingly around our camp; and thought discipline had for the nonce been most reverentially honoured! So I passed the word, for every soldier to eat enough food for himself and cattle for a fortnight; and in an hour, the harvest had vanished from those parts, as if locusts had passed over them.

"Thus, as I said before, was one great object gained by our otherwise unsuccessful expedition. The blood-thirsty and revengeful tribes of Bunnoo, and the army of their Sikh masters, had, for the first time, met in something resembling friendship; and parted again, without adding to the long account of mutual injuries and hatred. The small end of the wedge of civilised intercourse had at last been introduced."[1]

Both as a farther illustration of the soldierly courtesy of Sikh character, and as a deeply interesting analysis by his friend and ally of Sir Herbert's own, the following farewell letter from the Sikh general, on the close of the first expedition to Bunnoo, though it is given by Sir Herbert only under the detached heading of "A Stray Recollection," deserves the reader's most attentive regard. The italics are all, of course, mine:—

(After all his state titles, etc., etc.):—

"My dear Friend,

"In a day or two we shall be at our journey's end; and in the joy of returning home you will soon forget that you have been four months abroad. Sherbet, and 'beyd-mooshk,'* will drown the taste of the abominable waters of the Goombeeluh; the clean streets of Lahore† will make amends for the watercourses and quagmires of Bunnoo; you will have fireworks at night instead of attacks on the pickets; the arrow of love instead of the spear of war; and wanderings in the many-coloured garden,‡ instead of tiresome

* A perfumed beverage extracted from the willow, of which natives are passionately fond.

† This was a puff, I fear, of the labours of Sir H. Lawrence and Major MacGregor, who performed the Augean task of draining the filthiest capital in India.

‡ The Sikh officer's sympathy with his friend's love of the garden is especially pretty, because the Sikhs themselves, with totally contrary dispositions to the Afghans, care little for either trees or flowers. [J. R.]

[1] [*A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. pp. 18–20.]

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marches in the desert. How can I hope, therefore, that in the society of old friends, you will not also forget *me?* But as in the daily intercourse of the last four months *I have seen the candour and openness* of your disposition, your *manly activity and disregard of toil*, your *fortitude and spirit in difficulties*, and above all your desire rather to earn for the young Maharajah among his Afghan subjects *as great a reputation for justice and lenity as his predecessors acquired for cruelty and violence*, so it was impossible I should not conceive an esteem for you, and a wish to continue our friendship.

"Remembering, therefore, how fond you are of the chase, and how often you have admired my English greyhounds, I now beg your acceptance of them; that when the cold weather comes again, and with hawk and hound you once more take the field: when all your fat Punjābee dogs are panting in vain after the hare, and these swift runners catch her on the very edge of the forest, you will cry, '*Shábásh!*' (Well done!) and in a moment of pleasure remember me."[1]

[1] [*A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. p. 26.]

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CHAPTER III

THE WELLS OF THE VIZEEREES

THUS, in the constancy of his justice and kindness, trusted; and in every civil and military method of action approved, Sir Herbert retires from the province for that time, with beautifully simple exposition of his farther purposes in the following proclamation:—

"Bunnoochees! I have laboured hard to do what I thought best for your own interests, for I love freedom as much as you; but you have rejected my interference, and proved yourselves incapable of gratitude for the forbearance which has been shown you by this Sikh army, which was able any day to rout all your tribes.

"Now mark my words. I have explored your valley, and know its riches; I have discovered your hidden road; I have counted your four hundred forts; I have estimated your tribes; and I will beg of my Government to let me come back to you again. I will lead in another army by the new way, and level your forts, and disarm your tribes, and occupy your country. You shall not be punished for your present resistance. No! This beautiful scene shall no more be desolated by revenge. You shall have the best laws that an enlightened people can frame for you; but they will be administered by a Sikh Governor. He cannot oppress you, for the English will be over him. You shall be justly ruled, but you shall be free no more."[1]

This extremely undiplomatic and serenely explicit document being left for the wholesome food of the Bunnoochee mind during the summer, Sir Herbert returns with due punctuality on the 8th of December, nominally "accompanying," practically in command of, two very sufficient divisions of Sikh and Afghan soldiery. One of these divisions was formed at Peshawur, consisting of three regiments of Sikh infantry, one of regular cavalry, one troop of horse artillery, and a thousand Afghan irregular

[1] [*A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. pp. 23-24.]

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horse. It was conducted by Lieutenant George Reynell Taylor. To reach Bunnoo, it had to perform a very difficult march over the Salt range. The paths were impassable by carts, and the Sikhs had to carry their ammunition and stores on their heads. The guns were dismounted and carried on elephants, which animals and camels are the only carriage an army can use in this pass (*pass*, in verity, the ravine being at one place so narrow that it requires nice steering to prevent a camel's load being knocked off his back). The march, of roughly something over a hundred miles, sixty-four koss (a koss varying from one and a half to two miles), occupied seventeen days.[1]

Meantime another proclamation, in Sir Herbert's coolly crystalline manner, is sent in advance, for the study of the still refractory provincials:—

"PROCLAMATION

"To the Mullicks and People of Bunnoo

"I told you last spring, that if you did not accept the easy terms which I offered you, and pay up your arrears, I should come to collect the balance in the winter, build a fort, establish a Sikh garrison, and put your fertile valley under a Kárdár,* like any other part of the Punjáb kingdom.

"I am now on my way to keep my word; and two forces are marching upon Bunnoo, one from Dera Ishmael Khan, and one from Peshawur.

"You see, therefore, that you had much better have agreed with me in the spring.

"It still depends, however, on yourselves, how you will be treated.

"My orders are these: to collect your arrears of revenue, and make a settlement for the future.

* Kárdár means literally, in Persian, an agent; but was commonly used in the Punjáb to designate a provincial collector of government revenue. In all cases, he had police functions; in many, magisterial; and in some even, judicial. He was thus armed with great power; was generally supported by the Sikh Durbar, whether right or wrong, if he only bribed the courtiers well enough; and was consequently a blessing or a curse, simply in the ratio of his own personal inclinations.

[1] [The foregoing section is summarised from *A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. pp. 36–38.]

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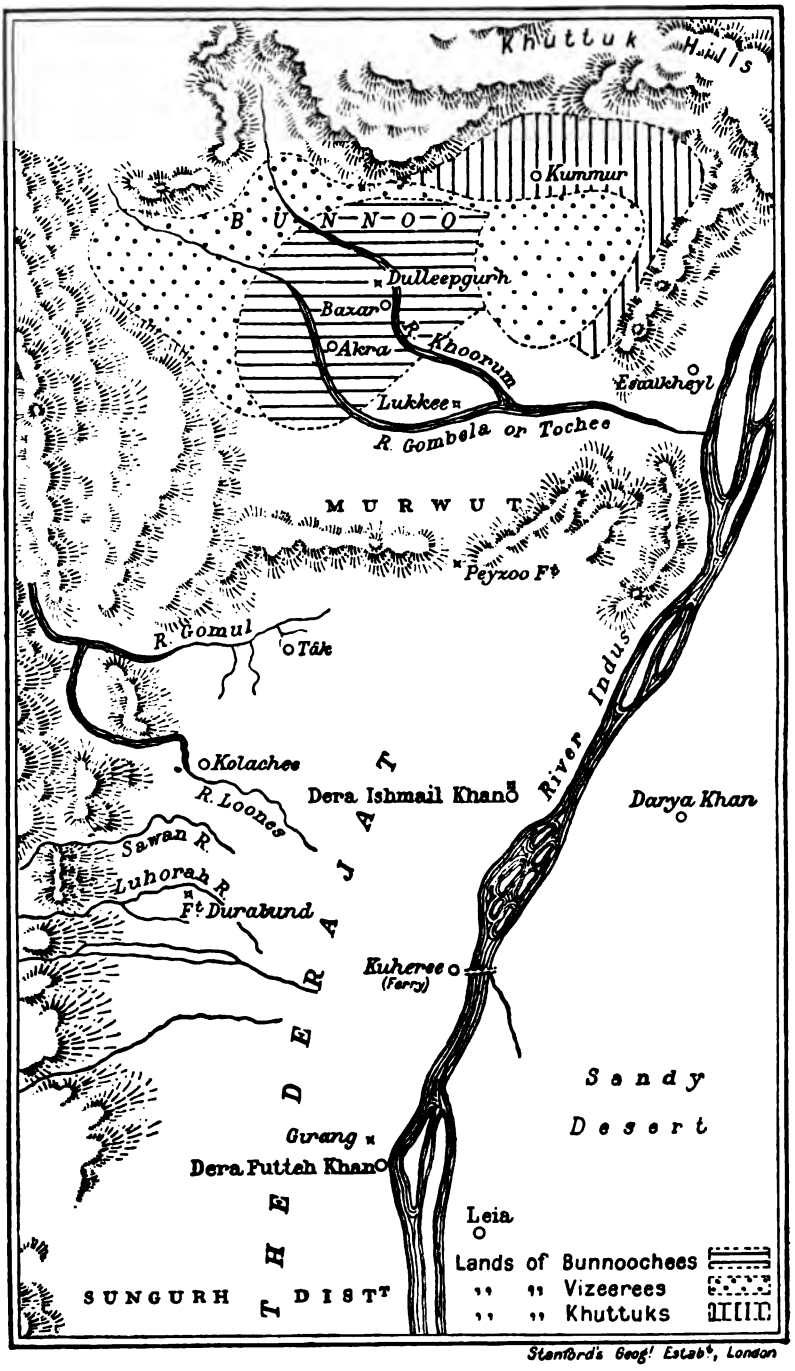

Outline Map of the Bunnoo District

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"With respect to the first, you all know how much you owe, and the sooner you pay it, the better it will be for you. I have got all your accounts, and see that Lal Baz Khan's was the only tuppeh * which paid up. Lal Baz Khan shall have no reason to repent his good behaviour, for I shall give him a larger allowance than any other Mullick in Bunnoo.

"With respect to the future settlement, not only the claims of the Maharajah, but also of the Mullicks, of the Ryots, of the Syuds, and all other holy men who hold charitable lands, will be taken into consideration, and justice done to all.

"You know very well that no 'Sahib' † ever fixes a heavy revenue. 'Sahibs' are at this moment settling the revenue throughout the Punjāb, and making all the people happy.

"If you wish for peace and kindness, therefore, and to be good subjects of the Maharajah, let the Mullicks present themselves in my camp without delay, and the people stay quietly in their houses.

"Last spring, half of you ran away to the hills; some because they were afraid of being treated barbarously by the Sikhs, as usual, and some to escape paying revenue.

"You saw that I did not allow plundering, and that the soldiers were set as sentries over your crops, and therefore you need not now run away out of fear.

"And it is of no use your running away to avoid payment of revenue, because the Kárdár and garrison will wait till you come back, and you will at last either have to pay or remain for ever in exile.

"Let all good subjects therefore fear nothing, but pursue their labours of harvest and cultivation; and let every Mullick who does not wish to be ejected from his chieftainship come in to me.

"Above all keep in mind that the army which is now coming to Bunnoo, is not going away again after a month, but is coming to stay. Make your calculations therefore accordingly.

(Dated)
"Camp, Meeánee, November 17th, 1847." [1]

These topics of meditation being presented to the scholastic mind of the Bunnoochee dwellers in the plain, Sir Herbert has next to consider what manner of influence he may exercise on the mountaineers above them and around, who are beyond the reach of proclamation, and

* Freehold farm. [J. R.]

† "Sahib" means simply a master, and is distinctively and universally applied, throughout British India and the neighbouring countries, to Englishmen; an involuntary confession of the master-energy of that race.

[1] [*A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. pp. 97-99.]

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beyond the limits of rule—a race whose life cannot be changed, nor liberties touched. *Friendship* is possible with them, otherwise, the country may, perhaps, be swept clear of them, and left desert; subdued, they cannot be.

"The Vizeerees are at once one of the most numerous and the most united of all the tribes of Afghanistan; and to this, not less than to the strength of their country, are they indebted for being wholly independent. They neither own now, nor by their own account have ever owned, any allegiance to any of the Kings of Cabul. If you ask where their country is, they point to the far-off horizon, where the azure sky is pierced by the snowy peaks of 'Sufeyd Koh,' or the White Mountain; but that great mountain is only their citadel, at the head of a long line of fastnesses extending from the frontier of Tâk, less than a hundred miles from Dera Ishmael Khan, on the Indus, to within fifty miles from Jellalabad. . . . Hardy, and for the most part pastoral, they subsist on mountains where other tribes would starve; and might enjoy the possession they have obtained of most of the hills which encrust the valleys of Khost, Dour, and Bunnoo, without any inconvenience to the lawful owners of the plains below, if their pastoral cares were confined to their own cattle, and not extended to that of their neighbours. But it is the peculiarity of the great Vizeeree tribe that they are enemies of the whole world. Amongst themselves dissension is unknown, a spectacle unique in all Afghanistan; and they are thus free to turn their whole strength outwards against weaker and more distracted races. Of the Vizeeree it is literally true, that 'his hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him.' By far the greater part of the trade between Khorassan and India comes and goes through the Pass of Gwaleyree, which emerges on the plain of the Indus, at the issue of the Gomul river, in Tâk. The hills on either side of the pass are held by the Otmanzye Vizeerees; and they carry on a predatory war against the caravans, year after year, with a relentless ferocity and daring which none but a Lohânee (or an English) merchant would brave, or be able to repel." * [1]

"Between the eastern cultivated lands of Bunnoo and the hills of the

* "No quarter is given to men in these wars; it is said that the Vizeerees would even kill a male child that fell into their hands; but they never molest women, and if one of that sex wanders from her caravan, they treat her with kindness, and send guides to escort her to her tribe."—Elphinstone's *Cabul*, vol. ii. p. 80.

This chivalric trait I can easily believe, though I never heard of it from other sources; for considerable intercourse with the Vizeerees impressed me most favourably with their character, in spite of all the trouble their turbulent habits gave me. They are truly very noble savages.—H. B. E.

[1] [*A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. pp. 86–88. The next passage is from pp. 46–48.]

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Khuttuks lies a wide, undulating waste, called the 'Thull,' or desert. It is not exactly a desert, because it furnishes vast herds with pasture every winter; but it is a wilderness to any but the savage, taught by long experience to direct his path over it by the peaks of the surrounding mountains. Towards Bunnoo it is all sand, which nearer the hills gets hardened by a layer of gravel and loose stones washed down by the annual floods. Both the sand and the stony ground only require rain to make them yield abundant crops; but rain seldom visits either, and the tract consequently is in general only dotted over with scrubby vegetation and the prickly bushes of the camel-thorn.

"Even this is a paradise to the Vizeeree tribes, who, expelled from their own stony and pine-clad mountains by the snow, yearly set before them their flocks of broad-tailed sheep and goats, and strings of woolly camels and curved-eared horses, and migrate to the sheltered plains of Bunnoo. Here they stretch their blankets or reed mats on the bare earth, over two sticks set up like the letter T, the four sides draggling on the ground, or fastened with a stone if the wind gets high. Under this miserable shelter huddle men, women, and children, afraid neither of the rain's cold nor the sun's hot beams, and in happy ignorance of better things. From the corner of the tent the shaggy muzzle of a hill sheep-dog peeps out and watches over the tethered donkey and sick goat left at home with the women while the flocks are out at graze. Tall and stately as a pine, the daughter of the mountains stands at the tent-door in her indigo-dyed petticoat and hood, smiling on the gambols of her naked brats, or else sits down and rubs out corn for her lord who is afield. The men, stout, fierce, and fearless of man or beast, and clad in shaggy cloaks of brown camel's-hair, drive out the herds to feed, and, with long juzail in hand, and burning match, lie full-length along the ground and listen for strange footfalls on the horizon. Should an enemy approach, the discharge of a single matchlock would be heard over the whole plain, and summon thousands of the tribe to the point where danger threatened or plunder allured. Such were the people whose gipsy-like encampments strewed the Thull at the time I speak of."

A people not studious of proclamations,—to be dealt with, if at all, otherwise than by forms of law. What will Sir Herbert do with them?

He leaves his army behind him in the plain, takes five-and-twenty horsemen with him, and rides into the midst of them. His proclamation to the people of the plain is dated from the "Vizeeree Wells."

"From the Khuttuk hills, east of Kummur, a deep and broad ravine runs down into the Thull. In seasons of flood it is the bed of an impetuous torrent called the Lowâghur, but during the greater part of the year is dry, the little water which soaks down from the hills being insufficient to rise to the surface. To reach this water at all seasons (without

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which their flocks would perish), the Vizeerees have descended into the ravine (which at Joor was from forty to fifty feet deep at least), and there scraped wells about the depth of a man's stature. Round the margin of the wells clay troughs were formed, into which a Vizeeree, standing in the well, ladled up water for the thirsty cattle. Inclined planes were also scraped in the high banks of the ravine for the cattle to go up and down; and the sand in every direction, both round the wells on the slopes and on the plains around, was deeply imprinted with the hoofs of myriads of sheep and oxen who were daily driven here to water.

"In these our days it is rarely the fortune of civilised man to stand in such a spot to behold a genuine primæval, pastoral people, and in thought see Time visibly put back to the days of Lot and Abraham, who had flocks and herds and tents." [1]

"Not a house, or hut, or field, was to be seen in this wild spot; and, save for an occasional thin column of smoke, seen for a moment in the sandy distance, and then lost in the blue sky, we might have deemed ourselves out of the reach of man. But, in truth, we were in the very heart of 'The Vizeerees,' a name of terror even to the barbarous tribes of Bunnoo.

"How dared we, then, with our small party, venture there? For the present, the reader must be content to know that it was purely on the faith of a friendship which I had formed in the former expedition with Swahn Khan, the most powerful man of his powerful nation. An inhabitant of the snowy mountains, he had never descended to do homage to Sikh invaders, and Cabul kings had never ventured among his hills. Yet he had asked to be allowed to come down and speak with the fellow-countryman of Moorcroft, the traveller, from whom he showed me a scrap of paper, dated 'Dummáee Thull, April 6th, 1824.' It merely acknowledged Swahn Khan's hospitality and civility; and after keeping it for twenty-three years, the far-sighted Vizeeree chief had lived to see the day when the white man's armies should tread upon the heels of the white man's pioneer. It was time to draw forth from his goat-skin wallet the record of his good faith towards an Englishman, certain that that faded 'certificate' of the solitary, helpless traveller, would now be as strong to him as an army!

"I could not but regard the MS. with warm but melancholy interest. He who wrote it had long since ended his earthly wanderings. That adventurous spirit had breathed its last among the savages of Andkhoo, beyond the remotest confines of Afghanistan.

"This scratch of his pen survived, and was only just beginning to fulfil the grateful purpose with which it was given to the Vizeeree host. It reminded me of the aloe, which is so long before it flowers; or of those sealed bottles, which have sometimes been found in tombs, and when opened give up the perfume of a forgotten age.

"I am glad to be able to contribute the smallest white pebble to poor Moorcroft's cairn; and cannot pass on without recording that my friend Swahn Khan spoke of him highly in every way, adding that 'he was very wise, and wrote down everything: the trees, the crops, the stones, the men

[1] [*A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. pp. 48–49.]

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and women, their clothes and household furniture, and everything! He also gave medicine to their sheep and horses, and' (climax of ability in a Viseeree country) 'cured them all!'

"Fully as much in honour of Moorcroft's memory, as with any view to future profit, I made Swahn Khan my guest; sent a 'Ziyâfut,' or welcoming present, of one hundred rupees to his tent, and ordered five rupees a day to be given to himself, and two pounds of flour to each of his followers as long as they chose to stay with me. The rude chief, who possessed all the virtues, with few of the vices, of a savage people, never forgot this treatment; and scarcely had I reached Michenkheyl, on the 2nd December, in this second expedition, than I found myself locked in his giant's arms, and squeezed till I could have cried. It was he who had now guided our force to 'The Wells' in the desert, and whose presence in our camp made us as secure in the winter pasture grounds of the Viseerees, as though we had been in the citadel of Lahore." [1]

"To the best of my belief, therefore, I was the first European who had ever been seen in the Viseeree Thull; yet my full confidence in the honour of Swahn Khan, who undertook to guide me, may be gathered from the circumstance that I took with me only five-and-twenty horsemen, and those at his request, in case of any casual opposition from tribes over whom the Viseeree had no control. I pause upon this apparently trifling incident, for no foolish vanity of my own, but for the benefit of others; for hoping, as I earnestly do, that many a young soldier glancing over these pages will gather heart and encouragement for the stormy lot before him, I desire above all things to put into his hand the staff of confidence in his fellow-man.

> "'Candid, and generous, and just,
> Boys care but little whom they trust—
> An error soon corrected;
> For who but learns in riper years,
> That man, when smoothest he appears,
> Is most to be suspected?' [2]

is a verse very pointed and clever, but quite unworthy of 'The Ode to Friendship,' and inculcating a creed which would make a sharper or a monk of whoever should adopt it. The man who cannot trust others is, by his own showing, untrustworthy himself. Suspicious of all, depending on himself for everything, from the conception to the deed, the ground-plan to the chimney-pot, he will fail for want of the heads of Hydra and the hands of Briareus. If there is any lesson that I have learnt from life, it is that human nature, black or white, is better than we think it; and he who reads these pages to a close will see how much faith I have had occasion to place in the rudest and wildest of their species, how nobly it was deserved, and how useless I should have been without it."

[1] [*A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. pp. 43–46. Ruskin then passes to pp. 49–50. The "therefore" in the text above refers to a passage omitted by him, in which Edwardes shows that Masson (author of *Journeys in Beloochistan, Afghanistan, and the Punjab*, 1842) had taken a different route.]

[2] [Lines 19–24 of Cowper's *Friendship*.]

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From the Vizeeree wells, then, Sir Herbert dates his second proclamation,[1] to the "landlords and priests" of Bunnoo, in the following decisive terms:—

"PROCLAMATION

"To the Mullicks and Syuds of Bunnoo

"The force from Peshawur has this morning joined General Cortlandt's, and to-morrow I shall enter Bunnoo with eighteen guns, one hundred and thirty zumbooruhs, two thousand cavalry, and five regiments of infantry.

"Almost all the Mullicks of Bunnoo have wisely come in; but two or three are still absent, and I now warn them for the last time, that unless they come in they will be dealt with as enemies.

"The people of Bunnoo, it is well known, are entirely in the hands of their religious advisers (the Syuds, etc.), and their Mullicks. I now give notice, therefore, that in whatsoever tuppeh a single shot is fired upon the Sikh camp, or a Sikh soldier, in that tuppeh I will depose the Mullick from all authority, and confiscate his lands, and will not give one beeguh * of ground in Dhurum-Urth † to any holy man.

"On this you may rely. And it will not be admitted as any excuse that bad characters from one tuppeh came into another and there fired upon my men. I hold the masters and priests responsible for the peace of their own tuppeh.

(Dated)
"8th December, Camp, Vizeeree Wells."

"Next morning we marched from 'The Wells' to Jhundookheyl, about ten miles, and encamped in Bunnoo Proper, on the left bank of the Khoorrum, without any opposition, and the same evening Baseed Khan, Zubburdust Khan, and Khilát Khan, three Sooraunee tuppeh chiefs, and Meer Alum Khan, of Mundaie, all great malcontents who had hitherto stood aloof, and the latter one of the most dangerous men in Bunnoo, came sulkily in and made their submission.

"The only Bunnoochee chief who had not now surrendered was the celebrated Dilassuh Khan, who deserves a more particular notice. By right he was only lord of one-quarter of one of the tuppehs, Dâood Shâh; but

* A beeguh is a land measure of which I have forgotten the precise extent in the countries Trans-Indus. Professor Duncan Forbes, in his invaluable dictionary (Hindustanî and English), says it is, in Bengal, about one-third of an English acre, and in the upper provinces about five-eighths.

† Dhurum-Urth means a "religious object," and means, in the Punjâb a charitable grant of any kind.

[1] [*A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. pp. 103–104.]

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his desperate and cruel character had secured the whole. He was distinguished above all his countrymen for implacable enmity, and the bravest hostility to the Sikhs: on one occasion Dewan Tara Chund, at the head of eight thousand Sikhs and twelve guns, was repulsed from his fort with a loss of two hundred killed and five hundred wounded; and on another occasion when attacked by Rajah Soocheyt Singh, one of the bravest chiefs in the Sikh army, with ten thousand men, Dilassuh stood a siege of two days in a weak mud fort, and then forced his way out at night. (I believe it was on the former of these two occasions that the guns had all the advantage of being directed by a French officer, General Court!)

"In short, Dilassuh Khan had passed his life in waging war with the Sikh invaders, who never entered Bunnoo without thinking of him with dread, and never left it without fresh cause to remember and hate him. When I accompanied the first expedition to Bunnoo, as much to my surprise as that of all the Sikh soldiers, Dilassuh, for the first time in his life, came in, saying without circumlocution, though in the presence of many Sikh chiefs, that 'he could trust a Sahib! but if I had not been with the force, neither he would be sitting there quietly nor the Sikh army!' He was then a grey-headed old rebel of seventy, but his determined features, knit brows and flashing eye, showed that he had lost none of the fire of youth; he came in rather proudly, with fifty or sixty horsemen at his back, but I was glad of it, as it attracted all the old Sikhs in camp to look at him through the screens of my tent as if he had been a caged tiger. Till then I had no idea of his importance, but gathered it very soon from the muttered imprecations and expressions of surprise which broke from the veterans whom he had so often harassed. On the whole, however, they did him justice, and said, 'He is a great man; other chiefs have more followers, but Dilassuh has honour!'

"Dilassuh upon this occasion remained an honoured guest in my camp for about a month, when our line of march bringing us near his fort, Sirdar Shumsher Singh, the Sikh chief with whom I was associated, could not forbear from riding out to see the stronghold which had cost his countrymen so much blood; and the Sikh troopers who formed his escort took the opportunity of riding round and about it in an insulting manner which they would have most carefully eschewed had the old Bunnoochee rebel been in arms. The consequence was, that Dilassuh considered this as a reconnoissance preparatory to a bombardment, and fled that very night to the Dour hills, whence I was never again able to recall him. He thought, as most Asiatics would, that I was privy to the Sirdar's design, and that I had all along been cajoling him with apparent kindness only the more surely to destroy him and avenge my Sikh allies. In short, I had lost his confidence, and in the bitterness of his awakened passions he wrote me a most insulting letter from his mountain lair, which had I caught him again at that time I most certainly would have made him swallow before I took him back into favour; but it was better as it was. On my return now to Bunnoo I felt compassion for the difficulty the old chief was in, and sincerely respecting his career of patriotism, was unwilling to drive so brave and aged a man into exile for the few years he had still to live. I wrote therefore on the 9th of December to tell him that if he did not come in for fear of being punished for his late misconduct he might

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reassure himself, and accept my guarantee for his life and honour; but if he meant to go into open rebellion I should have no alternative but to make an example of him. On receipt of this he was inclined to come in and 'trust to his destiny'; but he had many enemies, who were jealous of his great name, and the honour I had shown him when he was my guest, and they treacherously advised him 'to fly and die as he had lived, a rebel.' Dilassuh took their advice, fled to Dour, and never while I was there returned to Bunnoo, though he tried in vain to come at the head of an invading army. I think it due to Major Reynell Taylor to add, that when he succeeded me in Bunnoo, Dilassuh asked and readily received permission to return to his native country. A severer punishment could not be inflicted on him than to let him see the revolution which a few months had effected in the once strong and formidable valley: the boasted forts all level with the earth, a fortress of the Crown alone looking down upon the now open and peaceful villages; the peasantry unarmed; a broad road traversing the country; peace reigning where there was once perpetual feud; a government where all was anarchy; the Sikhs lords, and Dilassuh nothing!

"To resume the thread of our narrative, Dilassuh was the only Bunnoochee chief who had not come in on the 9th of December."[1]

"Come in,"—that is to say, presented himself at the English headquarters under truce, and as ready to enter into pacific negotiation. Nothing yet concluded, and every chief able to retire into his fort at his pleasure, and stand at bay behind his battlements. The matter is to be considered of; but the Vizeerees must be finally dealt with first.

"The reader will not have forgotten[2] that on December 11th, Swaln Khan, Vizeeree, had agreed to lay my terms before the rest of his countrymen; and promised that the jeerga, or council, should give their final decision in a week. Many of the greybeards of the tribes were absent at the time in the hills, and had to be summoned; and when they arrived, there was such difference of opinion as to the propriety of submission or resistance that, for the first time in the history of the Vizeerees, there seemed likely to be an internal feud.

"Thus matters stood at the sixth day (December 16th), when all the leading chiefs adjourned the jeerga to my camp. There, under a large awning, outside my tent-door, these wild savages seated themselves in a circle on a carpet, and awaited with proud dignity my entry with the written proposals. In idler days I would have given anything for such a group to sketch, as, clothed in their storm-stained mantles of camel's hair, with long elfin locks of rusty black or grey, dyed red with henna, hanging

[1] [*A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. pp. 104–107.]

[2] [Ruskin, however, had not given the passage (vol. i. p. 110) which Edwardes here refers to. The present passage (to the end of the chapter) is from pp. 124–131.]

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about their shoulders, and weather-beaten countenances, each grasped his brass-bound juzail, or felt that his knife was loose within his girdle, in case the Feringhee chief should have drawn them into an ambush under pretence of a council. But now I had no leisure for such light amusement; and it was with a deep sense of the importance of our mutual object, and the peace or war depending on the issue, that I seated myself among them, and read, in Persian, the following paper.

"The Vizeerees bent their heads to listen with as much attention as if they had been scholars: and then, at the close of each paragraph, turned eagerly to a chief from a neighbouring Afghan valley, whose education and friendship with the Vizeerees had made me select him as interpreter.

"TERMS OFFERED TO THE CHIEFS OF THE VIZEEREE TRIBES, IN JEERGA ASSEMBLED

"I find that in the course of the twenty-five or thirty years which have elapsed since the country of Bunnoo was separated from the Khorassanee empire, the Vizeerees have taken advantage of their own unanimity and the divisions of the Bunnoochees to invade this fertile valley, and possess themselves little by little of extensive tracts of land.

"You did this at a time when there was no ruler, and no law in Bunnoo; and if among themselves the Bunnoochees respected no man's rights, but acted on the principle that land belonged to whoever was strong enough to seize it, they cannot complain if you followed their example. Foreigners are always expected to adopt the customs of the country.

"That time has, however, gone. The Lahore Sirkar* has determined to occupy Bunnoo, and for the future there will be a fort and an army, a hâkim and laws, the same as in any other part of the Punjâb kingdom.

"The object of this is to secure the payment of the revenue; and a survey is now being made of every tuppeh to ascertain how much land there is, and who holds it.

"Whoever holds land in Bunnoo, whether he be a Bunnoochee, a Khuttuk, a Vizeeree, or of any other country, will have to pay revenue alike. No favour will be shown to any tribe, great or small, strong or weak; all landholders in Bunnoo will be considered as Bunnoochees.

"Mullick Swahn Khan tells me that the Vizeerees have never paid revenue to any king, and they do not see why they should now.

"This argument is very good as long as you stay in your own country, which is still independent. Maharajah Duleep Singh has nothing to say to the Vizeeree hills; but when you come down into his country of Bunnoo you must submit to his laws.

"If you do not like laws, and paying revenue, you are quite at liberty to give up your lands to the Bunnoochees, from whom you took them, and return to those happy hills where there is no revenue to give and no corn to eat.

"Of one thing be assured, that I will either make you pay revenue

* "Sirkar," the sovereign or supreme authority in the state. In a private household the idiom is often aped out of affectation, or used by a servant out of flattery.

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like the Bunnoochees, or expel you from Bunnoo. I have troops enough here to destroy your whole tribe.

"I do not believe, however, that you will be fools enough to forsake in a day the lands which you have been thirty years in conquering, or forego the whole of your rich harvests rather than pay a part.

"I therefore offer you the following terms:—

"First. All lands purchased in the tuppehs of Bunnoo, or that have been violently retained in the possession of Vizeerees for five years, shall be confirmed to the holders, as well as any of more recent date, if possession has not been opposed.

"Secondly. On these lands you shall pay revenue at the same rate as the Bunnoochees.

"Thirdly. The extensive grazing ground, called the Thull, which is bounded by the Khuttuk lands on the east; Durreh-i-Tung, on the south; Michunkheyl, on the west; and the mouth of the Khoorrum, on the north, —shall be given up to you for your flocks and herds, on condition of allegiance; and that each year when your tribes come down from the hills, your Mullicks come in to the Kárdár of Bunnoo, report the number of the tribes which have come down, and present a yearly nuzzurana of two hundred and fifty fat doombuhs; the shares paid by each tribe to be settled among yourselves.

"Fourthly. On any land cultivated in the Thull, either by yourselves or others, you shall pay one-sixth of the produce.*

"Fifthly. As your tribes are scattered about over so large a surface, Mullick Swahn Khan shall be appointed to conduct all business between the Sirkar and the Vizeerees; and shall be called the Vizeer of the Vizeerees of Bunnoo, and Mullick of the Thull.

"Sixthly. All enmity shall cease between the Vizeerees and the Bunnoochees; and there shall be no quarrelling, and murdering, and plundering, and drying up of each others' canals. Any Vizeeree who thinks himself aggrieved will get speedy justice from me.

"Think over these things deliberately, and then give me a decisive answer, Yes or No.

(Dated)
"16th December, 1847."

"At the close of each paragraph the Vizeerees watched my countenance to see if I was satisfied with my friend's interpretation in Pushtoo, a language of which I knew about as much as they did of Persian. The little I did know was however quite sufficient to enable me, knowing the

* The cultivation I had seen in the Thull, had almost all been the work of Khuttuks, of a subdivision called Sooltan Kheyl, who are subjects properly of Esaukheyl. The speculators paid, I was told, one-sixth to the Vizeerees for the privilege of cultivating ground which the Vizeerees annually appropriated to the pasture of flocks. I therefore now purposely fixed the land revenue of the Thull so low as one-sixth, to allow of the above arrangement continuing; for if one-sixth comes to us, and one-sixth to the Vizeerees, two-thirds will still be left with the farmers; and that is a remunerating share, all the world over.

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subject, to follow the explanation of an interpreter, and tell whether he kept back any essential point. Necessity and habit soon make a man, thrown on his own resources as I was, expert in exercising this indispensable check on interpretation; and wild races, especially, who have not yet learnt the hypocrisy of courts, but use their muscles as God intended, knitting their brows when they are angry, and laughing loud when they are pleased, exhibit involuntarily on their faces a register of the meaning which the ear has reported to the brain.

"As soon as the Vizeerees were satisfied that they had been made masters of my real meaning, they next proceeded to discuss its bearing on their interests; and the debate soon got so warm, that for decency's sake they adjourned it to their own camp, where they could speak as loud as they liked. My spies went with them, and had the pleasure of hearing all the arguments over again on the road, and then a third time in the Vizeeree camp. Words here ran very high, and my friend Mullick Swahn Khan was roundly accused of selling himself and his tribe to me; but as all were of opinion that the Bunnoochees would never co-operate honestly in any plan of hostilities, so no one ventured to recommend resistance; and the jeerga sternly returned at last to make an unconditional surrender. I caused each chief to sign the 'terms,' or rather, to make a scratch where he was told; and as none of them had ever had a pen in their hands before,* much laughter was occasioned by this first approach to the slavery of civilisation; and the assembly broke up in good humour, to which I further contributed by a feast in honour of the new alliance.

"It is difficult for the English reader of these pages, or indeed any one unacquainted with Bunnoo and the tribes around, to estimate the importance of this consummation; but there was no one in camp, from General Cortlandt, who commanded, down to the lânguree cooking the Sikh soldiers' dinner, who did not feel that the most difficult half of our task in that country was now accomplished.

"In round numbers, the Vizeerees were said to be in possession of one-third of the valley; their stout mud forts studded the whole length of the eastern tuppehs; and their tribes, driven down by the cold, were at that season swarming in the adjacent Thull. Warlike and predatory from the natural necessities of a barren country, bold from never having been subdued, possessing the rare quality among Afghans of unanimity, and so savage in their wars that even the Bunnoochees thought themselves lambs in comparison, it is impossible to deny that the Vizeerees would have been most harassing enemies at that present time; and though ultimately we should have doubtless found an opportunity of inflicting severe chastisement upon them, the war would have been resumed the next year, and a continual system of forays and reprisals have kept Bunnoo in a ferment. As it was, the submission of the Vizeerees extinguished the brightest spark of hope in the Bunnoochees. They were now left to their own resources, and the only chance of a successful insurrection was in the levelling of their forts. Those strongholds of rebellion had yet to be thrown down. The foundations of our own were not yet dug."

* How Sir Herbert's conscience could ever rest, after he had put one into them, I understand not. [J. R.]

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CHAPTER IV

ASTRÆA IN BUNNOO

[Here Ruskin, without introductory remarks, prints from Sir Herbert Edwardes's book. The title is Ruskin's.]

"In the Introductory Chapter,[1] it will be remembered that the two main points of the military plan I laid before Government, for the reduction of Bunnoo, were *to raze to the ground all the forts of the Bunnoochees, and build one large one for the Crown.* The question was, how to do either one or the other in a hostile country, with an armed population; and which to attempt first? A lawless state of society had obliged men to herd together for mutual protection; and whether a dozen houses or a hundred were thus united, the whole invariably took the form of a fort, and were cemented into one 'walled city,' equally impregnable by the ruffian horsemen of their own country or the well-appointed cavalry of the Sikhs. Nor was the direct fire of artillery of much more avail, for the mud made out of the soil of Bunnoo is of such extraordinary tenacity when hardened by the sun, that to breach the wall of a fort was next to impossible. In the lower part, where it was thick, no impression was made; the ball lodged, and there was an end of it; nothing was brought down. In the upper part, at the height of twenty or thirty feet from the ground, where the mud wall tapered to the thinness of a man's arm, a cannon shot went through, and left a round hole exactly its own size; and this operation might have been continued till the upper part of the whole wall was like a nutmeg grater or sieve; yet the whole thing would stand as firmly as a plate of perforated zinc let into a building for ventilation. The only rapid ways of taking such forts, were first by throwing in shells, and burning the garrison out, by firing the village inside; secondly, by powder bags, as Major Thompson took Ghuznee; or, thirdly, by running a gun up to the gate, and blowing it in; and the first was probably the least hazardous. Supposing, then, the most favourable circumstances: that our force was able to take, and raze, one fort daily, and that our doing so did not irritate the population to rise *en masse*, and bring on general hostilities; then it was clear that it would take upwards of a year to level all the forts, about four hundred in number; and the soldiers of the force would be exposed, day after day, to the inclemency of the sun at one season, and the rains at another. In my judgment, that was an operation which no troops could carry through, and ought not to be asked to attempt; and I

[1] [See *A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. p. 22 (not cited by Ruskin).]

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willingly embraced the only alternative of making the people level their own forts with their own hands. This, however, was an experiment to be very cautiously approached; and I determined, first of all, to commence a fort for ourselves, and complete it to the height of an intrenched position, so as to be able to leave half of my force in safety within it, while I moved out with the other half against any Bunnoochee Mullick who refused to raze his fort.

"Having settled this in my own mind, the next thing was to choose a site for our fort. This was a most difficult thing to do in a new, and enemy's country; yet, on doing it judiciously depended not merely the security and comfort of the garrison, but also its efficiency as a controlling force.

"It was impossible to be many days in Bunnoo, even on the first expedition, without having misgivings as to the possibility of ever making a settlement with the Bunnoochees, which should have for its basis the voluntary payment of an annual revenue; and anticipating the ultimate necessity of a military occupation, I early made inquiries after a good position for the erection of a royal fort. By a good position, I mean an influential one: for a strong natural position was not to be expected in that level and highly cultivated valley. Perhaps the strongest in Bunnoo is Akra, the site of an old Greek city (which I shall describe elsewhere);[1] but, unfortunately for my purpose, this was close to the border of Murwut, the least dignified position which a force of occupation could take up; for we should have had very much the air of being prepared to run away at a moment's notice.[2] . . . After much anxious deliberation, I finally selected a spot called Bureyree, within a stone's throw of the great canal of Kooch Kote, and I think about a mile from the town of Bazaar. It was (rather treacherously) pointed out to General Cortlandt by Mullick Jaffir, Khan of Ghoreewâl; and Lal Baz Khan, the chief of that town, afterwards told me that 'he had watched us wheeling round and round like a hawk, and could not think what game we were hunting till he saw us come pounce down upon Bureyree. Then he knew it was for a fort. Many a Bunnoochee Mullick had longed to build there, but the others all joined to prevent him, for fear he should be master of Kooch Kote.'

"*December 18th*, 1847.—To-day, at noon, the foundation of our fort was actually commenced on the chosen site at Bureyree. To please the Sikhs, the usual native ceremonies were performed: the soil turned up, and oil poured in; sweetmeats distributed, a royal salute of twenty-one guns fired, and the infant fort named 'Duleepgurh,' in honour of the little Maharajah whose sovereignty it is intended to establish. To-morrow we march to the spot and encamp there, so as to protect and superintend the workmen.

"I do not think that, up to this time, the Bunnoochees believed that it was really intended to occupy their country. The idea seemed to them too absurd. The natural obstacles of the valley; the savage hatred of the Mahometan people; and the innumerable forts in which they took refuge when worsted, and whence they seldom or never could be expelled, had

[1] [See *A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. pp. 275, 283–289.]

[2] [*A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. pp. 116–118. Ruskin now passes to p. 121.]

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sufficed, for a quarter of a century, to disgust the Sikhs with the very name of Bunnoo; and the Bunnoochees, in consequence, had got into the habit of believing that no foreign invader could put them to greater inconvenience than a temporary sojourn in the adjoining hills. So long, therefore, as our army was not indulged in its ancient licence, but was kept in strict discipline, they had little or no objection to its marching and counter-marching about the valley; and they devoutly believed, that when the cold season ended, the fiery sun, whose rays are collected into an intolerable focus between the surrounding hills, would as quickly drive us away again to the Punjāb as it had done on the last occasion. It seemed, then, to them, the wisest policy not to oppose us openly by arms; but, on the contrary, to yield apparently to all demands; and to this, quite as much as to their own quarrels, we were indebted for our unopposed advance. They permitted their lands to be measured, in the conviction that it was all a pretence to frighten them; and they slowly paid in very harmless instalments of their arrears, for fear we should see that our flimsy artifice had been penetrated. The settlement with the Vizeerees gave the first shock to this blissful delusion, for it had every appearance of being real; but there were not wanting those who maintained that even this hot contest had been cleverly got up between me and my friend Swahn Khan, the Vizeeree chief. The time, however, was now approaching when the Bunnoochees were to awake for ever from their dream of security. The digging of the foundation for a royal fort, the Hindū ceremonial of propitiating the earth,* the loud salute, and the dedication to the Maharajah, all bore marks of a work that was begun in earnest; and though the Solomons of the valley still winked at their duller neighbours, and maintained the joke to be as good as ever, the majority of the Bunnoochee peasantry, who looked on at the ceremony of the 18th December, walked away with lengthened faces and saddened hearts.[1] . . .

"*December 21st.*—The different sides of the new fort were this day portioned out to the regiments to superintend and work at. Want tools; but think we shall run up the walls in six weeks.

"The instructions I received from Colonel Lawrence as to this fort were as follow:† 'Build a good mud fort, capable of holding twelve hundred men and eight guns, in a healthy, centrical‡ position; if possible, commanding the irrigation of the valley. Unless commanding a wholesome running stream, it should be furnished with wells or cisterns capable of holding water for the garrison for six months. Six of your guns can be put into the fort. Its peace garrison should be two companies of

* Not in the least shocking to Sir Herbert, you observe,—nor absurd nor objectionable in any wise—this Hindū ceremonial. [J. R.]

† See *The Punjāb Blue Book of 1847–1849*, pp. 83, 84, where the instructions are given in full.

‡ "Centrical," having the faculty of radiating command in it,—though not absolutely "central." [J. R.]

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[1] [*A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. pp. 135–137. Ruskin then omits a passage, and next prints pp. 138–149.]

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regular infantry, two hundred irregulars, and a company of artillery. In the next two or three years, four regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, five hundred or one thousand irregular horse, twelve guns, and fifty zumbooruhs, will remain in *one* cantonment near the fort: and on any disturbance arising, the mass of this force should at once proceed and put it down, leaving their weakly men in the fort. The means of moving two regiments, six guns, and one thousand horse at an hour's notice, should be always kept up. Let your cantonment be as compact as possible, one face at least covered by the fort, and the further extremities covered by high mud towers, capable of each holding fifty men, and water and provisions for them for a week. All magazines and store-rooms to be in the fort, where six months' supplies for five hundred men should always be stored.'

"It may easily be conceived how much I now felt the want of a military education, and that practical knowledge of field fortification which every cadet acquires (if he has got any sense, and wishes to be a soldier, and not a clothes-horse for red jackets) at either Addiscombe or Sandhurst. I had not had these advantages, and the consequence was that, though holding the commission of Lieutenant in an army belonging to the most civilised nation of the nineteenth century, I was driven to imitate the system of fortification which one of the most barbarous races of Asia may have inherited, for aught I know, from the dispersed architects of Babel. However, General Cortlandt * and I put our heads together, and made the best we could of the matter. Sitting up in my tent one bitter cold night, with scale and compass, pen and paper, we planned and elevated, and built up and knocked down, and dug imaginary ditches, and threw out flanking bastions, till, in our own opinion, we made the place very little inferior to Gibraltar.[1]

"The inner fort or citadel was to be one hundred yards square, its walls twenty feet high (including rampart of six feet), and nine feet thick. It was to be surrounded with a deep, dry ditch. The outer fort, or cantonment, eighty yards from the inner one, its walls ten feet high and six feet thick, and the whole surrounded with another ditch about thirty feet deep. Both ditches could be filled with water from a canal close by. The citadel was to contain lines for one native regiment, a magazine, and a commandant's house, which I intended to occupy if I stayed that year in Bunnoo. In the middle was to be a well. Four heavy guns were to mount the four inner bastions. The cantonment, or outer fort, was to contain lines for three more regiments of native infantry, one thousand cavalry, two troops of horse artillery, and eighty zumbooruhs, or camel-swivels. The two troops of horse artillery would be distributed in the four outer bastions, three guns in each. One side of the outer fort was to be given up to the cavalry and artillery horses, and camels of the zumbooruhs.

* In command of the Sikhs, under Lieutenant Edwardes, and Civil Governor of the Upper Trans-Indus. [J. R.]

[1] [Here Ruskin omitted the words, "The military reader will judge from the annexed plan whether he would like to have the job of taking it." A reduced sketch of the plan is now given (Fig. 1).]

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"The plan of putting the cantonment round the foot of the citadel as an outer wall was thought, by both General Cortlandt and myself, better than a separate inclosure at a distance; as, by our arrangement, the fort and cantonment became a mutual protection. As matters turned out, some months afterwards, it might have saved the life of the Commandant of the fort, had Colonel Lawrence's plan of separating the cantonment been abided by; but, in building a fort, even Vauban would not think it necessary to provide for such a contingency as the citadel being besieged by its own garrison! This, as the reader will see, was, ere long, the fate of Duleepgurh.

"Having thus projected our fort, we had next to consider how to build it. It was not likely that we should get many of the Bunnoochees to rivet their own chains; and if we sent to the other side of the Indus for workmen, great delay would be occasioned. General Cortlandt informed me that Runjeet Singh was in the habit of making the Sikh army build their own forts, and quoted the instances of Jumrood, Peshawur, Doond-Sahuttee, Mozuffurabad, and Huzaruh; but there was nothing they would not have done for their 'great Maharajah.' Goolab Sing, and other powerful Sirdars, had also persuaded the armies they commanded to labour at fortifications; but they did it by making an *amusement* of it, not a *duty*, and by themselves carrying a few blocks of stone, as an example. The present seemed to me an occasion when, whether it were an amusement or not, it was the imperative duty of the Sikh force to build the fort, which was to secure the interests of their sovereign, and their own personal safety; and accordingly, on the 21st of December, as entered above in the Diary, 'the different sides of the fort were this day portioned out to the regiments,' etc. How this fared, the reader will soon see.

"While these military plans were in operation, General Cortlandt, as Nazim or Civil Governor of the Upper Trans-Indus countries, was actively carrying on an under-current of civil duties; and the stream, after passing him, ultimately came to me, as the court of confirmation and appeal. The business this involved was immense, for the late Governor, Dowlut Raie, had, in some way or other, reduced every province and every landholder to the lowest ebb. Now, all came to General Cortlandt for justice. The General, ever patient and painstaking, bore up as well as he could against the mass of complaints which began to pour into Bunnoo, from Esaukheyl, Murwut, Koláchee, and Dera Ishmael Khan; but when he came over to my tent at sunset, he had usually as little appetite as I for dinner. My invaluable *chef*, Gholam Hoossain, would have created a feast in the midst of a desert, at half an hour's notice; but his best chicken, stuck with pistachio-nuts, looked too like the ghost of one of Dowlut Raie's victims; and the *soufflet*, on which he prided himself most, seemed to our weary vision the very embodiment of a monstrous injury. Dinner over, work was resumed by candlelight, and midnight generally passed before we got to bed.

"The assistants of Colonel Lawrence in the Punjāb at no time had ever to complain of too little to do, the work, during 1846, 7, and 8, varying from ten to fourteen hours per diem; but I look back to these months in Bunnoo as the hardest grind I ever endured. Even the chiefs and peasantry of Bunnoo itself, though they might any day have been plunged into hostilities against us, began to appreciate the blessing of an impartial and

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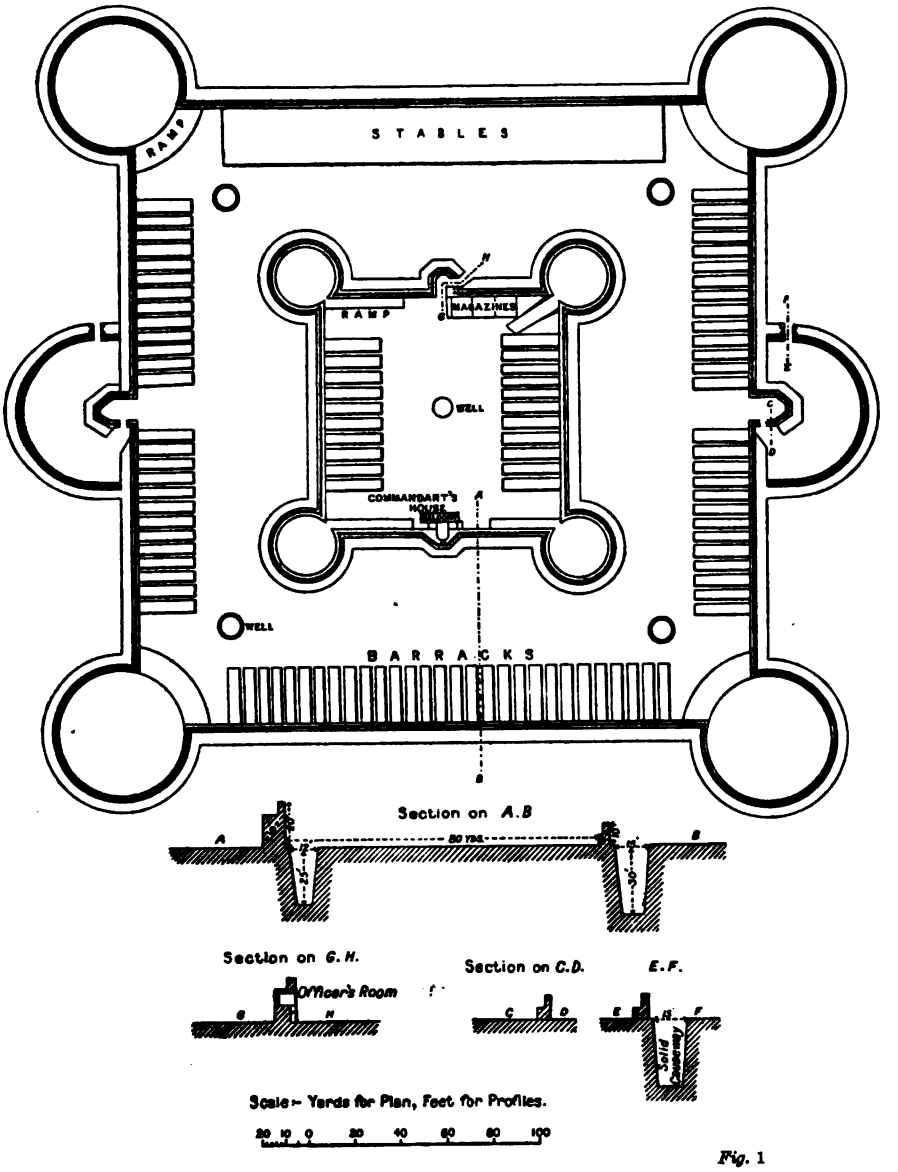

Fig. 1

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honest tribunal, and, from looking on idly at the trials of Esaukheylees or Murwutees, soon changed into litigants on their own account, and promised, in a short while, to put every acre of the valley into Chancery. Seeing their minds thus prepared to welcome any system of regular laws, after the anarchy to which they had been used, I thought the time was come for imposing on them a simple code, adapted to their circumstances and understandings; the restrictions of which should interfere as little as possible with the free habits of individuals, while on their face they should be evidently for the general weal. Accordingly, the following entry appears in the Diary of the 21st of December.

"*Last night, sat up and prepared a Proclamation of Law and Justice for Bunnoo, which I translated this morning into Persian.**" Am doubtful whether the laws about arms will be sanctioned, but think them necessary; and if carefully acted up to, they will, in process of time, disarm the valley without violence.

"PROCLAMATION

"CONCERNING THE ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE, AND LAWS TO BE OBSERVED IN BUNNOO

"1. Henceforward all rule and justice rests with the Nazim of the province, who represents the Crown; and, in his absence, with the local Kárdár of the valley.

"2. Mullicks have no authority, except to carry out the Nazim's or Kárdár's orders, and to collect the revenue of their respective tuppehs.

"3. Any Bunnoochee or Vizeeree, therefore, who has a suit or complaint to prefer, must go to the Nazim or Kárdár, and give in a written representation of his case.

"4. Law and justice being attainable by all, recourse to arms for the settlement of disputes is henceforth forbidden. Any person violating this rule is liable to be punished as a murderer, and if not hanged, will certainly be imprisoned for a term of years, perhaps for life. Let no one think that he will only be fined for cutting and wounding others. Fines will never be received in compensation of blood.†

"5. When any murder or robbery is committed in or near a village, the Mullick and people of that village will be held responsible either to produce the murderers or robbers, or to carry the track on to other

* Italics mine. See what one man can do, with a good head and a warm heart! [J. R.]

† This law 4 referred to the laws which were formerly in force under Runjeet Singh, in the Punjāb, by which there was a scale of offences against life and person, from murder downwards to assault, and a corresponding scale of fines, which, when levied, were shamelessly put into the royal treasury, instead of being given to the injured parties or their families, as they would have been had they made any pretence to justice. The price of a neighbour's life in this code was, if I remember rightly, eleven hundred rupees, or £110, so that the State made a good thing of a murder, and had great reason to complain of a simple case of maiming.

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villages, who in like manner must carry it out of their own boundary;* and the Mullick of every village will be fined if he does not give immediate information of such an event to the Mullick of the tuppeh, who will inform the Kárdár under a similar penalty. It is impossible for a murderer or a robber to bring home horses, sheep, cows, money or other plunder, without its being known in his own village; and villages will accordingly be held responsible in twice the amount of the property stolen if they do not give information against the offenders.

"6. These rules, the probability of discovery, and the certainty of punishment, being sufficient security for the lives of individuals, no man, whether Bunnoochee, Vizeeree, or other person in Bunnoo, except the military or police servants of the Government, will be allowed to carry musket, sword, spear, pistol, dagger, or other kind of arms. Any person violating this rule will be considered to do so with evil intent, and will be imprisoned, fined, or otherwise severely punished.

"7. The above rule applies also to strangers, and particularly to those tribes who on every Friday come in great numbers to buy and sell in the town of Bazaar.† Any stranger who conducts himself peaceably will receive the same protection from the Nazim or Kárdár, as if he was a subject of the Maharajah, but if he carries arms he will be imprisoned.

"8. Any person who thinks the Government is unable to protect his village from attack, is at liberty to keep arms in his own house; but whoever is satisfied with the protection of the law is at liberty to sell his arms to the Government, which will receive them in part payment of arrears of revenue at a fair valuation.

"9. All duties on corn are henceforward abolished, as also all other

* This system of tracking, and village responsibility, was in general use in the Punjáb, and is almost the only way of detecting crime in countries where the people are not sufficiently civilised to be enlisted on the side of law, and against crime. Its justice is also obvious in communities which are for the most part brotherhoods or clans. The expertness of the Indian trackers is well known, and their untiring perseverance seldom fails to be rewarded with the apprehension of the hunted criminal.

† Friday is the holiest day of the Mahometan week; and hence was appropriately selected for the market-day of the town of Bazaar; for Bazaar was not only the chief town of Bunnoo, but the only public mart; and it was resorted to both by the Bunnoochees of every tuppeh, and also by the various mountain tribes around the valley. The former brought out their surplus produce, and the latter bartered their sheep, oxen, goats, wool, iron, and salt, for corn, sugar, linen (from India), silks, arms, and gunpowder. It was essential that such a promiscuous assembly of friends and foes, all carrying three or four offensive weapons, should meet on some neutral ground; and this was well found in that day of the week which Mahometans of every sect reverence alike. I never myself witnessed a fair-day at Bazaar, but was informed that it was a most remarkable spectacle: seldom less than ten thousand wild Afghans, clad and armed in their different fashions, meeting in perfect peace, and exchanging the salutations enjoined by their common faith: "Salâam Aleikoom!" "Aleikoom Salâam!" The day before, or the day after, they could not have met without a fight.

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cesses paid to the Mullicks of tuppehs, who will receive compensation after inquiry. Any Mullick convicted of levying duties from Hindūs, or others, will be severely fined, if not deposed.

"10. Any Mullick, or peasant, who shall stop up the water, or cut away dams, so as either maliciously to dry up, or to flood the fields of his neighbours, shall be fined twice the amount of the damage so occasioned; and the Mullicks of tuppehs, in particular, are held responsible for looking after the irrigation.

"11. All lands that have been held for five years shall be confirmed to the holders, and all land disputes of a more recent date must be brought forward at once, when they will be settled by arbitration; any not brought forward within six weeks after this proclamation will not be heard, except sufficient reason be shown, such as absence in a foreign country, or grievous sickness.

"12. All Syuds, Oolumá, or other holders of hitherto *mâfee* (rent-free) lands, will attend at the time of the revenue survey, and point out their lands; and when the extent of those lands has been ascertained by measurement, they must within twenty days after the said measurement give in to the Nazim or Kárdár a written statement of the said lands, with the *sunnuds* (title-deeds, grants, etc.) or other authority by which they are held; and when all these claims shall have been given in, they will be considered collectively, with reference to the proportion they shall prove to bear to the whole produce of the valley, and individually with reference to the conduct of the parties. Such malcontents as the Syuds of Mumukhsheyl cannot expect kindness from the Government; no claims for *dhurmurth* (charitable) lands will be registered after twenty days from the revenue survey.

"13. Any zumeendar, Syud, or other holder of land who shall run away to escape payment of revenue, his lands and property shall be considered forfeited thereby to Government, which shall either sell the same or give them to well-wishers on mere payment of the arrears.

"14. Any tuppeh which shall harbour revenue defaulters, or other public offenders, shall be held responsible for the claims against such persons; and any Mullick who does not give speedy information of such persons being concealed within his jurisdiction will be removed forthwith.

"15. The crimes of *suttee** (widow burning), infanticide and slave-dealing are forbidden under the severest penalties.

"16. The system of *bégâree* (forced labour) will not be allowed either to Government officials, Mullicks, or any one else.

* I do not know whether the Bunnoochees permitted the Hindūs who resided amongst them to burn their widows; but think they would have done so on payment of a fee, if the Hindūs had been sufficiently strict in their observances to desire it. At any rate, in publishing laws *de novo* in a new country where there was a Hindū community, it was necessary and proper to infuse into those laws the spirit which the humane Colonel Lawrence had already introduced in the Punjāb, and persuaded Maharajah Goolab Singh, for his own credit among the English, to introduce in the kingdom of Cashmere. And I may here remark, that when English readers hear or read of the unpopularity of British rule in the East, it is well that

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"17. The manufacture of arms and gunpowder is forbidden, under penalty of five hundred rupees.

"18. All weights and measures used by dealers in Bunnoo must assimilate to those in use at Lahore, and none will be allowed to be used which have not been stamped by the Kárdár, under penalty of a fine for each offence.

(Dated)
"Camp, Duleepgurh, Bunnoo,
"December 21st, 1847." [1]

"*January 3rd*, 1848.—The arbitrators I appointed have settled the great land dispute in Jhundookheyl, between Sher Must and Swahn Khan; and I this day bound the parties, under heavy penalties, to abide by their decision; then packed them all off to mark out the boundary at once, before more doubts arise. Thus, by the influence of a disinterested European, in whom both sides could trust, two very large estates, which had lain waste for several years, were brought back to fertility and use. I was amused by the choice of umpires. The Vizeeree chose three of his own nation, fearless of jealousy or foul play. The Bunnoochee could not trust his own people, and chose three low Mahometans out of the town of Bazaar—two oilmen and a gardener!

"*January 4th.* [2]—The reader will remember, that the foundation of the fort of Duleepgurh was laid on December 18th, 1847, so that the soldiers had now been labouring at it seventeen days.* They had been assisted

they should know that by far the greatest share of this unpopularity arises from such interferences as these with the barbarous prejudices of the natives. The Hindū no longer feels himself a person of vital importance in his own house. His death will not shorten the days of his young wife. She will not adorn his funeral pile, nor her screams give solemnity to his exit from the world. She will happily survive as long as her Maker intended, and regret her lord only if he treats her well. Far be it from me to insinuate that if he treats her ill, his curry may even disagree with him! The Mahometan feels equally aggrieved by these benevolent rulers. He also is now obliged to treat his wife as a woman should be treated, lest she presume to seek a kinder home; in which case (so low has liberty fallen), he cannot kill her without being hanged!

Neither may either Hindū or Mahometan buy girls any longer by the pound; nor those sacred races who cannot degrade themselves by giving their daughters in marriage to meaner men, be permitted any more to strangle them. In short, British rule has undoubtedly deprived the natives of many of the most valued luxuries of life. It has protected woman from man: and that great reformation is as odious as it is honourable.

* I have omitted the account [3] of the suppression of mutiny in one Sikh regiment which refused to work, because it was too interesting in itself, and would have diverted the reader's mind from our essential subject. [J. R.]

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[1] [Here ends the quotation from pp. 138–149. The next paragraph is from p. 171.]

[2] [From this point to the end of the chapter, Ruskin quotes from pp. 174–178.]

[3] [See *A Year on the Punjab Frontier* vol. i. pp. 171–173.]

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also by some hundreds of coolies from the eastern bank of the Indus; and altogether there could scarcely have been less than four thousand men constantly at work, allowing for those absent on duty in the camp. Since the mutiny had been put down in Mân Sing's regiment the works had gone on with great rapidity. The earth to build the walls was dug out of the ditch, and there moistened, and made into mud, by a canal, and regulated by the workmen themselves. The soldiers, stripped to their blue *paijâmuhs*, divided themselves into gangs, and, standing at equal distances, kept up a constant rivalry as to which gang did the most. One grenadier would be seen down in the ditch filling an osier basket, or (failing that) his own shield, with well-trodden mud; another handing it, when full, to his comrade above the ditch, who tossed it to a third upon the wall, who threw it out where it was wanted, and passed down again the empty vehicle for more.

"Here and there stood a corporal, or a sergeant, acting as overseer; and whenever he saw a superior approaching, shouted in a commanding tone, 'Get on! get on!' On the corner bastions (now rising into importance) perched the Colonels and Commandants, shaded by their immense *chattuhs* (umbrellas) of gay-coloured silks. From this high altitude they overlooked the busy scene, and encouraged their begrimed and toiling men, with witty remarks upon their awkwardness, sneers at the slower progress of the regiment next them, or (if no tell-tale was near to listen) sarcastic congratulations upon the dignity to which they had all arrived, in being promoted to bricklayers, after so many years' service in the inferior capacity of soldiers! A little before sunset, General Cortlandt and I would go out and dismiss the men to their dinners, and then walk round and survey the day's work, followed by all the gay umbrellas, which descended with their owners from the bastions at our arrival. Commendations to the zealous, and reproofs to the lazy, were then distributed in the hearing of all, and having seen the outside picket take up its post in advance of the fort, to prevent mischief during the night, we returned to camp, and left the deserted and silent works to be disturbed only by the measured footfall of the sentry.

"The soldiers thus watched, and excited to emulation, had raised the walls of the inner fort, by January 4th, to such a height as to form a complete and almost impregnable intrenched position, wherein to leave half the force and all the baggage, if necessity called out the other half.

"At length, therefore, the moment had arrived to attempt the only really hazardous part of our enterprise, which the capitulation of the Vizeerees had left unfinished. I mean the levelling of the Bunnoochee forts.

"That night was an anxious one to me, and I sat up hour after hour considering and reconsidering our position and means, and the best course for us to pursue. Again and again I thought over the opinion of the Acting-Resident, that the razing of the forts should be done by us, not thrown on the people; and that 'when the Sikh fort was ready, I should begin gradually to dismantle those of the most turbulent.' But I always came to the conclusion that he would not have given that advice had he ever seen the Bunnoochees, and known their irritable temper, and dislike to the intrusion of Sikh soldiers into the villages and among their women. He thought that my plan would unite the whole peasantry against us;

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and I thought the same of his! But then (as was ever the considerate custom of both himself and Colonel Lawrence, with their assistants), after giving his advice, he left me to act on my own discretion, fully confident that his object was mine, and every nerve would be strained to accomplish it. I did, therefore, what I think an officer should always do when called upon to act on his own responsibility—viz., act also on his own judgment.

"During the night I prepared the following proclamation, and issued it next morning.

"PROCLAMATION

"To the Bunnoochees and Vizeerees of Bunnoo

"A royal fort is, as you see, now being built by the Lahore Sirkar in Bunnoo, and it has been called Duleepgurh, in honour of the Maharajah.

"In it will remain four regiments of infantry, two troops of horse artillery, fifty zumbooruhs, and one thousand cavalry.

"This force is sufficient both to keep you in order and to protect you against your enemies; and as you are forbidden by the laws which I before published to have recourse to arms and fight among yourselves, it is no longer necessary that every village should be a fort.

"Where just laws are in force, every fakeer's hut is a castle, because no one dare enter it to injure him.

"You are hereby ordered, therefore, to throw down to the ground the walls of every fort and enclosed village within the boundaries of Bunnoo; and I hold the Mullicks responsible for the carrying out of this order within fifteen days.

"At the end of fifteen days I will move against the first fort I see standing, considering the inhabitants as enemies, and remove every Mullick who has a fortification left in his tuppeh.

"The seed-time is over, and you have nothing to do in your fields. Let the Mullicks, therefore, of each fort collect the inhabitants and knock down their own walls, so that at the end of a fortnight the villages of Bunnoo may be open, like the villages of Murwut, Tâk, Esaukheyl, and other peaceful countries.

(Dated)
"Camp, Duleepgurh,
5th January, 1850."

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CHAPTER V

THE FORTS FALL

"*January 5th*, 1848.—This morning was published the proclamation for knocking down forts, and this evening Lal Baz Khan, of Bazaar, came to beg for a few more days over and above the fifteen allowed for the work of destruction, as his town and surrounding fortifications are more extensive than any one else's. The request, being reasonable, was granted, and he promised to begin razing to-morrow.

"On this chief I always calculated to set the example, and hoped others would follow. None, however, came forward to-day."[1]

But the next day, and the day after that, several pretty little things happened, to understand which I must here quote a previous entry of December 28th, as follows:—

"*December 28th, Camp, Duleepgurh.*—Last night received an *urzee* (petition) from some chiefs in the Meeree tuppehs, to the effect that the Bukkykheyl Vizeerees have again cut off some irrigation of theirs, which by my orders was opened some days ago. As the seed-time is now closing, this is a serious matter to the Meerees, so I determined to go in person and see the Vizeeree dam. Accompanied by General Cortlandt, Sirdar Mohammed Khan, Sirdar Ram Singh Chappehwalluh, and about one hundred and fifty horse, I set off early for the Meeree tuppehs. There I found an extensive plain, barren for want of water; and crossing the bed of the Tochee river, entered another great tract, which stretches away to the western hills, and is by right of seizure and possession the property of the Bukkykheyl Vizeerees. Their green, well-watered corn-fields presented a striking contrast with the dried-up acres of the poor Meerees, though the land of the latter was the best. No inquiry was needed. The two banks of the Tochee told their own tale. Pursuing the course of that river upwards, we came at last to the point where the stream should by right be divided, and go half to the Meerees and half to the Vizeerees. Here we found a strong new *bund* (dam), extending upwards of two hundred yards, completely preventing any water from flowing towards the Meerees, and conducting the whole stream of the Tochee to the lands of Bukkykheyl. Not a Vizeeree showed, but they were all close by in the hills. The first thing we did, therefore, was to crown the high stony

[1] [*A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. p. 181.]

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hillocks, beneath which the dam lay, to prevent surprise; and I then set half of the escort to work, with their hands and spears, to break down the dam, which was partly effected in about two hours. We then set fire to the brushwood pulled out of the dam, so as to prevent its reconstruction, and satisfied with seeing the whole Tochee now rushing down towards the Meeree tuppehs, we left our bonfire blazing, and retired, but did not reach camp till 3 P.M. To-morrow I shall send a party of sappers and miners mounted behind as many horsemen, to complete the destruction of the dam, and prevent the Bukkykheylees from having any more water till the Meerees have done sowing. The Meeree chiefs seeing the water coming down to their villages, mounted and galloped up, full of thanks—which were sincere enough, I dare say."[1]

"*January 6th.*—A thing occurred to-day, which I know not whether to ascribe to good feeling or fear. The Meeree chiefs have sent deputies of their own, along with others from their enemies the Bukkykheyl Vizeerees, to say that, through my interference (on 28th December), in breaking down the Vizeeree dam, on the Tochee river, they have now sown all their lands, and if I had no objection, the Vizeerees were welcome to a fair share of the water from this time. Both deputies said that the Meerees and Vizeerees have now come to an amicable agreement; and under the influence of fear (the Vizeerees of me, and the Meerees of the Vizeerees), I trust they will get on in future without squabbling, and cultivate their opposite sides of the river without firing at each other across the stream.

"These interferences were the bright spots of my wild and laborious life. The peace that ensued came home to so many, and the cultivation it permitted sprang up and flourished so rapidly under that genial sun, that one's good wishes seemed overheard by better angels, and carried out upon the spot before charity grew cold. And, indeed, this is the great charm of civil employment in the East. The officer who has a district under his charge has power to better the condition of many thousands; and the social state of the people is so simple, that his personal influence affects it as rapidly as the changes of the air do the thermometer.* In England the best men can scarcely hope to see their seed come up. Even charity is organised away out of the hands of individuals. A well-dressed secretary turns the handle of a mill, into which rich men throw guineas at one end, while poor men catch halfpence at the other. Sometimes the guineas come out blankets and coals instead of halfpence, but the machinery is the same; and the giver and the receiver never see each other's faces, and feel sympathy and gratitude only in the abstract."[2]

"*January 7th.*—The umpires in the land-dispute between Swahn Khan and Sher Must have returned, after laying down the mutual boundaries and building pillars upon them. The disputed tract (named Sudurawan)

* I should have liked to put all this paragraph in italics; but whenever Sir Herbert speaks on the general principles of political and charitable action, all he says, or ever said, should be put in italics. [J. R.]

[1] [*A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. pp. 164–166.]
[2] [*Ibid.*, pp. 184–185.]

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is itself nearly half a tuppeh, and both sides are delighted to bring it back to cultivation. As an illustration of the sort of justice which best suits these rude people, I must tell the reader that a branch of this great dispute referred to a small property called Oozjhdoo, which Sher Must had sold to Swahn Khan, and which he was now to get back again on refunding the purchase-money. The question arose, what *was* the purchase-money? Sher Must (who had to repay it) said three hundred and twenty rupees; but Swahn (who was to receive) said one thousand and twenty! Neither would abate a fraction, and the whole quarrel was as far as ever from a settlement, for the sake of this one point. 'Now,' said I, 'look here! One thousand and twenty added to three hundred and twenty, equal one thousand three hundred and forty, and the half of that is six hundred and seventy, or the medium between both your statements. I shall take two pieces of paper, and write on one 'six hundred and seventy,' and on the other 'three hundred and twenty,' and then put them into my foraging-cap, and Sher Must shall pay whichever he draws out. Do you agree?' 'Agreed! agreed! That is true justice.* In destiny there is nothing wrong. God will do as he likes!' The foraging-cap was mysteriously shaken, and presented to Sher Must, who trembled violently as he put in his hand; and though he drew forth the most unfavourable figure, he was quite relieved when the solemn ordeal was over. Neither of the parties would have presumed to say a word against a decision thus pronounced, whatever they might have thought of one delivered by the Supreme Council of India."[1]

"*January 10th.*—Thinking it necessary to show the Bunnoochees that the order for knocking down their forts in fifteen days is not to be a dead letter, I this morning at sunrise rode out, accompanied by General Cortlandt and fifty horsemen, to see how the work of demolition was progressing; and passing down the right bank of the Khoorrum through the tuppehs of Bazaar and Mooseh Khan, crossed over the river, and swept round through the four Sooraunee tuppehs on the left bank, reaching camp again at one o'clock.

"The general progress is not great; and, as usual, Lal Baz Khan of Bazaar, having most at stake, has set the best example. The order, however, has only been issued five days, and some of the Mullicks tell me they only got their copies of it yesterday. For the first day or two they all thought it was a joke, and tried to laugh at it as if it was a good one; and when convinced by our serious manner that we were quite in earnest, they then began to look at each other, waiting to see what line of conduct their next neighbours would pursue. Such are the feuds among them, that more than one man has come forward to beg that his enemy may be made to knock his fort down first, or else it will be impossible for *him* to expose his village to an *enfilade!* In the midst of these conflicting feelings, the beloved stronghold stood intact; but my

* *I* don't feel quite sure about that, Sir Herbert; and it seems to me the chance is dead against Swahn Khan. [J. R.]

[1] [*A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. pp. 185–186.]

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visit of this morning has roused the people from their lethargy. If, as I approached a fort, the inhabitants jumped up on the walls, and began to make a show of levelling, I took it for granted they would obey, and passed on with a *'Shábásh!'* (Well done!) But three forts that I came to were not inclined to render so much homage; they were closed and silent, and it was as clear to be seen as if the walls were glass that a proper set of rebels were inside. So I quartered five horsemen upon each, and told them not to come away without twenty rupees, and live free and well till the fine was paid. Before noon the chiefs of all three thought it better to pay the fine, and get rid of their expensive visitors. To-morrow I shall do the same in another direction, and send parties all over the country to report where work is going on and where it is not.

"Among other forts I visited two belonging to the Vizeerees, on the edge of the Thull, and admirably placed on a high bank surrounded on three sides by a quicksand (in which the leader of our party was nearly lost). I was greatly struck by observing several Vizeeree horses out at graze on the open plain. The instant they caught sight of us they collected together, took a good long look at us to make sure we were coming their way, and then wheeling round, galloped off to their masters in the forts, with as much judgment of what was proper to be done under the circumstances as if they had been Vizeeree sentinels.

"*Bunnoochee horses similarly cast loose would use their liberty only to fight, and run to any fort rather than their master's.** So national is nature, and so strongly does the human master impress his own characters on his brute dependents.

"The Vizeerees and Bunnoochees are both great breeders of horses; those of the former are remarkable for their good qualities and *curved ears;* those of the latter have beautiful legs, and are very active and hardy, *but so incurably vicious that they are only fit to be chained to the pole of a six-pounder gun, where lashing out behind is no inconvenience, and lying down impossible.*"[1]

"*January 12th.*—To-day, being a great festival of the Sikhs, is a holiday for the whole force.

"Rode out through the upper tuppehs of Bunnoo, and stirred up the activity of the peasantry in pulling down their forts; it makes both hands and hearts bleed. Paid a visit also to the forts of the Momundkheyl Vizeerees, who possess a fertile little island at the head of the Khoorrum, and contrary to the custom of all other Vizeerees, live the whole year in Bunnoo. Being quite in a corner, they thought to pass unobserved, and had not pulled down any part of their fortifications; but the moment we appeared in sight, it was amusing to see how rapidly they jumped astride

* I have italicised *this*, and the presently following sentences, being myself under the clearest conviction that half the powers and virtues of animals are unknown, and that two-thirds of their vices are our own. Also that the way to know their virtues is not by vivisection.[2] [J. R.]

[1] [*A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. pp. 187-189.]
[2] [See Vol. XXVI. p. 179.]

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the walls and began hammering away. The chiefs, too, rushed out, dragging a fat *doombuh* (sheep) as a *nuzzur* (offering). This, by-the-bye, is the universal offering of Bunnoo, and I never pass by a fort that I have not to refuse a sheep!

"One fort which we visited to-day was entirely inhabited by Hindūs,—a singular instance in all Bunnoo. It is called 'Moolluh's Gurhee.' Now that this among other forts must come down, the Hindūs, afraid of living in an open village, have applied to be admitted into our new town of Duleepshuhr, the foundations of which are to be laid to-morrow."[1]

"*January 13th.*—Mullick Swahn Khan, Vizeeree, came to beg for a little delay in knocking down his fort, as all his people are engaged in ploughing and sowing the lands which have been just assigned to him by the umpires. As crops are more important than castles, I allowed him ten days more than the fifteen fixed originally.

"By this time the whole population of the valley was engaged in demolishing the forts, for fear of being fined; and I confess I viewed the progress of the work with equal shares of satisfaction and contempt. Had my proclamation been sent back to me as gun-wadding, and the unanimous chiefs shut themselves up in their forts and defied me to pull them down, the valley of Bunnoo, for aught I know, might have been free at this moment. To be sure, it would have been a hell; but what of that? the Bunnoochees liked it.

"Having ascertained that the chiefs of a tribe of Vizeerees, named Janeekheyl, who hold lands adjoining those of Bukkykheyl, on the east of Bunnoo, have never come in to me, nor signed the Vizeeree agreement, and that the whole tribe is now in the hills, I have sent through Swahn Khan to inquire if they mean to stay where they are? If so, I will give their lands to other people. If not, they had better come and sign the agreement.

"A great number of the Hindūs of Bunnoo having come to beg that places may be allowed them in the new capital, I walked over with them to the spot, where the streets are now being laid out, and asked them what they thought of the plan. It was generally approved, but every one made a special request that *his* particular house might be the nearest to the fort! Already the applications are so numerous, that we have been obliged to extend our plan; and it is probable that the trade, not only of this rich valley, but also of Esaukheyl, Murwut, Tâk, and Koláchee, will soon centre in Duleepshuhr, instead of, as hitherto, in Dera Ishmael Khan. That town, indeed, when I saw it last, was in a very decayed condition; and I am assured that one natural obstacle exists to its ever becoming a very prosperous settlement: the white ants are so destructive, that it is impossible to keep a store of grain in the town; and for the daily consumption of the inhabitants, supplies are brought in from the country, and across the Indus. When General Cortlandt arrived, and inspected the fort of Ukálgurh at Dera, he found the greater part of the grain in store quite pulverised by white ants."[2]

"*January 14th.*—Some Meeree chiefs came in to beg that I would allow half the height of one of their largest forts to remain standing, as the fort

[1] [*A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. p. 191.]
[2] [*Ibid.*, pp. 191–193.]

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is directly under the hills of their enemies, the Vizeerees, and absolutely necessary as a city of refuge. They also interceded for another fort, which commands their irrigation. These requests seem reasonable, but I shall ride out myself to-morrow morning to the spot, and see that they are true; for I hold the levelling of the forts to be the keystone of the subjugation of Bunnoo, and will let off none that I can help."[1]

"*January 15th.*—This morning, according to promise, galloped out to the Meeree border, and, after inspection, gave permission for the walls of two forts, named Noorár and Shuheedán, to be left standing, as high as a man could reach with his hand. (Of course they will pick out a big fellow to measure with!)

"Was pleased, indeed, to see that a great portion of the lately barren plain of the Meerees has been sown since I released the irrigation from the Vizeerees; but still it came too late to plough and sow the whole."[2]

"*January 16th.*—This evening I received all the officers of the force, and called upon them to enforce the camp regulations against soldiers going out alone, and remaining out after sunset. They proposed to lay a counter-ambush near the mill, to shoot the Bunnoochees who lurk there at night; but though the chances are, ninety-nine out of a hundred, that they would shoot the right persons, yet there is one chance that they might shoot the wrong. Besides, there is something repugnant in taking a man's life out of a hiding-place, before he has, by any overt act, discovered hostile intentions.

"I also took the opportunity of remarking on the wantonness of destroying mulberry-trees for firewood—a practice which the soldiers are getting into, now that they feel themselves a little secure in their new country, and which has already disgraced the Sikh armies so shamefully in Cashmere and Peshawur.

"There is plenty of wood to be purchased, if the men will only encourage the peasants to bring it in, by buying, instead of stealing it. At Cashmere, the Sikh soldiers very nearly cleared away the poplars, and did much injury to the chunár, or plane-trees,* and the valley of Peshawur was almost denuded of the mulberry, once so plentiful and valuable. The wantonness of all soldiers is very great in the way of plundering supplies of all sorts, if good discipline be not observed in the army to which they belong; for they are birds of passage, and feel that they will not miss to-morrow the shade of the grove which they injure to-day. But though I have seen a soldier of Hindūstan pull the door off an empty house to cook a chupattee with, I do not think the same man would have cut down a graceful poplar, or plane-tree, for he would have been too civilised, and

* Mr. Vigne, the enterprising traveller in Cashmere, saw on the spot what I have merely heard of from others. He says: "A great number of these fine trees have been destroyed by the Sikhs. The Governor, Mihan Singh, cut down some in the Shálimár, and sold them; but Runjeet ordered him to repair the damage as well as he could! In the times of the Patháns no man could cut down a chunár under a penalty of five hundred rupees, even on his own ground."—Vigne's *Travels in Kashmīr*, vol. ii. p. 95.

[1] [*A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. p. 193.]
[2] [*Ibid.*, p. 194.]

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felt the enormity of the act. A Sikh, on the contrary, has no feeling on such a subject—no love of nature. He sees no aspirations in the towering of the cypress, no sadness in its bending before the wind; he views it with the eye of a carpenter, and would tell you to a foot how long it would last him and his comrade for firewood. In the forest of Lebanon I believe he would sit down and chop four new legs for his bed; for it is a well-known fact that the Sikh soldiers pulled the roof off a palace of Rajah Heera Singh's at Jusrotuh for no other purpose than to get the beams, which were of a favourite wood, for bedsteads.[1] . . .

"The reader will remember that I gave the Bunnoochees fifteen days wherein to raze their forts. At the end of that time many came to me and deprecated my being angry, or fining them for not fulfilling their task in the appointed time, declaring that they had done their best, and appealing to the very great progress they had made. I was indeed quite content with their labours, but made a great favour of extending their days of grace. Twenty days had now elapsed, and about two-thirds of the destruction was accomplished.

"In the whole of Bunnoo there may be now twenty or thirty uninhabited forts whose walls are still standing intact, there being no one to knock them down. Of the rest, I should say two hundred are already level with the ground, one hundred down as low as a man's waist, and seventy or eighty as high as a man. The fact is, that the demolition is no easy work. The mud is like iron, and the Bunnoochees hate labour as cordially as all other Puthâns.[2] . . .

"So here I shall bring this long chapter to a close; and as the springing up of a great war at the opposite end of the Indus too soon overwhelmed these peaceful labours (if, indeed, they may be called peaceful, in virtue of the end they had in view), and prevented me from ever again returning to Bunnoo, let me ask the kind reader to review, for a moment, in his own mind, the chapters which he has read, and consider whether enough of peril, enough of anxiety and responsibility, enough of wild adventure and barbarian life, and if not enough of accomplishment, at least of good endeavour, were crowded into these first three months of my *Year upon the Punjâb Frontier*.

"On the 9th of December, 1847, we entered Bunnoo.

"On the 17th of the same month, the powerful, brave, and hitherto unconquered Vizeeree tribes resigned their independence, and consented to pay tribute; and, as far as I know, and with such occasional exceptions as any one might suppose, have abided by that agreement till this day.

"On the 18th of December was laid the foundation of the royal fort of Duleepgurh; and, in spite of the mutiny of one of the regiments, that structure was raised by the hands of the Sikh army, under my command, to the height of twenty feet, or within six feet of the top, before I left Bunnoo, on the 28th of February, 1848, or in the short space of seventy-two days. And this, in an enemy's country, without an engineer, and almost without tools.

"On the 5th of January, 1848, the people and chiefs of Bunnoo were ordered to throw down their forts, about four hundred in number.

[1] [*A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. pp. 196–197.]
[2] [*Ibid.*, pp. 214–215.]

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"By the end of a month, in spite of being preached against in the mosques, in spite of two open attempts at assassination, and a third plot to murder me in a gateway, I had carried that measure out, and left but two Bunnoochee forts standing in the valley, and those two by my permission.

"Such were the chief results which had been accomplished by this expedition in less than three months; but besides these, a new town had been founded, which, at this day, is flourishing; a military and commercial road, thirty feet broad and twenty-five miles long, had been undertaken, laid down, commenced, and has since been completed, through a formerly roadless valley, and is now (under the protection of ordinary police) traversed by the merchant and traveller in ease and security; tracts of country from which the fertilising mountain streams were diverted by lawless feuds, had been brought back to cultivation by the protection of a strong Government; others lying waste, because disputed, had been adjudicated, apportioned, occupied, and sown once more; through others, a canal had been designed and begun, and promised to create a fruitful country in a desert; while, still nearer approaching to civilisation, a people who had worn arms as we wear clothes, and used them as we use knives and forks, had ceased to carry arms at all; and though they quarrelled still, learnt to bring their differences to the bar of the civil court, instead of the sharp issue of the sword.

"In a word, the valley of Bunnoo, which had defied the Sikh arms for five-and-twenty years, had in three months been *peacefully* annexed to the Punjāb, and two independent Afghan races, the Vizeerees and the Bunnoochees, *been subjugated without a single shot being fired.*

"I believe I may add, that under the firm, yet benevolent, administration of my successor, Major Reynell Taylor, there is at this moment no part of the Punjāb where there is less crime, and more security, than in Bunnoo."[1]

[1] [*A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. pp. 295–297.]

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PART II

THE SHORES OF INDUS

CHAPTER VI

THE STORY OF SHAH NIWAZ OF TÂK

AMIDST the various civil business transacted by Lieutenant Edwardes during his expedition to Bunnoo, two very interesting passages occurred, of considerably more importance than the rest, determining, to the great advantage of their inhabitants, the princedoms of two fertile provinces lying between Bunnoo and the Indus—the provinces, namely, of Tâk and Esaukheyl.

Neither of them larger than an English midland shire, or French department, but, being in latitude 32°, and well watered—Tâk capable of artful irrigation, and Esaukheyl traversed by divided branches of the Indus—they had before Edwardes' time become each of them a little kingdom, Tâk having been made so because one of its first chiefs was a master of agriculture.

"Tâk is the most northern country of the Dérajât, or plain of the Indus.

"It has a branch of the Soolimânee range on the north; the Vizeeree hills of the same range, on the west; and it is irrigated by two hill streams, the Zam and the Gomul, whose waters have turned a barren plain and camel pasture into a fertile and highly cultivated country, during the last three generations. A third hill stream reaches it on the north-east; whose waters, unlike those of the Zam and Gomul, are esteemed pure and wholesome to drink, but I am not aware that they contribute much to the cultivation.

"Of these rivers the Gomul is the principal, and may well be called the parent of the present prosperity of the country. It emerges from the great Soolimânee range by the same pass as the Lohânee caravans, and it

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would naturally pursue its course between the inner and outer range of the lower hills which lie at the foot of the Throne of Solomon. But Surwur Khan, a former Lord of Tâk (of whom more by-and-by), threw an enormous dam across the Gomul, at Gwaleyree, diverted it into Tâk through the lands of the Meeanees, who live at the mouth of the pass, and erected a fort to guard the same. Thus no portion of the Gomul reaches the Gundapoor country, south of Tâk, except in seasons of flood, when the overflow which escapes the Gwaleyree dam takes its natural course, and comes down to Koláchee, through the 'Red Pass.' So much of its waters as enter Tâk are exhausted in its fields.

"The country of Tâk, three generations ago, would have been described only as the pasture grounds of the tribe of Dowlutkheyl, whose old head-quarters I believe still exist under the name of 'Old Tâk,' three koss from the present capital; but the present extensive town of Tâk was founded in a very humble manner by one Kuttál Khan (son of Zeman Khan, their hereditary chief), who migrated from Old Tâk with about half a dozen families of operatives, chiefly potters, and settled where the mansion called Surwur Khan's Huveylee now stands.

"One day, a potter's wife came and complained to him that the people of Old Tâk had carried off her mule, which she had taken to the river to fetch water, and added, 'My husband and I came here at your invitation, and we rely on your honour to protect us.' Kuttál Khan, like a true Afghan, swore great oaths not to eat or drink till he had avenged her; and, taking a handful of men along with him, went out to Old Tâk, killed the thieves, and brought back the mule.

"The poor people of Old Tâk beheld this act with admiration; and, considering Kuttál a better chief than his father to live under, they migrated in large numbers to New Tâk, which soon contained one hundred shops of Hindū traders, and about one thousand families of Hindūs and Mohammedans together; a change which the rest of the Dowlutkheyl tribe looked on with jealousy, but involuntary respect—for Kuttál was admitted to be no ordinary Afghan."[1]

* He at first assiduously courted popularity, and persuaded the Dowlutkheyl to engage in the reduction of some little tribes in their neighbourhood. He was entrusted with the command, and thus obtained a pretext for raising troops, which the contributions of the Dowlutkheyl, and his exactions from the conquered tribes, gave him the means of maintaining. By these means he collected about three hundred Beloochees and Sindees, and proceeded to build a fort; after which he thought himself secure, assumed the right to levy a revenue from the public ryots, and began to tyrannise over his own tribe.

The tribe was at first struck with dismay, and submitted to his oppression; till at length he openly assumed the character of a Sovereign, and

* The next four pages are quoted by Sir Herbert from Mr. Elphinstone, but I cannot put inverted commas because I cut the sentences about as suits my own subject, taking care not to alter their sense. [J. R.]

[1] [*A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. pp. 349–352 (Ruskin here and there compresses).]

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ordered the people to pay their duty at his Court every morning. Two of the Mullicks, to whom he first proposed this homage, refusing to comply, Kuttál told them, that if they did not attend in the course of two mornings, their heads should be hung up over their own doors by the third.

The Mullicks withdrew, and hastily assembling the tribe and the ryots, pointed out Kuttál's designs, and engaged them in a conspiracy against him, which was confirmed by solemn oaths. Next morning the whole population assembled in arms, and besieged Kuttál in his fort. After a siege of three days, in which many people were killed, the water in the fort was exhausted, and the garrison was obliged to evacuate it, and Kuttál escaped on horseback, accompanied by some trusty attendants on foot. His flight was soon discovered, his enemies set off in all directions to pursue him, and eight of them took the road by which he was flying. His attendants were soon fatigued, and one man alone remained with him. Kuttál (says one of my informants) at this time wore a robe which was given him by a Dervise, and by the virtue of which he had obtained his present greatness; in the precipitation of his flight this robe fell off, and immediately his remaining attendant became lame, and lagged behind: soon after his pursuers appeared; Kuttál's courage had left him with his robe, and he had recourse to humble entreaties for mercy; some of his pursuers answered that they were sworn, and others that he had never shown mercy to them; and at last one of them ran him through with a spear. Kuttál's family were all seized. Gool Khan, one of the principal conspirators, was put at the head of the tribe, and thus was baffled the first attempt at the subversion of the liberties of the Dowlutkheyl.

Surwur Khan, the eldest son of Kuttál, was at this time only sixteen, but he was well educated, and endowed with great natural capacity. By the assistance of his mother he effected his escape from prison; and, by a train of reasoning which could only have occurred to an Afghan, he was led to go straight to Zuffer, the brother of Gool Khan, and throw himself on his protection. He reached this chief's house without discovery; and Zuffer, in the true spirit of Afghan honour, immediately resolved to protect him, even at the risk of his brother's destruction. He accordingly fled with him to the Murwut country, and soon after began to intrigue at Cabul for assistance from the Court. Their intrigues were successful, and Abdeereheem Khan was sent with four thousand men to restore Surwur to his father's office.

In the meantime, Gool Khan had begun to be heartily tired of his magistracy. The tribe had turned into a turbulent democracy, over which he exercised a precarious, yet invidious authority; and a sedition had broken out about the property left by Kuttál, which Gool Khan wished to appropriate to himself.

The Dowlutkheyl began to murmur at his government; and one of them had drawn his sword on him, and asked, "if he thought they had killed Kuttál to make him their master?" He was, therefore, equally terrified at the prospect of Surwur's success, and at the continuance of the democracy; and heard with pleasure an overture from Surwur, which seemed to present the only safe retreat from his perilous situation. Accordingly, when Surwur approached, Gool Khan's management, supported by the terror of the royal arms, disposed the Dowlutkheyl to submit; and

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Surwur taking a solemn oath to forget past injuries, they consented to receive him as their chief. This appearance of forgiveness was kept up till all the leading men had been got together, when eighteen of them were seized and put to death. Gool Khan was spared, but on a subsequent quarrel Surwur put him also to death.

His government was now established; all those who could oppose him had been made away with, and nobody in the tribe had the courage to rebel. He continued to strengthen himself, and to put the murderers of his father to death as they fell into his hands;—twelve years ago, all his enemies were extirpated, and his power was at its height. Since then, he has governed with great justice and moderation; his steady and impartial administration is popular among the ryots, but odious to the Dowlutkheyl, whose independence it restrains.[1]

Thus far the story has been told by Mr. Elphinstone. Sir Herbert continues, after giving some further details of the death of Kuttál, unnecessary here:—

"When Surwur Khan had thus repossessed himself of the fort and government of Tâk, he set vigorously to work to strengthen both; collected guns, soldiers, etc., and became a powerful independent prince. He was one of those men who seem born to usurpation, and justify their mission by using power for the benefit of mankind. His creative genius could see future harvests on the parched and thorny plain of Tâk; and he went up in arms to the hills, fought with the wild Viseerees for the streams, and led the fertilising waters down into his country. Thus the Dowlutkheyl passed in his day from a pastoral to a cultivating people; as he imposed on them a mild revenue and just laws, they had no reason to regret the loss of their ancestral liberties; and certainly I can myself testify that they sincerely revere his memory, and make his acts and his laws the standard of excellence in government. Had he lived in the west instead of the east he would have been one of the most civilised princes of his day, for he had a passion for the beautiful as strong as his love of utility and right. He sent north, south, east, and west, for *trees and flowers of every kind, and planted them round his fort and city; and as formerly there was not a tree in Tâk, so now there was not one in all the east of which a specimen was not to be found here.** The luxurious private gardens of the fort were the abodes of the choicest slaves, and the common people still tell marvellous tales of the harem of Surwur Khan.

"When the Cabul dynasty decayed, and the sovereignty of the Dérajât was usurped by the Nuwab of Dera Ishmael Khan, I am not aware that Surwur Khan ever submitted to his authority; and as he assumed the

* Mr. Masson, who visited Tâk in 1826, says: "The approach to Tâk from the east is distinguished by an avenue of full-grown mimosas, extending perhaps three miles" (vol. i. p. 49).—*These have long since been cleared away by the Sikhs.*

[1] [*A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. pp. 353–356.]

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title of Nuwab himself, it is probable that the two never stood to each other in any other relation than that of rivals.

"But the resources of the little province of Tâk were unequal to a contest with the 'Lion of the Punjâb'; and when the Sikhs crossed the Indus and swept away the Nuwab of Dera, Surwur Khan showed his usual ability in tendering his submission and agreeing to pay tribute.

"This tribute originally consisted of three thousand rupees, three horses, one pair of hawks, twenty-five camels, and eight hunting dogs; but three years after this was imposed, Runjeet Singh went in person across the Indus, and raised the Tâk tribute to sixty thousand rupees. The total revenue of the province under Surwur was 125,000 to 150,000 rupees. Surwur Khan knew well that he could not resist; and so long as he lived, saved himself from dishonour, and his people from oppression, by regularly paying what was imposed on him, so that the Sikhs had no excuse for sending a plundering army into Tâk.

"When Surwur Khan died, he was succeeded by his eldest son, Alladad Khan, a voluptuary who carried all his father's love of pleasure to excess without inheriting his ability, or any other noble quality, save courage.

"The Sikhs thought the time was come to raise the revenue of this tributary province; Alladad, lost in revelry, paid no heed to his affairs, fell into arrears, became refractory, and was crushed. He fled to the hills, and took refuge among the Vizeerees, either his mother or some other of his father's wives having been a daughter of that tribe; and the country of Tâk was given by Runjeet Singh as a jageer* to his own grandson, Nao Nihal.

"Assisted by his Vizeeree relations, Alladad made such continual inroads into his former kingdom that he almost reduced it to the barrenness from which his father had raised it; and Nao Nihal, unable with his Sikh regulars and guns to come up with an enemy who descended by surprise and retreated as rapidly to the hills, threw up his jageer in disgust; and the Sikhs not knowing what else to do with it, made it a means of pensioning a few unoffending relatives and dependents of Surwur Khan, and three Afghan chiefs, who had been retainers of the Nuwab of Dera when he gave up his Trans-Indus country."[1]

"In the winter of 1846, I was in the hills of Jummoo, upwards of three hundred miles from Tâk, when one morning my moonshee introduced two Puthâns, who, he said, were in distress. They were dressed in the commonest white clothing, and had an air of misery mingled with 'ashamed to beg.' They talked of places I had never heard of across the Indus, and of events of which I was ignorant; but I gathered that they had seen better days, and, without attending much to the story, gave them ten rupees between them. They took the money gratefully, and departed; and I saw them no more till February of the following year, 1847, when I was ordered to proceed in charge of the first expedition to Bunnoo.

"Again my two Puthân petitioners appeared, and asked to be allowed to go with me, as their native country was also across the Indus, and they would fain visit their homes again, if they might do so under my

* Grant of freehold land. [J. R.]

[1] [*A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. pp. 357–360.]

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protection. Moreover, their wives and families had taken refuge in Bunnoo, and perhaps they might be of service to me. I consented, and we all left Lahore together. On the march I naturally busied myself with seeking information about the countries we were going to; and during the heat of the day collected a knot of natives round me, in the shade of a tree, and learnt all I could. It was in one of these conversations that our talk brought us to Tâk, and, with my finger on the map, I asked who knew anything about that country? One of the two Puthâns modestly lifted up his head, and said: 'My father was once King of it!' It was indeed Shah Niwaz Khan, the son of that Alladad from whom the Sikhs had taken Tâk; and grandson of that Surwur who had brought streams from the mountains to fertilise it, and turned its desert plain into a richly cultivated land.

"As his tale unfolded, I thought of my miserable ten rupees at Jummoo, and felt deeply grieved at having given such paltry relief to such great misfortunes. On inquiry, I found he had had no food for two days, after selling his arms and a few remaining ornaments; so I ordered him five hundred rupees out of the treasury, and sent him on rejoicing to Bunnoo, to see his exiled family and bring me tidings from the valley.

"At the conclusion of the first expedition, Shah Niwaz accompanied me in my *détour* through Murwut, Tâk, and Dera Ishmael Khan, and thus caught a transient peep at the tall fort of his ancestors. . . .

"One of my duties was to inquire how the Sikh officials governed the provinces entrusted to them, and see what was the condition of the countries themselves. I found Tâk little more satisfactory in appearance than the countries under the immediate rule of Dowlut Raie; but as few complaints were made to me by the people, I had no occasion to report more to the Resident at Lahore than that I could not see any signs of prosperity in the jageer of the Afghan chiefs. But it so happened that at this time great reductions were being made by the Lahore Council in the jageers of all the chiefs of the Punjâb (unless, perhaps, their own might be excepted!) to meet the exigencies of the State; and one of the first things I heard on returning to Lahore was that the jageer of Tâk was to be resumed. The measure had been proposed by the Chancellor, Rajah Deena Nâth, though he was well known to be the chief patron of Dowlut Raie and his friends the Afghan chiefs. Greatly as I was astonished, I could find no clue to the mystery at that time; and the Resident, hard pressed for finances, readily consented to see a lakh of rupees per annum transferred to Schedule A, and the foreigners who held it to Schedule B.

"The question that succeeded was, what was to be done with Tâk? I was then, and am still, of opinion that a people is almost always more justly ruled and better off under the British Government than under their own native chiefs; but I was equally of opinion, from my own personal observation, that a Mohammedan tribe is infinitely happier under its own Khan, even if he be below par, than under a bigoted Sikh official. For this reason I had double pleasure in procuring the restoration of the chiefs of Esaukheyl, for I believed the change would be no better for them than for the people; and now that Tâk was no longer to be a jageer, but to be governed by a Sikh Kárdár, I unhesitatingly made a similar recommendation, and begged the Resident to give the charge to Shah Niwaz. He would, it is true, no longer be an independent prince like his father, and

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he would have to collect revenue for the Sikhs instead of for himself; but it would make him well off in worldly circumstances, it would restore him to his home and country, and it would place over the people a grandson of that Surwur Khan whose memory was so dear to them, and whose laws they were always regretting.

"That so sudden a turn of fortune would not inspire Shah Niwaz with the hope of making himself independent (a doubt which must arise, and be well weighed in such a case), I judged from his disposition, which was humble almost to broken-heartedness.

"The proposal pleased Sir Henry Lawrence, who valued power only for the good it enabled him to do; and though the measure was vehemently opposed by the Sikh Chancellor, who prophesied a rebellion, and discountenanced even by the timid Tej Singh, who went so far as to shake his head in open council, poor Shah Niwaz Khan, who yesterday had no clothes, received a dress of honour (not much moth-eaten), and was despatched with a bounding and grateful heart to administer the government of his native country.*

"The terms on which he received it were these: The revenue of Tâk was estimated at one hundred thousand rupees a year, of which he was to pay seventy-five thousand to the Sikh treasury and keep twenty-five thousand for his own maintenance and civil expenses. The Crown was to pay the garrison and repairs of the fort. This arrangement was to be at first only for one probationary year; during which, if the Khan gave satisfaction, the lease was to be renewed 'during good behaviour.'

"This took place in the summer of 1847. Six months afterwards I returned to Bunnoo with the second expedition, and during the whole of my stay in those parts I never had but two complaints brought against the young Khan, and both were frivolous; while the whole country (not only of Tâk, but the adjacent valleys) was full of his good report. Tâk at his accession had been on the verge of ruin. The Afghan chiefs had screwed the people till they abandoned their lands and went elsewhere; and when they received the tidings of their removal, they put the very water of the river up for sale to the cultivators, and when these refused to purchase, turned the stream into the ditch of the fort of Tâk, and wasted it rather than let it feed the poor. A more wanton and iniquitous act of tyranny never came under my notice—even across the Indus. Shah Niwaz recalled the fugitive cultivators of his tribe; restored the revenue laws of his grandfather, Surwur Khan; sat daily in his own durbar, and transacted his own affairs with an ability for which none had given him credit, and

* During the war of 1848–1849, when the Mooltanee Puthâns did better service as soldiers than they had ever done as governors of country, they disclosed to me the reason both of their removal from Tâk by Deena Nâth, and that official's opposition to the appointment of Shah Niwaz. The Chancellor calculated that when they were reduced to despair by losing their jageer, they would pay handsomely to recover it: a golden prospect unexpectedly marred by Shah Niwaz getting it for nothing! I am afraid the ousted Mooltanees to this day think I also recommended their removal, in order to restore Shah Niwaz. But I only availed myself of the opening; I neither made it, nor hoped for it.

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which required no assistance from middlemen; and, in short, so ruled the country which had been entrusted to him, that it prospered and was happy.

"I will mention one amusing instance of Shah Niwaz Khan's reforms, before passing to other topics.

"At the same time that he was appointed to the charge of Tâk, General Van Cortlandt was appointed to supersede Dewan Dowlut Raie in the government of the whole province of Dera Ishmael Khan. Shah Niwaz, therefore, accompanied his superior as far as Dera, on arrival at which place they heard that Tâk was in a state of siege. The Afghan Jageerdars, so often mentioned, and now about to be removed, had made prisoners of two Vizeerees from the adjacent mountains, and endeavoured, by pouring hot water on the muscles of their arms, and other barbarous tortures, to extract a heavy ransom from them or their friends. The prisoners found means to convey intelligence of their situation to the tribe; and the enraged Vizeerees rose, and descended into the plains to attack Tâk and liberate their countrymen.

"At this juncture General Cortlandt arrived at Dera, and the beleaguered Jageerdars of Tâk called on him to assist them and save the town from plunder. The General consulted with Shah Niwaz, who finally undertook to draw off the Vizeerees if the two prisoners were given up to him—a negotiation in which he at once succeeded. But this was not all. Shah Niwaz found among the mountain host a band of outlaws from his own country, who had formerly been his father's soldiers, and on that account expelled by the Jageerdars. These men revenged and fed themselves by such constant forays across the border that they became the dread of the country. If ever they caught a Kuthree trader on the road, they put him up behind them on a saddle, and bumped him off to the Vizeeree hills, whence they made him write for a ransom suitable to the state of his business, sometimes not less than one thousand rupees. At the time I speak of, no Hindū dare go out of his village.

"The leader of this daring gang was a man named Peera. Shah Niwaz took off the ban of outlawry, and invited him to return to Tâk, pardoned of all past offences, if he would lead an honest life for the future. Peera joyfully agreed; and bidding a rude farewell to the Vizeerees who had sheltered him in his misfortune (among whom he distributed eighty camels he had lately driven away from the plains!) he mounted the faithful mare, to whose fleetness and endurance he had often owed his life, and rode into Tâk as proudly as any Consul for whom a triumph was waiting in the streets of Rome. Nor went he without his greeting. The people of the city flocked out to meet him, and dancers and musicians led the way to his ancient hovel. Trays of sweetmeats were there presented him, a citizen's dinner smoked under his unaccustomed nose, the high-bred mare, all skin and bone from her long marches, was rubbed down and caressed by admiring boys and girls; and all night long, under the bright moon, the most beautiful dancers of Tâk strove who should win most smiles from the repentant outlaw. So great was the people's terror of him while abroad, and joy at his adopting the pursuits of peace.

"It was a series of such acts as this that made the appointment of Shah Niwaz Khan a blessing to the country of Tâk."[1]

[1] [*A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. pp. 370–378.]

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CHAPTER VII

THE STORY OF SHAH NIWAZ OF ESAUKHEYL

[Here Ruskin quotes, without introductory remarks, from vol. i. ch. 8, of *A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, pp. 323–328.]

"ESAUKHEYL is a slip of country about forty miles long, which lies parallel with the Indus, having the great salt mines of Kálábágh on the north, the Khyssore range on the south, and the Salt range on the west. On the east the mighty Indus used to be its boundary, but in justice cannot be termed so any longer.

"The Indus pursues its course with the sagacity of a living thing. Burning with all the zeal of the Mohammedan races on its banks to perform its pilgrimage, it seems, from its high altitude in Tibet, to have scanned the map of Central Asia, and discerned that it was nearer to the Indian Ocean than the Caspian. In vain the Indian Caucasus, seeking a bridegroom for her daughter Oxus, stands across its path: it detects an opening, and rushes by. In vain the Soolimânee range stretches out its arms to draw it into the thirsty vales of Afghanistan: it leaps through the rocks of Attock and Kálábágh, and takes refuge in the sandy deserts of the south, nor resumes its western course till the Mountains of Solomon are passed, when it turns with its fellow-traveller the Sutlej; and the two, with loud songs, as of pilgrims whose place of pilgrimage is in sight, roll on uninterruptedly to the sea.

"The Indus has for many years been gradually taking a more westerly course in its passage to the Sutlej, and nowhere perhaps so markedly as at Esaukheyl. Here, year after year, it has encroached on the western bank, and in removing from the Sindh Sâgur has increased its breadth of terra firma. The alluvium thus thrown up has in process of time created on the left, or eastern bank, a low, but highly fertile tract called Kuchee.

"At Meanwallee, the point where you leave the Sindh Sâgur Doâb to cross over to Esaukheyl, the Doâb of Sindh Sâgur is now no longer discernible from the ferries of Esaukheyl.

"It was impossible for the Afghans of Esaukheyl to see twelve miles of the breadth of their country quietly transferred to the people of the Punjāb; and when Ahmud Khan (elder brother of Mohammed Khan, the present chief) was at their head, they brought the men of Kuchee to an understanding, and caused a mutual boundary to be laid down in Kuchee on the eastern bank, parallel with the Indus, the Sindh Sâgur, and Esaukheyl. . . .

"In the confusion of the Punjāb kingdom, and the jealousies ever existing between the Sikh Governors of neighbouring districts, Ahmud Khan's boundary was but ill observed; and the land, not being needed by the

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oppressed Esaukheylees, became covered with a high jungle of reeds, tiger-grass, and tamarisk.

"I have heard old Khalsa soldiers say, that when Runjeet Singh first came this way—probably when he went to Lukkee, in Murwut—he opened a way through this jungle for his army, by putting four elephants abreast, and making them go on in front, crushing, tearing down, and trampling into a highway, the undisturbed vegetation of years.

"The residence of a British Agent at the Lahore Court, from the year 1846, very soon gave a new value to land and impulse to cultivation, by establishing every man's rights and securing to him his gains; and Sir Henry Lawrence still further promoted industry by proclaiming that all land newly brought into cultivation, without prejudice to older land, should be rent-free for three years.

"Amongst others, the Esaukheylees wished to extend their cultivation, by breaking up their jungle-covered alluvium, on the opposite bank of the river; and many were the formal notices filed in General Cortlandt's court, of their intention to embark capital, on the faith of the Resident's term of grace.

"But the men of Kuchee thought the history of their mushroom country was already old enough to be forgotten, and they claimed the whole of the new land between the high bank of the old Sindh Sâgur and the Indus. 'There was not a child,' they said, 'so ignorant as not to know that Esaukheyl was on the *right* bank of the Indus!'

"After hearing both sides, I thought the face of the country, with which I was myself familiar, decided clearly enough in favour of the men of Esaukheyl; and I ordered the elders of that country, with their chief and Government Kárdár, to go over to Kuchee, meet the elders and authorities on a certain day, and formally retrace the boundary of Ahmud Khan.

"The Kárdár of Kuchee, a true Sikh official, named Rám Singh, instead of obeying his orders, and tracing the old boundary, allowed his clients—the men of Kuchee—to re-open the whole question, and start, *de novo*, with the protest that their boundary was the Indus, flow where it might.

"The expression they used on this occasion, was that the Indus was a 'hud-i-Secundur,' or Alexandrian boundary; of which, as I had never heard before, I asked the meaning, and was informed that they did not intend to say that Alexander the Great had decided the Indus to be their boundary, but that *the Indus was an Alexander in its own peculiar way*, dividing lands as it thought proper, and giving them to whom it chose, by fiats which could neither be disputed nor resisted.

"The plea was too poetical for our purpose, which was eminently practical; and, if admitted, would have left the Esaukheylees the prospect of soon having no country at all. So I fined Rám Singh fifty rupees for thinking when he ought to have obeyed, and left the boundary of Ahmud Khan to be retraced by General Cortlandt."

The tale of Shah Niwaz of Esaukheyl, as it is given by Sir Herbert in sequel of this description of his country, is even more eventful than that of Surwur Khan and his

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grandson, and if I had space to follow it in detail, would be a curious example of the persistent adversity—as Surwur Khan's of the favour—of Fortune. But the tale of Esaukheyl is too much entangled with the history of Runjeet Singh himself to be abstracted in any intelligible simplicity; and I am compelled, therefore, to give only the concluding passages of it, which bear on the circumstances of the campaign of Kineyree.

In the days of Runjeet Singh, the chiefs of Esaukheyl had been always hospitable and attentive to British officers —long before the wisest seer could have foretold the annexation of the Punjāb to British India.

But in the old age of Runjeet a contractor for the revenues of Esaukheyl was appointed over the province, who, falsely alleging danger of rebellion against the Sikh dynasty, sent a force to Esaukheyl to make prisoner its reigning chief, Mohammed Khan.

Mohammed escaped, with his second and ablest son, Shah Niwaz. This youth took horse, and scarcely rested by the way till he reached Peshawur, when he threw himself at the feet of the Prince, Runjeet Singh's grandson, to obtain justice for his father.

His petition was heard, and Mohammed Khan restored to his country. Years went by. Runjeet Singh died; the Esaukheyl chief sent his son to offer his renewed allegiance to his successor. As Shah Niwaz returned he was seized by the agents of his father's old enemy, and thrown into prison, where he lay two and a half years, and his father again driven into flight.

At the end of the two and a half years the Sikh Government ordered Shah Niwaz to be sent to Lahore; and the prime minister, Rajah Dhyan Singh, was on the point of restoring him with his father to Esaukheyl, when the vizier and the reigning monarch were both murdered on the same day, and the unhappy chief of Esaukheyl was again left in hopeless exile. Their enemy died, but his son succeeded to his power and malice; and in 1847, when

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Lieutenant Edwardes first went into Bunnoo, he found Mohammed Khan, the rightful and loyal lord of the province, decrepit with old age and misfortune, and living in squalid dependence on a hospitable rebel.

"I heard the tale, and asked Dewan Dowlut Raie if it was true—if he had really got no order from the Crown to depose a subject chief and appropriate his lands? He admitted it was true, and he had none; but in his judgment and conscience, it was necessary for the peace of the country, etc.

"In the judgment and conscience of Sir Henry Lawrence, it was necessary for the peace of the country, and the honour of the British administration of Punjāb affairs, that such a Governor should be Governor no more; so Dewan Dowlut Raie was superseded by General Van Cortlandt, and the old chief of Esaukheyl returned to his country and his rights—I trust, with all my heart, for ever.

"In the sequel, it will be seen how his son, Shah Niwaz, joined my standard in the Mooltan war, and paid the debt of gratitude at the cannon's mouth. He was a faithful servant; and may the prosperity of his family, under British rule, be the enduring monument over his grave!"[1]

[1] [*A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. p. 341.]

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CHAPTER VIII

THE STORY OF BHOWANEE SINGH

I INTENDED this interjectional passage to be given only in a note: but find it too interesting and valuable to be printed small; and though brief, the matter of it is more than enough for a chapter, being "the history of the Punjāb in a nutshell."[1]

"Dera Futteh Khan is the central town of the Dérajât, conveniently situated on the bank of one of the branches of the Indus. It contains thirty Hindū and sixteen Mohammedan shops. The original town is said to have been of great size, and stood far to the eastward of the present one. It was swept away by the Indus, and a second built more inland. This shared the same fate, and consequently the third and present colony is inferior in size and wealth to either of its predecessors.

"The Sikhs did not call the surrounding district after the chief town, but Girâng, after the fort of that name, a few miles to the north of Dera Futteh Khan, and three or four from the bank of the Indus. It is a strong fort for that part of the world; and Runjeet Singh, who was no bad judge, attached so much importance to it, that he never consigned it to the charge of the Nazim of the province, but kept it quite independent of his authority, in the keeping of a true Sikh, named Bhowanee Singh, and a garrison of seventy-one men, whose pay amounted to six thousand and ninety rupees a year.

"I call him a true Sikh, not more on account of his incorruptible fidelity to Runjeet and his descendants, than for his predatory instincts. The very type and embodiment of the species Sikh, *genus homo*, is a highwayman in possession of a castle. Take any man of that nation—I care not who—and give him a mud tower as his earthly portion, and next week he will be like Ali Baba, the Captain of Forty Thieves. Let him alone—that is, don't overmatch him with kings and other great policemen—and he will die a great man. It is the history of the Punjāb in a nutshell.

"Bhowanee Singh, who has led me into this philosophical digression, had all the elements of a great rascal. He was small in stature, but his heart was a large and a hard one, and its pulsations were those of a sledge-hammer among the people round him. It was impossible to look at his wild elfin locks, and fiery eye, without clenching your fist—he looked such

[1] [This chapter is from vol. i. ch 14, of *A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, pp. 494–498.]

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a villain. Perched upon the battlement of Girâng, he took an admirably just view of his position. He saw beneath him a plain very often fertile, if very often barren, and in possession of a people who were too great thieves themselves not to submit to plunder as a law of the universe. Beyond them was a plain still wilder, where rich merchants fed their camels. Nothing could be easier than to ride out and take them. The means at his disposal were ample. There was a strong fort to sally out from, and come back to, and lock up plunder; and there was a garrison of seventy-one soldiers, who had no objection, of course, to be seventy-one thieves; and who, moreover, would cost nothing, but be paid by Government. If the victims complained to the Nazim of the province, what cared he for the Nazim? Was he not particularly told to keep himself independent? And if they carried their complaints to Lahore, he had only to send a share of the plunder to Lahore also. In short, Bhowanee Singh saw that there was a fine opening.

"Acting upon these views, he soon turned the royal fort of Girâng into a nest of highway robbers; the very people of the country were in his pay and service; and he extended his operations like a net over the whole country between the Indus and the Ooshteraunee hills, the boundary of Sungurh and the boundary of Choudwan. Herds and herds of camels he caused the Beloochees to drive away; and then sallying out with his horsemen, he pretended to pursue them, fired blank cartridge till all the country echoed, routed his own thieves, brought the rescued camels to Girâng, and then claimed the gratitude of the owners, with a heavy ransom equal to a quarter of the value.

"And from all this there was no appeal found in the Punjâb; and Bhowanee Singh went on thus for I believe twenty years, doing evil, and growing rich. At last the British came; and at this point Bhowanee Singh would have left off, if he had been the really clever fellow that he had hitherto appeared. But this is the way with bad men: they are certain to break down. Like ill-cast bells, they crack when they are hard rung. 'What is the British Resident to me?' said Bhowanee Singh: and he robbed on. Among others, one day his gang pounced upon a herd of camels that belonged to a Meankheyl merchant, whose name (I write from memory) was, I think, Juhan Khan. The Meankheyls, encamped hard by, took horse and pursued the robbers, who, finding themselves pressed, divided, and took separate paths across the jungle. One party was overtaken, and the furious Meankheyls came down on them sword in hand. Far in front rode one on a foaming mare, and already he was within a few yards of the spoilers, when the hinder robber turned, stuck the butt of his spear into the ground, and dropping on his right knee behind it, planted his left foot firmly against the butt, while with both hands he depressed the point, and received the charge of the Meankheyl. Vainly the horseman tried to turn it with his sword; the force of his own onset lent it strength, and entering his lungs, it issued at his back, and bore him to the earth. It was Juhan Khan, and he died two days after. The rest of the pursuers stayed to pick up their leader, and the robbers made good their retreat within the gates of the fort of Girâng.

"Juhan Khan's surviving brother, Deen Mohammed, swore revenge; and betook himself to Mooltan, where he heard there was a British officer.

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There he found Lieutenant Nicholson, one of the Resident's assistants, who read his petition; and writing an English note on the back, told him to take it on to me in Bunnoo, and he would get redress. I sent for Bhowanee Singh, who swore he had seized the camels because Juhan Khan would not pay his trinnee, or tax on grazing. Deen Mohammed produced the Government receipt for the trinnee, and the Governor of the province deposed that, had any trinnee been due, Bhowanee Singh had nothing to do with its collection; so I made Bhowanee Singh deposit one hundred rupees for every camel, and the case stood over for trial, as the season for the return of the Powinduh caravans was expiring, and Deen Mohammed could stay no longer. Meanwhile Bhowanee Singh was removed from his castle at Girâng, and brought a prisoner to Lahore, where he found for once that bribery was of no use.

"It was not till my present visit to the very scene of the murder, that the trial of Bhowanee Singh came on. His noble friends in the Lahore Durbar sent him honourably down, without fetter or handcuff, and an escort, more than a guard, of cavalry. I put him in irons.[1] Then, for the first time, the people of the country saw that his day was gone. A perfect 'cloud of witnesses' rose up against the fallen robber; and when at last, after a most laborious trial, Bhowanee Singh was convicted, and in consideration of the lax laws under which he had lived, was sentenced to only twelve years' imprisonment, and forfeiture of the deposit money to Deen Mohammed, the brother of the murdered Meankheyl was not the only one who thought the punishment a too 'impotent conclusion' to a long career of rapine.

"Reader, Bhowanee Singh was but one out of hundreds of strong-handed oppressors of the Punjāb people, whom the British Resident and his assistants tore up by the roots and flung into the fire. Our lives were made up of such interferences."

[1] [For a note by Ruskin on this passage, see below, p. 481.]

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CHAPTER IX

THE MESSENGER

As far as I have ever myself been able to form any conception of the principles observed by the British Government in the treatment of its officers, my impression has been that it always impedes the best men in their operations to the utmost of its ability; and as soon as, in spite of all it can do, they have got accustomed to their duty and become entirely efficient in their position, sets them on different business in another place. I cannot find in Sir Herbert's diary any notice of the reasons for his leaving Bunnoo, or for General Taylor's coming there: but I suppose the substance of the matter to have been that at the time of the Sikh expedition there was no other British officer at hand of qualities known enough to be trusted with the delicate mission of its control, while yet the representation of British influence with the Sikh army did not in the least mean an appointment to the governorship of Bunnoo. Anyhow, having as it were swept and garnished the chamber of Bunnoo, and shaken up the cushions in the easy chair of its future occupant, we find him leaving the scene of these serviceable labours, to return no more, and at the time when the second main clause of this history begins, acting merely as a local magistrate in a small village on the eastern bank of the Indus.

From his diary in the second volume, I take what passages are necessary to my present purpose without inverted comma or interrupting space.[1]

It was towards evening of April 22nd, 1848, at Dera Futteh Khan, on the Indus, that I was sitting in a tent full of Beloochee zumeendars, who were either robbers, robbed, or witnesses to the robberies of their

[1] [Ruskin proceeds to quote from *A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. ii. pp. 63–76 (with some omissions).]

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neighbours, taking evidence in the trial of Bhowânee Singh, recounted in the last chapter.

Loud footsteps, as of some one running, were heard without,—came nearer as we all looked up and listened,—and at last stopped before the door. There was a whispering, a scraping off of shoes, and brushing off of dust from the wearer's feet, and then the curtain at the door was lifted, and a *kossid* (running messenger), stripped to the waist and streaming with heat, entered, and presented a letter-bag, whose crimson hue proclaimed the urgency of its contents. "It was from the Sahib in Mooltan," he said, "to the Sahib in Bunnoo; but, as I was here, I might as well look at it."

I took it up, and read the Persian superscription on the bag: "To General Cortlandt, in Bunnoo, or wherever else he may be." It was apparently not for me, but it was for an officer under my orders, and the messenger said it was on important public service; I had, therefore, a right to open it if I thought it necessary. But there was something in the kossid's manner which alike *compelled* me to open it, and forbade me either to question him before the crowd around me, or show any anxiety about it.

So I opened it as deliberately as I could, and found an English letter enclosed, directed to either General Cortlandt or myself. It was a copy taken by a native clerk of a public letter addressed to Sir Frederick Currie by Mr. P. Vans Agnew, one of his assistants on duty at Mooltan, with a postscript in pencil written by Mr. Agnew, and addressed to us.

The following is a copy, and appended is a faithful fac-simile,* which will be regarded with mournful interest, as the last tracings of a hand ever generous, ever brave, which held fast honour and public duty to the death:—

"MOOLTAN, *19th April*, 1848.

"MY DEAR SIR FREDERICK,—You will be sorry to hear that, as Anderson and I were coming out of the fort gate, after having received charge of the fort by Dewan Moolraj, we were attacked by a couple of soldiers, who, taking us unawares, succeeded in wounding us both pretty sharply.

"Anderson is worst off, poor fellow. He has a severe wound on the thigh, another on the shoulder, one on the back of the neck, and one in the face.

"I think it most necessary that a doctor should be sent down, though I hope not to need him myself.

"I have a smart gash in the left shoulder, and another in the same arm. The whole Mooltan troops have mutinied, but we hope to get them round. They have turned our two companies out of the fort."

Postscript in Pencil

"MY DEAR SIR,—You have been ordered to send one regiment here. Pray let it march instantly, or, if gone, hasten it to top-speed. If you can spare another, pray send it also. I am responsible for

* I have reproduced here only the signature. [J. R.]

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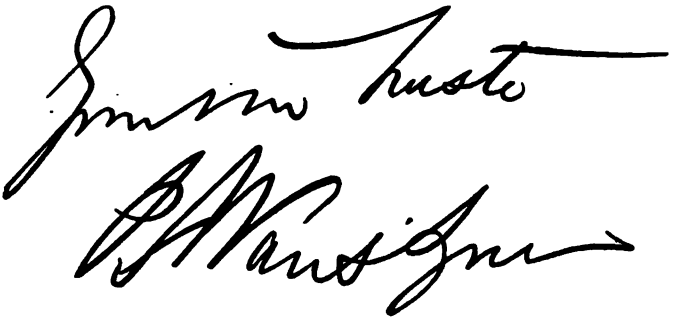
the measure. I am cut up a little, and on my back. Lieutenant Anderson is much worse. He has five sword wounds. I have two in my left arm from warding sabre cuts, and a poke in the ribs with a spear. I don't think Moolraj has anything to do with it.* I was riding with him when we were attacked. He rode off, but is now said to be in the hands of the soldiery.

"Khan Singh and his people all right.



19*th*, 2 P.M.
To GENERAL CORTLANDT, *or*
LIEUTENANT EDWARDES, BUNNOO."

During the perusal of the above letter, I felt that all eyes were on me, for no one spoke, not a pen moved, and there was that kind of hush which comes over an assembly under some indefinite feeling of alarm. I never remember in my life being more moved, or feeling more painfully the necessity of betraying no emotion. After lingering over the last few sentences as long as I could, I looked up at the kossid, and said: "Very good! Sit down in that corner of the tent, and I'll attend to you as soon as I have done this trial." Then, turning to the gaping moonshees, I bade them "go on with the evidence," and the disappointed crowd once more bent their attention on the witnesses. But from that moment I heard no more. My eyes indeed were fixed mechanically upon the speakers, but my thoughts were at Mooltan, with my wounded countrymen, revolving how I ought to act to assist them.

In about an hour I had arranged the ways and means in my own mind, and that done, had no farther reason for concealment. I saw clearly what to do, and the sooner it was done the better.

So I broke up the court, and summoned an officer who was in charge of the ferry of the Indus between Dera Futteh Khan in my province, and Leia in Moolraj's; and filled up the interval till he came by cross-questioning the kossid as to what he had seen himself. His account of

* This generous sentence is a complete answer to those who have supposed that Mr. Agnew drove Moolraj into rebellion by the harshness of his behaviour. Had anything passed between them to cause irritation, or give reasonable offence, Mr. Agnew would surely be the first to have remembered it. (H. E.)

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the events themselves amounted to much the same as Mr. Agnew had written; but being a native of Mooltan, and better acquainted with the temper of Moolraj and his soldiery, he took a much less hopeful view of

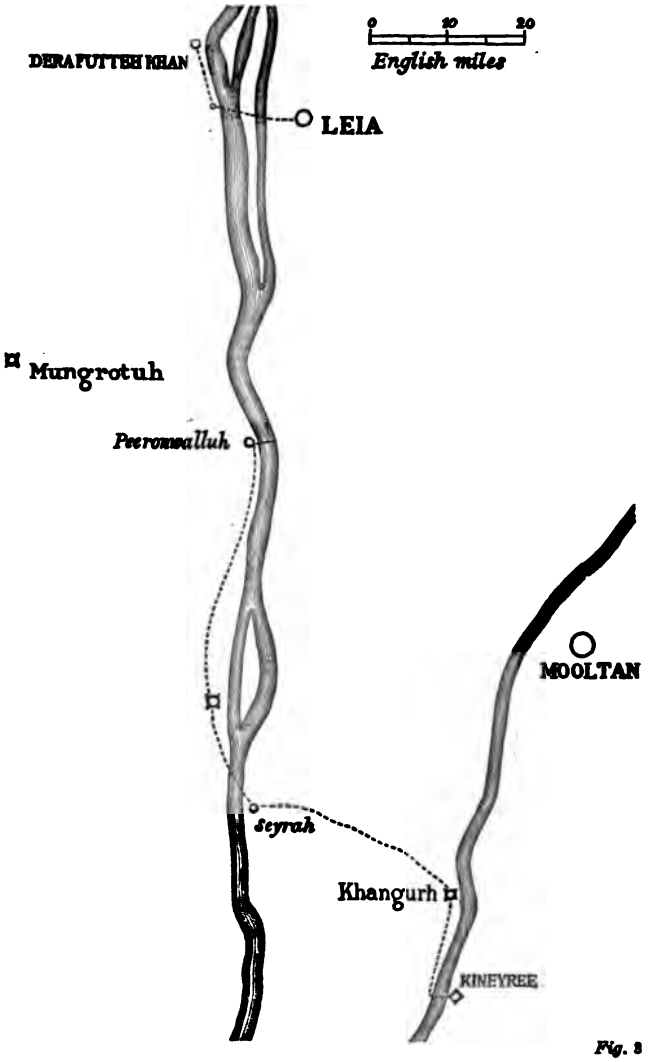

Fig. 8

the position of the British officers, and believed that some guns, which he had heard since leaving Mooltan, announced the catastrophe which had in fact occurred.

Mooltan is about ninety miles (chiefly sand) from Dera Futteh Khan, and two broad rivers flow between them; yet the kossid had accomplished

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the distance in exactly three days, after making several circuits to avoid provincial officials of Moolraj.

By the time the kossid had told his story, the officer I had sent for was announced. His name was Foujdar Khan, Alizye; and as he took a distinguished part in the succeeding war, I claim the reader's attention to the singular chance which threw him in my way.

When Moolraj resigned the charge of the province of Mooltan, the collection of customs in his territory devolved upon the collector of the Lahore Government, who immediately wrote to his deputy at the Trans-Indus ferry to send a detachment of horsemen, under a sharp officer, across the river to Leia, to relieve the retiring customs officer of Dewan Moolraj.

The deputy at Kuheeree selected Foujdar Khan for the duty; and he had been some days at the town of Leia when I arrived first at Dera Futteh Khan. As I was the chief authority in the province to which he belonged, Foujdar came across to pay his respects, or "make his salám," as the natives say, and I detained him several days. During this period I had only two interviews with him; but in discussing the subject of customs on the Indus, he impressed me so much with his extensive local knowledge, practical common sense, and singular power of mental calculation, that I could not but mark him down in my memory as a man who might be wanted on an occasion.

The occasion had now come; and the first man I summoned to my side, on the receipt of Mr. Agnew's call for assistance, was Foujdar Khan. Simultaneous intelligence of the outbreak had reached Leia also; and it is a singular coincidence that the letter which brought it to the Hakim or Governor of that town contained two orders: first, to seize all the boats at the Leia ferry, and prevent me from crossing the Indus; and secondly to make Foujdar Khan (who was supposed to be still at Leia) a prisoner at all costs. Moolraj knew more of his ability at that time than I did; but both he and I became still better acquainted with it afterwards.

My first question to Foujdar was, how many boats he could obtain for me by midnight? He immediately told me off on his fingers every ferry-boat within twenty or thirty miles; and horsemen were despatched in every direction to seize and bring them.

Meanwhile the whole camp was ordered to make instant preparations to cross the Indus.

With what purpose, what force, and in what firm acceptance of grave responsibility, this crossing of the Indus was ordered, the following extracts from the letters written on the instant, one to the Resident at Lahore, one to Mr. Vans Agnew, will explain.*

"To the Resident. (April 22, 1848.)

"At 8 P.M. this day, an express from Mooltan, directed to General Cortlandt, reached my camp. I opened it, providentially, to see if it was on public business, and found a letter addressed to

* I would fain have given both letters entire, but am obliged to sacrifice all details that confuse or delay the reader's clear conception of the course of events. [J. R.]

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either General Cortlandt or myself, from Mr. Vans Agnew, communicating tidings of the dastardly assault made on that gentleman and Lieutenant Anderson at the gate of the fort of Mooltan, on the 19th of April, particulars of which have ere this reached you.

"Mr. Agnew called on General Cortlandt for assistance; and my duty to render it was plain. I have accordingly resolved on making a forced march to Mooltan, which is about sixty koss from this, and hope by midnight sufficient boats will have been collected from the neighbouring ferries to allow the camp to cross the Indus.

"I have two guns, twenty zumbooruhs, twelve infantry companies, and about three hundred and fifty sowars: a small force, but quite strong enough to create a diversion in favour of our two countrymen, and whatever party the Maharajah may still have in his city of Mooltan. I have written to Mr. Vans Agnew to fall back on me, if he is pressed, and rely on my speedy arrival. From the desert nature of the road, and the intense heat, I do not expect the men will be able to make Mooltan before the 27th of April, but every exertion shall be made.

"I feel sure that these measures will meet your approbation. I wound up the revenue settlement of this district two days ago; and that of Dera Ishmael Khan is of very secondary importance to the duty of rescuing Mr. Vans Agnew and Lieutenant Anderson from their perilous situation."

To Mr. Vans Agnew I replied as follows:—

"Camp, Dera Futteh Khan,
"*April 22nd*, 1848.

"My dear Agnew,—Your letter of 19th April, to General Cortlandt, reached my camp at 3 P.M. this day; and I fortunately opened it to see if it was on public business.

"I need scarcely say that I have made arrangements for marching to your assistance at once.

"I have only a small force, but such as it is, you are welcome to it, and *me*.

"There are at this moment only three boats at the Ghât, and I have to collect others from the neighbouring ferries; but we shall manage, doubtless, to effect the passage in course of to-morrow, when the following route ought to bring us to Mooltan on 27th:—

23rd, left bank of Indus.
24th, Leia.
25th, Wells, half-way to Wander.
26th, Wander.
27th, Mooltan.

"Rely on it, it shall not be my fault if we are a day later; but the very sound of our approach will be a check to your rascally enemies, and to *you*, as refreshing as the breeze which heralds the

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rising sun at morning. If you are pressed, pray bring away Anderson, and join me. With all my heart I hope you are both safe at this moment!

"I have written on to Bunnoo for Soobhan Khan's regiment, and a troop of horse artillery.

"Write, write, write! and with the sincerest wishes, believe me, in weal or woe,

"Yours, aye,
"HERBERT EDWARDES."

Alas! this letter was never destined to meet the eyes of either Agnew or Anderson. Those eyes were already closed; those hearts were still. The kossid who took it, heard the tidings of their death upon the road, and brought it back. I keep it still, among other sad memorials of those days.

To Lieutenant Taylor, who was with General Cortlandt in Bunnoo, I wrote the pith of the above two letters, and begged him to send a regiment of infantry and four guns, "sharp"; but on no account any other troops; for I felt certain, though I had never seen Mooltan, that if there was to be a war, and that fortress was to be reduced, the emergency must be met from Lahore. I went myself, not so much to fight Moolraj as to help my countrymen.

I am aware that it has been said (and strangely enough, by many who desired nothing so much as a like opportunity of being useful; and who, had it fallen to their lot, would, I gladly believe, have used it honourably) that I interfered where I had no call of duty, and levied soldiers to carry on a war for my own ambitious ends.

Perfectly satisfied with the approbation of my sovereign, country, the Indian and British Governments, and both Houses of Parliament, I could well afford to be silent; but having now printed, in extenso, poor Agnew's appeal for help, as an essential part of this narrative, I will just make two remarks upon it in passing;—that those I allude to may in charity be supposed to have been ignorant of its existence: but if not, I should have deserved even their contempt, had I been coward enough to disregard it.

As soon as ever the troops who were with me at Dera Futteh Khan were ready, the march was commenced without delay. In describing the town of Dera Futteh Khan, I mentioned that it was situated on a branch of the Indus. We had, consequently, to cross this branch, or "nullah," and an island three miles wide on the other side, before we could reach the main stream of the Indus.

On this nullah there was only one boat; and no others were brought round, because we wanted them more on the Indus itself, where by midnight on the 22nd of April we had only collected three. It may easily be conceived, therefore, what a tedious operation it was to ferry over twelve hundred soldiers, with guns, camel-swivels, horses, carts, and camp-followers, in one punt which would only hold forty or fifty men at a time. All night, after the moon rose, the men were hard at it; and though the punt foundered and went down towards morning, and obliged the Sikh regiment to ford up to their chins, with their arms and accoutrements in a bundle on their heads, the men behaved most cheerfully; and by noon of the 23rd, horse and foot had all reached the Indus.

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There we found that no fresh boats had arrived from the neighbouring Ghâts; and the horsemen who had been sent to the nearest, returned with the tidings that Moolraj's Kárdárs had secured all the boats on the left bank, and issued orders to the ferrymen to cross no troops.

So we were obliged to begin the passage of the Indus with three boats. It is a grand river at all seasons, but at this it was mighty and terrible. Each trip of the boats was a little voyage, and occupied between two and three hours.* But there was no help for it, and we sat down on the margin to watch the tedious process, and speculate on what was before us.

Ensconced in a palanquin I had borrowed at Koláchee (for the wound in my knee which I got in the Nâssur skirmish, on the 16th of March, was still so bad that I could neither ride nor walk), I lay on the bank impatiently expecting the arrival of more boats. No tents were allowed to be pitched, not even my own, so as to be ready whenever boats arrived; and as everything was packed up, we got nothing to eat all day. At night a luxurious little gentleman named Hookum Chund, of the Lahore Secretariat, who could not possibly forego his curry, brought me half his dinner with the true compassion of an epicure; but I was more fit to be eaten myself after the broiling sun of a long April day.

At sunset a storm sprang up, and still farther embarrassed our slow passage; and I had given up all hopes of crossing the Indus that night, and had fallen asleep in the pálkee, when loud shouts proclaimed the arrival of thirteen boats from Kuheeree, a ferry about twenty-five miles higher up the river, where Foujdar's horsemen had arrived just in time to prevent Moolraj's people from carrying them off.

The moon rose about the same moment, as if bidding us be diligent, and the storm lulled; so packing all the boats full of soldiers, I put myself like an Admiral in the van, and led the fleet across.

A melancholy accident occurred in the passage. One of the boats was very old and rickety, and before it could make the left bank, filled with water and went down. It was first reported to me that out of eighty souls, only nine or ten had escaped; but it subsequently appeared that out of about fifty, only eight were lost. The stern of the boat found the bottom, and the prow remaining in the air, enabled almost all to save themselves.

Before midnight the passage seems to have been secured, and Edwardes, on the left bank of the Indus, lies down for a soldier's swift sleep. Before the dawn of the early April morning he is waked by Foujdar Khan with the news from a horseman of Tâk that Agnew and Anderson are both dead, and Moolraj in open revolt. (Particulars

* Width of stream not told, nor rate of current! The river was in flood, and on the map (p. 456) is three miles wide, opposite Leia, between its unflooded banks. [J. R.]

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here omitted—they are too sorrowful. I pass them over with the comment only, that while the absolute force of the British army consists in the resolution of its officers never to shrink from an imperative task, whatever the inadequacy of their means, its failures and the severity of its tasks are always traceable, either to the want of foresight and sense in the home government, or, as in this instance, to the impatience of officers too confident in national prestige, and too much like schoolboys in provoking fortune.)

That very morning, April 25th (resuming now Sir Herbert's diary[1]),

before getting out of my bed, I dictated, signed, and despatched twenty orders: eight to officers at important posts in General Cortlandt's province behind me, to warn them of what had occurred, and bid them be on the alert and steadfast, but not alarmed; eight others to Kárdárs and other district officers of Moolraj's Cis- and Trans-Indus in the country round me, transferring them to the Maharajah's service, if they were loyally disposed, and bidding them tranquillise the minds of the people; two to detached officers to join me with their men; and two only to enlist new ones. For I had no intention of initiating hostilities against an enemy like Moolraj, in possession of a fortress like Mooltan; and I was not yet awakened to the necessity of either creating a faithful party in my own camp, or enlisting the soldiers of the country, to prevent them from being enlisted by Moolraj. The latter I soon found to be imperative.

All our people being over the Indus on the night of the 24th, I marched to Leia on the morning of the 25th, and encamped south-east of the city, of which we took peaceful possession, Moolraj's Governor, Ruttun Chund, having retired with his men at our approach. The rest of the officials had remained, in compliance with my orders, and came out with the chief people of the city to receive us. They all brought very long faces and very short presents.*

Leia is a very extensive city, built of burnt brick, with numerous wells around its suburbs. It is the chief town of the southern Sindh Sâgur Doâb, and, at the time I speak of, was a great commercial dépôt for the

* In the East, an inferior never approaches a superior with an empty hand; and though European masters only touch the offered present as an acknowledgment of the compliment, yet officials keep up the ceremony, and neglecting it is a mark of disrespect. The amount offered increases with the rank and loyalty of the offerer.

[1] [From here to the end of the chapter, Ruskin quotes from vol. ii. pp. 80, 83, 82.]

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Cabul merchants. It was consequently an important place, and I at once put an officer in charge of it for the Maharajah, and told him to collect the revenue as fast as he could.

Having done this, I wrote to Sir Frederick Currie, as follows:—

"LIEUTENANT EDWARDES TO THE RESIDENT AT LAHORE

"CAMP, LEIA, CIS-INDUS,
"*April 25th*, 1848.

"I reached this place this morning, and have encamped south-east of the city, covering it from Mooltan.

"You have, I hope, already got my letters advising you of my determination to cross the Indus as soon as I heard of the attack on Agnew and Anderson, and move on Mooltan in the hope of saving them. That hope is declared by general rumour to be hope no more. Agnew and Anderson are said to be both dead, killed by their own men; Khan Singh a prisoner, and Dewan Moolraj going all lengths in preparations to maintain himself in the fort.

"This I fully believe, as this Doâb is full of his emissaries raising soldiers; and had I been a day later, I could not have crossed the Indus, instructions having been sent to the Kárdár of Leia, to seize the boats, raise three thousand men, and hold the place.

"My crossing took him by surprise, and he fled, with the Leia Thánnah, to Mooltan.

"Agnew and Anderson dead, and the Sirdar's force either traitors or prisoners in Mooltan, I have no object in advancing further. Neither could I cross the Chenab, if I wished. Neither would it be prudent to wish it, if I could."

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CHAPTER X

ON GUARD AT LEIA

THE conclusion of Lieutenant Edwardes' letter to the Resident,[1] partly quoted in the preceding chapter, introduces a new phase in his position, thus: *—

"Leia is an important city, and the capital of this Doâb. Its mere possession by the Sirkar's troops flies through the country, and inflicts a blow on Moolraj's prestige, and prevents hundreds of mercenaries from joining his standard. Of this I have hourly proof. Still my position, I cannot but see, is one of great uncertainty and peril. If Moolraj has the spirit and skill to throw a force with guns over the Chenab at once, he might crush us, and return in a canter to Mooltan before our own troops can come from Lahore. Already, he is said to have done so (crossed the Chenab). I believe the truth to be that he intends to do so. Perhaps, ere this his force has crossed.

"My mind is made up. I shall throw up entrenchments here and stand. Great ends will be secured by my success; immense confusion follow a retreat.

"I am entertaining men, for the double purpose of securing them from joining Moolraj, and holding this Doâb against the rebels. The Doâb swarms with mercenary swordsmen, ever ripe for mischief. The regiment and four guns, which I have summoned from Bunnoo, cannot reach here till the 7th or 8th of May, and the interval will be one of immense anxiety.

"I calculate that you will have sent off our field brigade on the 24th of April, and that it will reach Mooltan in ten days; but trust that it will only be the vanguard of a regular army, for the reduction of Mooltan will be no child's play. I know not if you have good information from Mooltan, therefore I may as well state my views of this affair.

"I think Moolraj has been involved in rebellion against his will, and, being a weak man, is now persuaded by his officers that there is no hope for him but in going all lengths; that the origin of the rebellion was the

* I keep the inverted commas, to distinguish the letter to the Resident from Lieut. Edwardes' diary. [J. R.]

[1] [In this chapter Ruskin quotes from *A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. ii. pp. 83–94, 96–104.]

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natural dislike of the Puthâns, Beloochees, and Mooltanees (men of high family, courage, and false pride) to be turned adrift, after a life spent in military service well rewarded; and that these men will fight desperately, and die hard, unless a provision is held out to them just before the siege (before the last moment they would not accept it, and only then will they do so with dexterous *vikâlut* [diplomacy], carried on by one of their own blood, who knows their points of honour).

"If I might, without offence, offer a military suggestion, when you have such able soldiers in Lahore, it would be that Bhâwul Khan be called on to cross the Sutlej instanter, and co-operate with a British force from Lahore and a brigade from Sindh.

"Bhâwul Khan's country also is full of these noble Beloochees and Mooltanees; and already Moolraj has summoned them to join his standard, and they will come if not detained by Bhâwul Khan.

"I have opened a correspondence with Moolraj, more with the object of getting a kossid unobstructed into Mooltan, than with any hope of persuading the Dewan to follow my advice, and throw himself on your mercy before things go any further.

"This letter goes by a kossid, *viâ* Jhung, by which route please send me instructions as soon as you can, and let me know, daily, what movements are made on Mooltan, that I may co-operate in any way in my power.

"There are two guns and four or five hundred men at Jhung, who would be very welcome here. At present, I am very much like a Scotch terrier barking at a tiger. If a week only passes over, I shall have got together enough men to hold on. If not, we are in God's hands, and could not be better placed."

Determined now to seize as much of the rebel Dewan's country as I could, I wrote this day to Ali Khan, of Koláchee, to join me as rapidly as he could, with one hundred horse and two hundred foot of the tribe of Gundapoor; to Ubdoolla Khan, chief of the Ooshteraunees, who but a few days before was in rebellion himself, to send me one hundred of his best mountain marksmen; Hôt Khan, of same tribe, to bring another hundred; Ubeezur Khan, of Koondee, in Tâk, to bring twenty horsemen from his native village; and lastly, to Foujdar Khan, Alizye, whom I daily found more useful, I gave the comprehensive order to enlist every soldier of the Sindh Sâgur Doâb who was still out of employ, and preferred the royal standard to the rebel's.

Next day I wrote to the Resident as follows:—

"LIEUT. EDWARDES TO THE RESIDENT AT LAHORE

"CAMP, LEIA, *April 26th*, 1848.

"Common report still declares that Moolraj has thrown a force, with guns, across the Chenab, to oppose my advance; but my own spies have not yet had time to return, and the latest trustworthy intelligence contradicts the report above mentioned, and says that the greatest consternation reigns in Mooltan, where the garrison (officers and all) are engaged in cutting the ripe corn and carrying

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it into the fort. They are very hard up also for grass. In this condition, it is not probable that the Dewan will detach men and guns, and weaken his own position. I am entertaining men in self-defence, and to check the tide of recruiting which was flowing to Mooltan. Moolraj is enlisting, right and left, and has unlimited command of money.

"I cannot convey to you any idea of the happy effect of our crossing the Indus, and occupying the great body of Moolraj's country; but I may say that it has arrested an extensive rebellion, and made the difference between a siege and a campaign.

"I have thought it best to tell Kishen Lal, the Jhung Adawlutee, to send me his two guns and four hundred men forthwith.

"A Puthán gave me a good account to-day of the Mooltan outbreak, and it seems that the Sikh troops behaved most shamefully, going over without any reason whatever. Agnew died like a hero, disdaining to fly and refusing to yield. His head was cut off by Moolraj's soldiers.

"Unanimity is far from existing in the rebel garrison. Three of Moolraj's principal officers (Surbulund Khan, Badozye, and his son, Sadik Mohammed Khan, and Gholám Moostapha Khan, Khághwánee) were so opposed to the whole proceeding, that they refused to set their seals to the Koran, leaving themselves open to conviction.

"I hope soon to hear of the advance of our British troops from Lahore, and may take this opportunity of expressing my conviction, that to send any other troops (*i.e.*, Sikh) to Mooltan, after what has occurred, would be to run the most imminent risk of a treacherous catastrophe."

In the evening of April 26th, I ordered the colonel of the Sikh regiment to look quietly about for a position to intrench, on the Mooltan side of Leia, for I expected before night to hear that Moolraj had thrown troops across the Chenab,—in which event, relying on the fidelity of the Sikh troops that were with me, it was my intention to have made a stand at Leia.

On the 27th I received trustworthy intelligence that Moolraj's Kárdár at Dera Ghazee Khan, Longa Mull by name, had received "the fiery cross" from his master, and was going all lengths in stirring up the country trans-Indus to rebellion. As this would carry the war into General Cortlandt's province of Dera Ishmael Khan, I instantly took measures for its defence by summoning the General, with another regiment, two more guns, and one hundred horse, from Bunnoo to Girâng, there to co-operate with me as circumstances might require. The same train of thought made me consider well Lieutenant Taylor's position in Bunnoo, when his force should be thus weakened; and I advised his calling for another regiment from Peshawur, while I did what I could to secure the peace of the country around him, by desiring General Cortlandt to bring away with him (nominally as recruits, but in reality hostages), as many sons and brothers of the chiefs of Bunnoo and Murwut as he could enlist.

In the course of this day two very different communications reached

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me from Mooltan. One from a Nâssur merchant, named Sâdoollah Khan, who related how the murdered British officers had been indebted to the Afghan merchants at Mooltan for burial; that they had covered the bodies with silk scarfs, and carried them to the grave in rude imitation of the British funerals they had seen. As the only return in my power, I immediately released two men of the Nâssur tribe, who had been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for plundering; nor did I regret this acknowledgment when subsequent inquiry proved that the Cabul merchants had only reproached Moolraj with not giving an honourable burial to men who were not even his enemies.

The other communication was as follows:—

"THE MOOLTAN SIKHS TO THE TROOPS UNDER "LIEUTENANT EDWARDES

"*April 22nd*, 1848.

"By the favour of the Holy Gooroo.*

"Now we, in accordance with the Gooroo's command, have written to all of you, our Khalsa brethren. Those of you who are true and sincere Sikhs, will come to us here. You will receive plenty of pay, and the approbation of the Dewan.

"The Maharajah Duleep Singh will, by the Gooroo's grace, be firmly established in his kingdom; there will be no more cow-killing, and our holy religion will prosper.

"All believing Sikhs, who trust in the Gooroo, will place confidence in our words, and, joining us, will honour his name.

"Forward copies of this manifesto to all our Sikh brethren, and delay not; for those who spread this intelligence will meet with the approbation of the Gooroo.

"You know that all are mortal; whoever, therefore, as becomes a sincerely believing Sikh, devotes his life to the service of the Gooroo, will obtain fame and reputation in *this world*.

"The Maharajah and his mother are in sorrow and affliction. By engaging in their cause, you will obtain their favour and support. Gird up your loins under the protection of the Gooroo, and Govind Singh will preserve his sanctity. Make much of a few words."

The circumstances under which this plain-spoken document reached my hands, and the reflections it excited in my mind, were thus reported to the Resident.

"CAMP, LEIA, *April 27th*, 1848.

"A most important document has fallen into my hands, being a solemn summons, in the name of all that is holy in the Khalsa

* I give only the close, which is the essential part, of this document, which at its opening gives a painful recapitulation of the circumstances of the death of the two British officers. The Gooroo is the High Priest of the Sikhs. See note by Lady Edwardes at end of Chapter VI. [J. R.]

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religion, from the Sikh soldiers in the fort of Mooltan to the regiment of Sikhs along with me, to march immediately and join the rebels in Mooltan.

"It is signed and sealed by all the officers who went from Lahore with Agnew; but along with it they have brought me a counter-bond of fidelity, signed by all the officers of the Futteh Pultun,* professedly drawn up in ignorance of the Mooltan document, and suggested only by the crisis in which we are placed.

"If this paper (with the invitation from Mooltan) has not been seen by the whole regiment, how long will it be before another paper comes? and will that also fall into my hands? Depend upon it, the paper which I have got is a circular, and it is right to be prepared for the possible consequences of its favourable reception among the Sikh soldiers at all points.

"Doubtless you have made up your mind that a British force must go to Mooltan, and this will naturally bring in fresh reinforcements from the rear.

"I do not send the paper to you, as it is too valuable to be risked in the *dâk* (Post-office) at this time.

"How strangely now do Lawrence's arguments return to my mind, for banishing that Jezebel† from the Punjâb! she is a leaven of evil, which some day will leaven a fearful lump of political trouble. You have not forgotten, I dare say, her sending a slave-girl on a secret embassy to Mooltan, last June or July, and her impudent excuse, that she wanted a white âk tree for enchantments. The 'tree' has now put forth its leaves, and their *rung* (colour, species) is much what might have been expected.

"With the above exception, all is going on well. Our presence has, at a stroke, secured quiet in this Doâb, and those who are disaffected can only sneak off to Mooltan. I have most fortunately got with me an exceedingly clever Puthán, of good family, named Foujdar Khan, who is related to many of Moolraj's chief officers, and knows every mercenary on both sides of the Indus. This has enabled me to summon some twenty or thirty leaders, whose swords are in the market; and in a few days I shall have a levy of about three thousand Puthâns and Beloochees, equal to twice their number of Sikhs, for any work along the banks of the Attock."

I could have little doubt in my own mind that the paper addressed by the Mooltan Sikhs to the troops under me—which had been received by a Sikh officer in those troops from his own uncle, who was a rebel in Mooltan, and had been kept by him a whole night, and half the next day in camp, before bringing it to me—must have been seen and read by every Sikh soldier in my force. And if seen and read, then assuredly had it gone straight to the heart of every reader, for it breathed the very

* The Sikh regiment now under Lieutenant Edwardes' command at Leia. [J. R.]

† Who? Moolraj's mother? [J. R.]

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essence of Sikh feeling, and faithfully interpreted the aspirations of the nation. The seeds therefore had been sown, and the harvest was for me to reap.

But I knew that it could neither spring, nor ripen, without the sunshine of opportunity, and the golden showers of Moolraj's gold. It was my duty to see that it got neither; and above all, to take care that no exhibition of distrust on my part precipitated the troops into disaffection.

In reply, therefore, to the bond of fidelity, which the colonel and officers of the Sikh regiment had volunteered, I assured them that I should have great pleasure in forwarding it to their Sovereign at Lahore, who would doubtless be pleased with their attachment at a moment when a provincial Governor had displayed such ingratitude towards the nation which had raised his family from insignificance. But I warned them, nevertheless, to watch over the honour of their regiment. I told them "that the rebels in Mooltan had conspired to involve my troops in the certain ruin which awaited themselves; that they would send traitors to corrupt the soldiers in this camp; and as all were not wise and experienced, it became the officers to be vigilant, to seize any such messengers, turn them out of their lines, and save their regiment from disgrace."

That very day a Sikh spy from Mooltan was found in camp, and brought to me, like the paper, after all the mischief had been done. Finding that he had been long enough in camp to deliver as many letters and messages as he liked, I pretended to be quite satisfied with his account of himself, and showed no suspicion.

But my confidence in the Sikh soldiers of the camp was gone; and I felt assured that the march of a British army from Lahore was the only event which could secure even their neutrality.

This was not my opinion only. In the dusk of the evening, while I was eating my dinner, the adjutant of the Artillery, a man of Hindūstan, begged to be allowed to speak to me, and when admitted, besought me on his knees, and in considerable agitation, to move his guns to the right, with a company of Poorbeeuhs on each side, as he had every reason to believe that the Sikh regiment was conspiring mischief, and where the guns were then, they might be seized at any time. He added, "They have a prophecy, that in two years and a half from their defeat on the Sutlej, their independence shall be restored. That time has exactly come!"

Still later at night, when the old grey-headed adjutant of the Poorbeeuh Infantry came to report that he had visited all the guards and sentries, he threw himself at my feet, and with tears in his eyes implored me to be on my guard, for he had served many, many years in the service of the Sikhs, and seen all their revolutions; and if the Futteh Pultun was not brewing mischief now, he (Sirdar Singh) knew nothing about their character.

"Nonsense!" I said; "what do you judge by?" He replied: "By their letting none but Sikhs come into their lines these last two days, and going in and out of each other's tents in knots, and holding meetings, and an unusual kind of swaggering air with them, such as the Sikh soldiers used to have at Lahore before the Sutlej war, when they had

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the government in their hands, and were buying and selling their own chiefs!"

The impressive and earnest manner of these two faithful men had a great effect upon me. Their experience set the seal to my own observations and suspicions, and I felt at once all the horror of being betrayed, and the revolting necessity of wearing the mask of confidence.

Before going to bed I wrote to my friend Taylor, and telling him my own position, warned him to be on his guard against the troops in Bunnoo.

Next day I wrote again to the Resident.

"CAMP, LEIA, *April 29th*, 1848.

"I have no longer any doubt of there being a mutinous correspondence going on between the Mooltan traitors (Khan Singh's troops) and the Sikhs in my camp; and it must be sufficiently evident, for the adjutant of the two guns along with me came to me last night, and, on his knees, begged me to put the guns on the right, and away from the Sikhs, who he said were conspiring among themselves secretly in the lines. I cannot, of course, move the guns without declaring my suspicions; and see nothing for it but to be firm, patient, and vigilant, hastening the recruiting of Puthâns, and awaiting the arrival of Cortlandt with Sobhan Khan's regiment, which I believe is trustworthy.

"But he cannot reach till the 6th, so that I have a whole week of this anxiety to endure.

"Not the least difficult task is that of meeting, with cordiality and politeness, the Colonel of the Futteh Pultun and his officers, and Bhaee Ameera Buksh, knowing all the time that they have marked me for their prey.

"I have replied, however, to the bond of fidelity, which they volunteered to send me, in such terms as to appeal at once to their loyalty and cupidity; and I send you the originals herewith, thinking it would be a good thing if you were to make a great fuss in the Durbar, about the bright example thus set by the Futteh Pultun; send them an ell-long purwânna of approval, and, by assuming them to have virtue, induce them still to wear its mask.

"It is probable that the Sikhs, whatever their designs are, will not disclose them till the last moment, reserving themselves for a *grand coup* in front of Mooltan. I shall wait here, therefore, until joined by Cortlandt, by which time I hope to have got three thousand Puthâns together, and thus be too strong for the Sikhs in my own camp. I propose then to move forwards, and throw myself into a small fort named Moondeh, twenty-five koss from this place, and about fifteen from Mooltan, pitching the Sikhs and majority of the camp outside, taking the guns inside. In that attitude I should be prepared for friend or foe, which seem just now synonymous terms.

"It is indeed mortifying to know that the only obstacles in my

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way are the royal troops. If I had not a Sikh soldier in the camp, my mind would be at rest.

"Accounts from Mooltan describe the garrison as constantly engaged in laying in stores, and preparing for resistance."

On the 29th I redoubled my former efforts to enlist Puthâns; and at the close of an anxious day received the startling intelligence contained in the annexed letter:—

"CAMP, MOORAWALLAH, *on the left bank of the Indus, opposite Dera Futteh Khan, May 1st*, 1848.

"I have now to inform you that, late on the evening of the 29th, one of my own kossids returned from Mooltan, and brought the intelligence that Dewan Moolraj had at last made the move which, ever since my arrival in Leia, I had apprehended, and thrown eight heavy guns and between four and five thousand men across the Chenab, to oppose me, which force would reach Leia without fail on the 1st of May.

"Four courses were open to me:—

"1. To intrench myself, either inside or outside the town of Leia, and fight it out.

"2. To move east on Munkhera, the great central fort of the Desert.

"3. To fall back on Bukkur, three marches to the north, and opposite to Dera Ishmael Khan, where there is a small fort, and await the arrival of General Cortlandt with reinforcements, expected at Dera on the 2nd of May.

"4. To re-cross the Indus, and await General Cortlandt, under the fort of Girâng.

"Under any circumstances, the first plan would have been hazardous, for my whole force does not amount nearly to one thousand five hundred men, which are too few to hold the streets of a large town like Leia; and my two horse artillery guns in an intrenchment outside would soon be silenced by eight heavy guns. But doubting, as I did, the loyalty of two-thirds of my men—nay, believing that they had themselves invited the hostile movement—I determined at all costs to avoid the double danger of a collision.

"Plans No. 2 and 3 I rejected for similar reasons.

"All these considerations led me to prefer making only one short march to the Indus, and awaiting General Cortlandt at Girâng on the other bank. The Killadar of Girâng is also a Puthân of my own appointment.

"Accordingly, yesterday morning we marched from Leia to this place, on the left bank of the Indus, and collected boats for embarkation; but I strictly forbade any one to cross, resolving to wait one more day on this side of the Indus, and see if anything might turn up in our favour.

"This morning another kossid has arrived from Mooltan, and says that, out of the four thousand five hundred men ordered to

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Leia, only five hundred have crossed the Chenab, and are encamped on the right bank.

"I now hope, therefore, to be able to hold my ground on this side of the Indus, until General Cortlandt can come up; when, if he has reliance on the Moossulmân regiments with him, and four guns, I shall lose no time in resuming my former position at Leia, so advantageous for the administration of the Doâb, and co-operation in any plans you may have formed for the reduction of Mooltan. Already I have sent a party of cavalry to Leia, to secure intelligence, collect customs, encourage friends, and show foes that we are not yet gone."

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CHAPTER XI

EVENING GUNFIRE

[In this chapter Ruskin quotes from *A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. ii. pp. 109–118.]

"LIEUTENANT EDWARDES TO THE RESIDENT AT LAHORE

"CAMP, DERA FUTTEH KHAN GHÁT,
"*May 3rd*, 1848.

"IT is with regret I inform you that I have been obliged to re-cross the Indus. On the 1st of May I reported to you that I had retired from Leia to the left bank of the river, but I hoped to be able to maintain my ground in the Sindh Sâgur Doâb until General Cortlandt's arrival, as I had heard that the eight guns, and majority of the four thousand men, sent against us by Moolraj, had halted on the left bank of the Chenab.

"The halt appears to have been nothing more than the delay unavoidable in crossing troops and guns over a large river at this season of the year; and on the morning of the 2nd of May their advanced guard suddenly appeared at Kofilah, only four koss from Leia.

"It was, however, still doubtful whether the guns had come on, or not; and I again advanced the whole of my cavalry to Leia, under Sirdar Mohammed Khan and Foujdar Khan, to ascertain the force of the rebels,—to surprise the Kofilah party if it was unsupported by guns in the rear,—and to cover our retreat, if it proved to be only the advanced guard of the enemy's main body.

"They had scarcely left camp, when they were met by another kossid, with the information that Moolraj's guns and main body were indeed within eight koss of Leia, to the south; but they gallantly carried out their orders, reached Leia in the evening, threw out sowars to Kofilah, and having ascertained beyond all doubt the character of the hostile movement, fell back in good order at midnight.

"The intelligence brought by the kossid last mentioned, decided me to lose no time; and, striking the tents at mid-day, I crossed the whole baggage and cattle of the force to the right bank of the Indus before nightfall, retaining only the guns and infantry. The men, fully accoutred, lay down in a half-moon, with the river in the rear, and the empty boats drawn up ready for embarkation. In this order we awaited the return of the cavalry, and day; at dawn this morning the cavalry and guns crossed in two detachments, and about eight o'clock I brought up the rear with

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the infantry, just about the time when the enemy must have been marching into Leia, twelve miles behind us.

"I assure you that I gave up the Doâb with the greatest reluctance; but I have already, in my last letter, fully given my last reasons for avoiding so unequal a collision as must have taken place, between two guns and fifteen hundred men (of one thousand of whom the fidelity was very doubtful), and eight guns and four thousand men, united in a desperate cause, and encouraged by the knowledge of having friends in my camp. The mortification of the retreat, and possibly its condemnation by those who know not the difficulties of my position, can only be personal to myself; whereas a defeat of the Sirkar's troops, in any quarter at the present moment, could not fail to have a disheartening influence on the army now advancing from Lahore, and seriously increase the difficulty of quelling the rebellion in Mooltan.

"As it is, my withdrawal from the Doâb can only be temporary. General Cortlandt, with another regiment (of Moossulmâns), and I believe six guns, will join me to-morrow, when we shall be in a condition to re-cross, and engage the rebels."

I shall not readily forget these events. To retreat at all, at any time, and under any circumstances, must be mortifying enough to a soldier. But the circumstances under which I had to retreat were these.

I was the only man in the whole camp who wanted to retreat!

The Sikh soldiers, who were the majority, had, there is every reason to believe, sold me. My very price had been agreed upon: twelve thousand rupees to the regiment for joining the rebels in the battle, and twelve thousand more if they brought over my head with them. It is needless, therefore, to add, that with twenty-four thousand rupees to lose on one side, and merely honour on the other, the Futteh Pultun, to a man, was for standing fast at Leia. "What did I want to retreat for? Did I doubt their fidelity, or their courage? They would throw themselves into the town of Leia, erect barricades, and hold the place to all eternity. As for Moolraj's troops, though they were twenty to one, they should be eaten up! Only place implicit confidence in *them*, and I should never repent it!" (Which was probably true; for they would not have given me time.)

On the other hand, the faithful few, the artillery, the Poorbeeuh infantry, and the newly-raised Puthâns of the last week, were indignant at the bare notion of retreating; for it is a maxim of war among high-minded Asiatics, and especially Puthâns, that, "having advanced your right foot, it is honourable to bring the left up to it; but to draw the right back to the left is a disgrace." But, I asked, "Suppose the enemy is obviously too strong for you?" "Then stand and die!" was the rash, but chivalrous response.

So there I stood alone among my soldiers; some traitors, some true men, but all urging me to prove a fool, all fearing I might prove a coward.

I esteem it not the least of my little victories, that I stuck that day to my own opinion. There was not a shadow of doubt in my mind as to the course which ought to be pursued; and I resolved accordingly to pursue it. For I again repeat a sentiment which I have before expressed

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in these volumes, that he who has to act upon his own responsibility is a slave if he does not act also on his own judgment.

Turning, therefore, to all the officers, false and true, I said: "It is my deliberate opinion that this force is incapable of resisting such an one as the rebels have sent against us, either in the open field, or in an intrenched position. To attempt it would be to sacrifice many lives in vain; and I consider it, therefore, my duty to retreat. As to military maxims, every country has its own; and among my countrymen (who are not considered very bad soldiers!) it is reckoned very bad generalship to fight unless there is a reasonable chance of victory. Let us therefore retreat, and reinforce ourselves. A long war is before us; and the day will soon come when I shall call on you all to prove the valour of which you now make such display. We shall then see who is brave and who is not."

Next day the retreat was made, but with reluctance; and the following colloquy between some Sikh soldiers of the rear-guard was overheard by my own servants.

"What shall we do with this Sahib of ours?"

"Oh! kill him of course—what else?"[1]

"D'ye think so? Well, I vote we *don't* kill him."

"What then? You wouldn't let him off?"

"No!" (with concentrated malignity), "I'd *make a Sikh of him!*"

"What for?"

"Why, when he was a regular Sikh, and had taken the Páhul,* I'd then make him carry bricks and mortar in a wicker basket on his head, as he made us do at Bunnoo, building that fort of Duleepgurh. I should just like to see how he'd like it."

And that night of May 2nd, when we lay down on the bank of the Indus, in a half-moon, with our backs to the river,—shall I ever forget it? There was a mutual distrust between the faithful and unfaithful parties of the soldiery. Not a word had been spoken, no duty refused, no symptom of open mutiny; and yet both sides knew each other, avoided each other, and were getting angry with each other. To make the best of it, I put the two guns in the centre, with the faithful Poorbeeuhs right and left, and lay down behind them. This secured the artillery, and divided the Sikh regiment into wings, right and left of the Poorbeeuhs. The new Puthán levies, and other horsemen, were thrown out as a picket to Leia.

Wearily and sleeplessly passed the night; the picket having ascertained the proximity of the enemy, fell back from Leia; and when morning dawned, there must be no delay in re-crossing to our own side of the Indus.

Then arose the question, who was to go over first? I found myself at the schoolboy puzzle of the Fox, the Geese, and the Ferryman.

If the faithless went over first, they would keep the boats on the

* The "páhul" is the initiation into the Sikh religion, and consists chiefly, I believe, of pledging attachment to its ordinances in a draught of water, which has been mystically stirred up with a sword or other weapon of steel or iron.

[1] [For a note by Ruskin on this passage, see below, p. 481.]

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other side, and leave the faithful to be cut up by the enemy; if the faithful went over first, the faithless might join the enemy unopposed, and carry one thousand disciplined soldiers into the ranks of rebellion.

At last, I settled it in this way. The artillery and cavalry were sent over first in two voyages; and when the boats returned the third time, I appointed one to every company of infantry, faithful and unfaithful, at intervals along the bank; and told all to step into their respective boats at the first sound of a bugle, and at the second to push off and proceed.

This was done, but not without considerable excitement, which was now becoming irrepressible, as the enemy was known to be within a few miles; and when at last a Poorbeeuh and Sikh soldier drew their swords on each other, and the rest of their comrades were beginning to run together to the point, I thought all our pains were about to be thrown away at the last moment; but on my seizing both the combatants by the collar, and thrusting them into my own boat, and then ordering the bugler to sound for embarkation, the crowd broke sulkily up again, and got on board. Again the bugle rang out over the Indus; to my irrepressible joy every boat pushed off, and we crossed that broad river in almost as perfect a military formation as a regiment in open column of company taking ground to its left at a review.

Once on the right bank, I felt a match for the traitors; and as soon as all had disembarked, I called up the grey-headed adjutant of the Poorbeeuhs, and put the boats under the charge of him and his men. "Take them," I said, "out of the main stream two miles up the branch that leads to Dera Futteh Khan; anchor them at the back of the island, and defend them with your lives against any one who attempts to take them from you."

Moolraj's army marched into Leia at the same time that we landed on the opposite bank, and threw out a reconnoitring party to the Indus without delay, to ascertain our position, and, if possible, secure some boats; but neither were to be seen. In the course of the day, however, as I afterwards learnt, an ambassador from their camp managed to make his way over to mine, and deliver two or three pairs of gold bracelets, which Moolraj had sent to officers of the Futteh Pultun. This of course was unknown to me; but there was quite enough of disaffection apparent among the Sikh soldiers to make me very anxious for General Cortlandt's arrival with the reinforcements.

He could not now be far off; and my attempt to make out his exact distance produced one of the most striking incidents I ever witnessed.

It was a custom of Sikh armies, when they wished to proclaim their own position to an ally, or ascertain his, to fire two guns as soon as all was still at nightfall, to which the ally immediately replied, if he was within hearing.

This was well known to me, and I determined to try it on the night of 3rd May. About 9 P.M., therefore, our two horse artillery guns were fired, and I bent an attentive ear for the response.

Scarcely had the echo died away, when eight guns and countless camel-swivels and muskets rent the air with their discharge; but not in the desired direction. It was the defiance of the enemy at Leia, who maintained it with successive rounds for an hour.

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Such a roar of hostile artillery, in the dead of night, made a powerful impression on our little camp; and, when it ceased, dismay had fallen on many a faithful heart, when—hark!—due north there rolls down the Indus the deep boom of a distant gun;—a minute's pause, and then another boom is heard. It is the answer to our signal—heard and understood alike in those two hostile camps, divided by the Indus. *We* knew that our friends had come, and *they* that their opportunity was gone.

The long interval of an hour, which occurred between my signal and General Cortlandt's reply, and which the enemy so efficiently filled up, was afterwards thus explained. Our two guns were heard by the General's fleet, while still floating down the river; and they had to pull to the nearest shore, and disembark a gun, before they could fire in reply.

By seven o'clock next morning, the reinforcing fleet of twenty-six boats anchored alongside our camp, bringing the General, with Soobhan Khan's infantry regiment of Mohammedans, and six horse-artillery guns. General Cortlandt brought this detachment from Bunnoo in the extraordinarily short period of eight days, having marched to Dera Ishmael Khan, and thence taken boat. None saw clearer than he to what end these events were tending; none knew better the value of every hour.

The following note by Lady Edwardes explains in few words all that is likely to have embarrassed the reader in the foregoing chapter. I know so much less of Indian matters than most Englishmen that I shrink from encumbering the pages with elucidations useless except to myself.

"The 'Khâlsa' was the military body formed by Govindh Singh, the tenth Gooroo, purposely with the object of resisting the Mohammedans. The Sikhs had previously not been a warlike sect. Gooroo Nânuck, the founder, was a man of mild, unwarlike precepts. Gooroo Govindh changed the whole, and established the Khâlsa, a distinctly warlike body, with significant watchwords, implying readiness for action. The Khâlsa looked to their Gooroo, but otherwise were equal among themselves, and carried on their affairs by councils. This system passed into the army established and drilled by foreign European officers; and when the soldiery got the upper hand, the chief men in the regiments banded together and ruled the whole body, and showed great power, which made them afterwards so dangerous and difficult to deal with, as in our two (first and second) 'Sikh Wars' in the Punjāb. Cortlandt was one of these foreign European officers *in the service of the Sikhs*, when he first came upon the scenes at Bunnoo, and joined with Herbert."

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PART III

THE PATIENCE OF KINEYREE

CHAPTER XII

INQUISITIVE

ALTHOUGH in the abstract here made of Lieutenant Edwardes' diary, I have been compelled to omit many passages far more clearly explanatory of his personal character than those collated, thus fragmentarily, to mark the course of events, I believe the thoughtful reader cannot but already feel the many reasons I had for calling him a missionary more than a soldier[1]—though a consummate soldier to begin with. The general public is apt to estimate victory by its cost, and success, as now everything else, by its visible magnitude. Whereas, in right estimate of battle-gift in chiefs, the victories are greatest which are conclusive in result, because the blow is struck at the right time; and only the success true, which is secure because it is just.

If I am spared to continue *Præterita*,[2] its readers will find, what I think they would hardly have guessed from my general writings, that I have been a constant and careful student of battles, from the time when I first began to invent them geometrically on known dispositions of ground for my own pleasure. And in the range from

[1] [See ch. i.; above, p. 385.]

[2] [At this time Ruskin had published the first six chapters of *Præterita*. He was spared to publish twenty-two more; but the work was never completed, and does not contain any reference to his study of military history, on which subject see above, p. xxxvi.]

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Marathon to Inkermann, I know not another instance of generalship, under the most difficult conditions, so absolutely swift, ingenious, and permanently and beneficently successful, as these two campaigns of Edwardes in Bunnoo and the Doâb.[1] *Beneficently* successful, securing not only the loyal attachment of conquered tribes to—I was going to have said, himself—but ought rather to say, to the English character he represented, but developing in them the most beautiful charities, and understandings of each other, as in the case of the returning outlaw under Shah Niwaz of Tâk.

The general points respecting battle tenor and conduct which I had gathered from my mixed reading were intended to have been enforced in an abstract of the battles of Friedrich, which I had in preparation when Carlyle's too swift death[2] took away all my heart for it. The great difficulties in such work are, first, to rescue from exaggeration what the battle really was; and, secondly, from the lucky or unlucky accidents of the fact, what it was *meant* to be, when either general has a meaning at all. At Alma, Lord Raglan, losing his way, finds himself with his staff, on a sudden, in the middle of the Russian lines. He observes to his surprised suite, "Our presence here will be of the greatest advantage."[3] It was so; but it was not an advantage Lord Raglan had calculated on. And the battle was won, not by Lord Raglan, but by Colonel Yea and Sir Colin Campbell.

Too many of our English victories (we are in the extremely bad habit of forgetting our defeats) have been of this accidental character, their blunders redeemed by hard fighting and cruel loss. On the other hand, all Friedrich's battles are composed with the precision of a

[1] [For a note on this passage, see the Introduction; above, p. xli. *n.*]

[2] [February 5, 1881. For Ruskin's earlier analysis of some other portion of Carlyle's *Friedrich*, see Appendix to *Crown of Wild Olive* (Vol. XVIII. pp. 515-533).]

[3] [For a reference to this incident, see Vol. XXV. p. 130 *n.* For Colonel Yea's part in the battle, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 20, 21 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 339, 340 *n.*, 364); and compare *Pleasures of England*, § 83 (Vol. XXXIII.).]

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musical arrangement. When he fails, it is either because his orders have been disobeyed, or because difficulties occur in their execution which no foresight could have anticipated. The only quite sound and flawless fulfilments of his orders are at Leuthen,[1] Rossbach, and Sohr.* Kolin was lost by the direct disobedience of a general officer; Kunersdorf by the unexpected strength of a fort, which could not have been previously estimated; and Torgau cost dearer than a defeat, by the inconceivable misunderstanding of Ziethen. Curiously, Hohenfriedberg, the most cunningly and long in advance prepared of all his battles, is thrown into some confusion by accident of ground, causing delay in movement; and the brilliancy of its success is finally owing to the refusal of Gessler to receive the king's consequent order conveyed to him by Valori, and remaining doggedly where the king himself had told him to stay.

It is especially also to be noticed that Friedrich's battles are all passionate. He loses his head in defeat, rides away out of the first sight of it at Mollwitz, protracts the ruin of Kolin in desperation, and would fain have fallen by a chance bullet at Kunersdorf. The Duke of Wellington is totally the contrary of him in this particular.[2] His battles are the severe application of perfect military science, with perfect coolness of nerve, absolutely conquered passion (such passion as he had to conquer), a certain quantity always of the best soldier material in the world to work with

* Sohr is the most interesting of all. "He himself gallops to the piquet on the heights, glass in hand. 'Austrian army, sure enough, thirty to thirty-five thousand of them,—we only eighteen.' Friedrich gallops down, with his plan clear enough; and already the Austrians, horse and foot, are deploying upon the heights he has quitted."[3]

[1] [For another reference to the battle of Leuthen, see *Præterita*, iii. § 79.]

[2] [For a short character-picture of the Duke, see *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, § 130 (Vol. XII. pp. 154–5).]

[3] [Carlyle's *Friedrich*, Book xv. ch. xii. For the battles—of Leuthen, see Book xviii. ch. x.; Rossbach, Book xviii. ch. viii.; Kolin, Book xviii. ch. iv.; Kunersdorf, Book xix. ch. iv.; Torgau, Book xx. ch. v.; Hohenfriedberg, Book xv. ch. x.; Mollwitz, Book xii. ch. x. To Kunersdorf, Ruskin refers in *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 59; and to Friedrich's flight at Mollwitz, in *Præterita*, iii. § 26.]

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(Irish and Scotch),* with admirable staff officers for his friends, and usually second- or third-rate ones for his enemies. Until 1815, he had never met one good general except Masséna;—over whom he gained no advantage.[1] But he never makes a mistake, never neglects a detail, never falls into a trap, and never misses an opportunity. Also, when he sees that a thing *can* be done, he does it, without asking how many men it will cost. It will for ever remain a question between the two nations whether Waterloo was lost by Napoleon's misuse of his cavalry, or Wellington's discipline of his infantry. But there is no question at all that a general of the highest quality,—Friedrich, Black Edward, or Castruccio de' Castracani,[2]—with the entire force of Prussia and England at his command, would have

* "It was a Highland rear-lorn hope that covered the broken wreck of Cumberland's army after the disastrous day of Fontenoy, when more British soldiers lay dead upon the field than fell at Waterloo itself. It was another Highland regiment that scaled the rock face over the St. Lawrence, and first formed a line in the September dawn on the level sward of Abraham. It was a Highland line that broke the power of the Mahratta hordes, and gave Wellington his maiden victory at Assaye. Thirty-four battalions marched from these glens to fight in America, Germany, and India, ere the eighteenth century had run its course. And yet while, abroad over the earth, Highlanders were thus first in assault and last in retreat, their lowly homes in far-away glens were being dragged down; and the wail of women and the cry of children went out upon the same breeze that bore too upon its wings the scent of heather, the freshness of gorse blossom, and the myriad sweets that made the lowly life of Scotland's peasantry blest with health and happiness.

"There are crimes done in the dark hours of strife, and amid the blaze of man's passions, that sometimes make the blood run cold as we read of them; but they are not so terrible in their red-handed vengeance as the cold malignity of a civilised law which permits a brave and noble race to disappear by the operation of its legalised injustice." (Colonel Butler, in *Far-out Rovings Retold*.[3])

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[1] [See Napier's *History of the War in the Peninsula*, books x.–xii., for the long check which Wellington sustained at Torres Vedras, and for his narrow escape from defeat at Fuentes d'Oñoro.]

[2] [For other references to the Black Prince, see *Val d'Arno*, § 197 (Vol. XXIII. p. 116), and *Bible of Amiens*, ch. iv. § 41; to Castruccio, *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 18 (Vol. XXVII. p. 308), and the other passages there noted.]

[3] [For another reference to this passage in Colonel (afterwards Sir William) Butler's book, see the Preface to *Bible of Amiens*.]

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crushed Napoleon without losing ten thousand men in a single day.

But there is one military character in which Friedrich, Napoleon, Wellington, and Nelson, all are alike. They, and the men they command, and the nations they represent, alike *hate their enemies*.[1] England and France mean, in war, nothing but mischief to each other; so, alas, Prussia and Austria,—France and Prussia. In all battles commanded by these generals, they lead men in whom they can entirely trust, against men to whom they mean no mercy.

The character of the missionary soldier whose campaign we are studying, no less than his circumstances, are the absolute reverse. He had not a single man of his own nation, or religion, under his command; while among his enemies there are many to whom he wishes only good, there are none to whom he wishes evil. He is continually striving to spare life on both sides, on all sides—not only to spare, but to educate, to convince, and to win. With whomsoever he deals, his first dealing is absolute justice. "They sent him with an escort—*I* put him in irons."[2] Then, what good or virtue is in them he will seize and cherish;—of nearly all material he makes something,—of the best, everything; he has the loyalest and the most various friends, and even the men who dread him most, partly love him through their fear. "What shall we do with this Sahib of ours?"[3] There would have been no question what was to be done with any other Sahib at such a time.

I leave to his much-loved wife the privilege of giving the history of his religious feelings and faith, so far as they regulated his own life and were the foundation of its happiness.[4] The sense in which I have used the word

[1] [Compare Vol. XVII. p. 462, where Ruskin quotes Nelson's saying, "Hate every Frenchman as the Devil."]

[2] [See above, ch. viii., p. 452.]

[3] [See above, ch. xi., p. 474.]

[4] [See *Memorials of the Life and Letters of Major-General Sir Herbert B. Edwardes, K.C.B., K.C.S.I.*, by his wife (London, 2 vols., 1886), vol. ii. pp. 369 *seq.*]

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"Faith" in the text and the name of this book, is that of trust not only in the protection of God, but in the nobleness and kindness of men.[1] The complete record which I believe Lady Edwardes may be able to place before the public, before, perhaps, the first sheet of this broken sketch can be in their hands, will contain, I doubt not, the most singular instances of the fearless power given him by this conviction, on the most critical occasions, and under the most difficult conditions. Let us pass now to the conclusion of our own tale.

[1] [Compare the second Article in the Creed of St. George, "I trust in the nobleness of human nature" (Vol. XXVIII. p. 419).]

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CHAPTER XIII

FOUJDAR KHAN UNPURCHASEABLE

I AM obliged to omit all official, and many material, details, in this part of the story; and must sum the effective state of things as I best can, to enable the reader to understand the sequel.

The British Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief agreeing that British soldiers cannot march in warm weather, the Resident at Lahore writes to Lieutenant Edwardes that he is to stay where he is—on the west side of Indus;—and that he is quite strong enough to hold his own there, and keep Moolraj on the other side for the present; and that Moolraj shall be presently shut up in Mooltan by five converging arrangements, and no harm come to him, or of him, for six months, and then he shall be besieged in form, and taken, and sate upon, etc., etc.

Of course Lieutenant Edwardes cannot contradict his commander-in-chief; but takes the liberty to explain to the Resident that until Moolraj *is* shut up by the converging arrangements, it will not be easy to guard a hundred miles' length of ferriable river against him, night and day; and also, that if the murder of two British officers, and rebellion of a Sikh city is left unnoticed for six months, there may be other Sikhs, not to say Bunnoochees and Afghans, who may take to haymaking in a similar style during the warm weather; but that if, at once, *one* of the five arrangements can be carried out—that is to say, the Dâoodpotras of the well-disposed Bhawul Khan moved against Moolraj from the south, and he himself be allowed to cross Indus and go in with them at Moolraj as hard as

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he can hit,—he will answer for the good end of the whole matter.

On this representation follows a fortnight of official correspondence,—most of it lost, with the postbags, to Moolraj's rough riders; during which time Edwardes and General Cortlandt, between them, guard Indus as best they may. But at last Bhawul Khan's men are really got to move on Mooltan; and then Lieutenant Edwardes—having quite properly asked leave to cross Indus himself—though he has not got it, assumes, with every appearance of probability, that it was in the missing postbags, and crosses Indus accordingly; meekly advising the Resident, of course, that he has done so. On which he gets forbidden, still more strictly, to cross the Chenab, still between him and Mooltan, which accordingly he very obediently does not—but only moves quite up to the edge of it, and sits down to look at it. Whereupon——

If the reader will now set open the map on page 456, and refer carefully to it through the rest of this chapter, he will, I think, have no further difficulty in following, through the entries of Sir Herbert's diary, the more detailed manner of their happening, in the events I have thus shortly fore-sketched; and the practical issues of all these arrangements, through the succeeding chapters. Which commence thus:[1]—

"One of the first duties which I intrusted to General Cortlandt, after his joining me at Dera Futteh Khan, was that of thoroughly ascertaining the condition of the suspected Futteh Pultun. This his long familiarity with Sikh soldiers would enable him to do much better than I could: he had Sikh orderlies attached to him, who could worm any secret out of their countrymen; and he had above all an honourable partiality for the Sikh army, in which he had served so many years, which would make him glad to exculpate the regiment if he could, and correct my own prejudices against them.

"The General was fully alive to the importance of an inquiry on which the safety of the whole camp might any day depend; and spared no pains to ascertain the truth.

[1] [Ruskin proceeds to quote (with some compression) from *A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. ii. pp. 151–164.]

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"In particular, his Sikh orderlies had leave to spend the day with their friends in the Sikh regiment; and under the genial influence of a full stomach, the brightly dawning prospects of the Khalsa nation, the ability displayed by the Sikh garrison of Mooltan in making Moolraj's ambition a tool to embroil the British in another war,—the bold manifesto they had sent to the Futteh Pultan at Leia, how the Futteh Pultan hailed it, and sent off deputies to Mooltan to sell their services,—the rewards Moolraj had held out in reply,—the heavy gold bangles he had clinked and jingled in their ears,—the dispatch of a rebel force against us to bring things to a crisis,—my untimely suspicions and retreat,—all these topics were unreservedly canvassed: and such a thoroughly treacherous and disaffected spirit displayed, such a greedy looking forward to the coming revolution with its plunder and rewards, that the spies summed up their report to the General in the evening with the emphatic figure, 'that the mouths of the Futteh Pultun were as wide open as they could go, and would swallow anything.'

"This being the alarming state of the Sikhs in our own camp, we next sent over spies to that of the enemy at Leia.

"They returned in the evening of May 5th, and reported the rebel force to consist of four infantry regiments (among them the Ghoorkhas who deserted Agnew and Anderson), two thousand Puthán, and one thousand Sikh and Punjábee cavalry, eight horse-artillery guns, two heavy ditto, sixty camel-swivels, and two more heavy guns coming up from the rear;—in fact, almost the whole of Moolraj's disposable force at that time, and under the command of his brother, Shám Sing.

"Having myself no letters as yet from the Resident, I was obliged to draw conclusions from the movements of the enemy.

"It was clear that he had neither news of an army coming against him from Lahore, nor expectation of one being sent, else he dared not have thrown all his strength across the Chenab, to oppose a single British officer with a mere detachment. I could only conjecture, therefore, that the season was declared too far advanced for a British army to take the field; that the Resident thought a Sikh army would be worse than none; and that consequently no operations would be undertaken against Mooltan during the hot season.

"Should that course be adopted, Moolraj would be at liberty, for some months, to turn his arms in whatever direction he chose; and the force he had already dispatched to Leia showed his decided predilection for destroying *me*.

"Looking round me for the means of meeting such a campaign, I saw clearly that, exert myself as I might in the enlistment of the border tribes, I never could keep them together in sufficient numbers to perform the double office of overawing doubtful friends and fighting open enemies, without a large exchequer.

"Old soldiers, and loyal soldiers, don't like fighting long without pay; but mercenaries will not fight at all.

"Where was I to get money from? The revenues of General Cortlandt's province were insufficient to pay the Sikh troops already in it; and the treasury at Lahore was emptied by the ordinary expenses of the State as fast as revenues came in. There was not room for another drummer-boy's fist in the Sikh military-chest.

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"One way alone was open to me to get money, and that was to take it from Moolraj; to defend my own provinces by taking *his*, and feed my own soldiers out of the revenues of the country they could wrest from *him*.

"I thought this feasible, if I could get an ally to help me, if only by distracting the enemy's attention; and, on the 5th of May, I wrote to ask the Resident for the assistance of Bhâwul Khan, the Nuwab of Bhawulpoor, a Mohammedan* Prince, whose territory was only divided from that of Mooltan by the Sutlej, and whose character for fidelity to the British Government stood high.

"If not, I begged him to send me no more Sikhs!

"On the 6th of May, the rapid rising of the Indus threatened soon to overwhelm us, unless we moved away from the margin of its banks; and I reconnoitred the country for a better spot to encamp in. The country people showed me one in the direction of the fort of Girâng; but I feared the moral effect of a retrograde movement, however small, and determined to move to the front, if it were only a mile (*i.e.*, south, towards Mooltan).

"On the 7th of May, however, there was another shifting of the scenes. The rebel army broke up from Leia, and retreated with such precipitation that all discipline was lost. Moolraj's orders to his brother were 'to make Mooltan in two marches,'—a feat just possible, the distance being seventy miles, with a broad river to cross.

"Many reasons were given out by the rebels for this move; but believing that it could only be to defend Mooltan from some of our approaching armies, I once more crossed a picket of one hundred horsemen over the Indus to Leia, to gain intelligence for our future guidance. Whereupon Moolraj's Governor once more abandoned his government, and fled with his guards, leaving some artillery horses and other impediments behind him, and the picket took peaceful possession of the city.

"On the 8th of May I received a letter from the Resident, dated April 29th! It informed me that he approved of all I had done, and had written to me constant letters (none of which I had received), containing full instructions (of which I was consequently ignorant).

"Later in the day a second letter-bag came in (the communication being no longer intercepted by the enemy). It contained only a short note; but this conveyed the Resident's explicit instructions to keep to the right bank of the river, protect my own province, and do all in my power to secure the fidelity of the regular troops with me. This last I had already done, by enlisting Puthâns to overawe them; and with reference to the two former points, so long as our main body was trans-Indus,

* In the first part, this prince is erroneously described as a Hindū.[1] I took him for one because he sent a stupid commander with his force, instead of leading it himself; and I never cared enough about him to make him out. The reader will find all that I have said of the differences between the two religions entirely sound, whatever mistakes I may have made in particular instances. [J. R.]

[1] [See chap. ii.; above, p. 398.]

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no danger and many advantages could arise from keeping a picket at Leia.*

"A still more urgent communication next came in. It was from Moolraj's right-hand man, Moostapha Khan, Khághwánee, who had come in one day all the way from Mooltan to Sooltán Kee Kote, twelve miles from Leia, to deliver a message from his master, and requested my right-hand man, Foujdar Khan, to meet him and receive it. Foujdar was of opinion that the ambassador was too honourable a man to leave Moolraj without his consent, and too useful to be sent on any but the most important business. So I sent Foujdar Khan off in a boat, full of trusty followers, to float down the Indus to the ferry nearest Sooltán Kee Kote, and ordered him on no account to land in the enemy's country; but send word to Moostapha Khan that he might come down to the river if he had anything to say.

"My impression was that Moolraj had thoughts of surrender; so I not only complied with his ambassador's request, but wrote a few lines of invitation to Moostapha Khan to come to my own camp, if he had anything of importance to communicate to me.

"He accepted the invitation, and returned next day with Foujdar Khan.

"His commission was a fair specimen of Oriental diplomacy. It consisted of two parts: one public, the other private.

"The private instructions were to buy over Foujdar Khan, whose utility to me made him obnoxious to the rebels.

"The public orders were to inquire if I had authority to treat with Moolraj; and if so, what assurances I could give him if he surrendered?

"To the latter I replied, that neither I, nor the Resident at Lahore, nor any one else, had authority to stand between the murderer of the two British officers and the retributive justice which their countrymen would demand.

"Moostapha Khan met this by warmly defending his master from the guilt of that cowardly deed, and said that all Moolraj demanded was 'justice and a fair trial.' This he repeated so often and earnestly, that I really believed Moolraj's heart misgave him, and that he was seriously entertaining the design of coming in, and throwing all the blame upon his soldiers. I did not believe that in a court of justice he could ever establish his innocence to the satisfaction of any one of common sense; but if he wished for the opportunity, I conceived it to be my duty to assure him that a fair trial in a British court of justice would be granted him at any time, and both life and honour be safe if he were pronounced not guilty.

"Public business being thus transacted, the envoy turned to his private memoranda.

"He had ascertained, on the road, that Foujdar Khan was not 'for sale' at present, having already found a purchaser, with whose chances of ultimate success he was well content. Moreover, Foujdar managed to convince him that it would be a much better stroke of business to sell himself,

* The reader will doubtless observe Master Herbert's philosophical way of doing as he is bid. [J. R.]

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and the rest of their mutual countrymen, the Puthán officers of Moolraj's garrison.

"To do Moostapha Khan and his Puthán friends justice, they had little heart in their master's rebellion; some of them (among whom was Moostapha) had even refused to set their seals to the oath of allegiance in such a cause; and all would have gladly seen the affair brought to a termination.

"What they most ardently desired was, if possible, to induce the Dewan to surrender; in which case they would have surrendered with him, and their honour and fidelity as soldiers remained free from stain. But if this could not be brought about, then they were generally resolved to separate themselves from Moolraj, but not to act on the side of the Maharajah and the British.

"Moostapha Khan, therefore, now acted on what he knew to be the secret plans of his countrymen in Mooltan. He had secured a written promise of a fair trial for Moolraj, and would use it on his return to the Dewan as a new argument for surrender. But he had in his own mind little expectation of success, and turned with greater earnestness to the alternative.

"Before entering into any negotiation with the Puthán portion of the Mooltan garrison, I thought it only right to ascertain distinctly what share they had taken in the murder of my own countrymen. For as yet I only knew, by common report, that the Puthán were the anti-war, and the Sikhs and Poorbeeuhs the war party.

"Moostapha Khan declared that the rebellion from beginning to end was the work of Hindūs; that of the two miscreants who first attacked Agnew and Anderson, one was a Dogruh, and the other a Sikh; and that all the subsequent events, and the readiness with which the Lahore escort sided with the Mooltan soldiery, were viewed with regret by the majority at least of the Puthán officers in Moolraj's service. Mr. Agnew had spoken kindly to them all, and assured them of employment under the Crown; so that they were certain of an honourable maintenance, and had nothing to gain by retaining the Dewan in power; while, on the other hand, they had lately been estranged from him by his ceasing to entrust them with the chief management of his affairs, and choosing for his favourites and counsellors men of vulgar birth, whose airs and slights had become insufferable.

"In short, he said, whether they receive encouragement or not from you, the Puthán officers are prepared to quit Moolraj if he persists in the rebellion; they have already removed their wives and children out of Mooltan to a fort of our own, named Kummur Kote, twenty koss south-east of Mooltan; and our only object in now informing you beforehand is to record the motives on which we act, and establish our future claim to employment.

"I received the above account at the time with more suspicion than I now know it deserved, for I felt strongly that nothing could justify even the passive adherence of the Puthán officers to their rebellious master; but on the whole it convinced me that the guilt of our countrymen's blood was upon the Sikh and Hindū portion of the garrison, and that the Puthán had contributed no more towards the rebellion than they could now counterbalance by their defection.

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"Accordingly, I closed with the envoy's offer, and guaranteed an honourable maintenance to all the Puthâns who should desert Moolraj and withdraw to Kummur Kote, on this condition—that they were innocent of the blood of Agnew and Anderson.

"Moostapha Khan, therefore, returned to Mooltan with two guarantees in his pocket.

"A guarantee to Moolraj of a fair trial before a British court of justice, if he felt innocent enough to surrender.

"And a guarantee of employment under the Crown to all the Puthân officers who, having hands unstained with British blood, chose to go no farther with Dewan Moolraj.

"How ultimately the breach between the Dewan and his Puthân officers so widened, that they not only left him, but fought on my side against him, will be related in due course; but I may as well close the other point here.

"The ambassador himself had no expectation of the Dewan's surrender; for with true Afghan sarcasm he had said to me at parting, 'Moolraj has asked for a fair trial, but he will hardly accept it. After all, what is he? A Hindû! And did you ever know a Hindû who had the magnanimity to throw himself on the honour of an enemy? His very fears have made him desperate; and he will scarcely give himself up alive.'" *

* The speech was justified to every letter, except the last. Moolraj had more confidence in his military resources than in his innocence; and chose the plain and the fortress before the prison and the dock. Timid by nature, and untrained to arms, his circumstances of mingled danger and temptation created in him every kind of courage, except the personal—in every degree except the last and rarest. He found, if he possessed it not before, the courage to dare the British power, the courage to murder its magistrates, the courage to hope to be a king, the courage to direct military operations, and the courage to endure and protract a siege; but he neither had, nor found, the courage to run the risk of a wound in saving the lives of two innocent men; he had not the courage to fly and throw himself on the mercy of the power he had unwillingly outraged; he had not the courage to lead his own army in the battles to which, with taunts, he urged them on; and he had not the courage at last to die, like Mozuffur Khan, in the breach of his battered fortress, and throw the pall of glory over his buried crimes.

He *did* "give himself up alive." He was brought to trial; found guilty; sentenced to death; mercifully reprieved, and transported. In short, he lived to ascertain what would have been, at worst, his fate had he surrendered, under my guarantee, before the war. I forbear from conjecturing whether his cell is darkened by the reflection that his not doing so cost many thousands of brave men their lives, and his own Sovereign a throne; but on our side it must ever remain a subject of satisfaction that he was not denied the "justice in open court" which he first sought, and then refused. On Moolraj alone rests the awful responsibility of the war which followed.[1]

[1] [This note occupies pp. 164–166 of the main text in *A Year on the Punjab Frontier.*]

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CHAPTER XIV

BY THE FORBIDDEN RIVER

[Here Ruskin quotes from *A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. ii. pp. 308–316.]

"LIEUTENANT EDWARDES TO THE RESIDENT

"CAMP, GAGGIANWALLAH FERRY, *on the right bank of the Chenab*" [italics mine—he has not yet crossed it; but only "looked at it," till he thinks he had better], "nine koss south of Khángurh and Shoojabád, June 17th, 1848.

"I HAVE to thank you for the confidence you repose in me, in leaving me 'unfettered, to act according as circumstances render it most expedient that I should, for the purpose of obtaining the great object in view';* without this, indeed, my position would be still more difficult than it is, and the army I have enlisted be reduced to inutility. The operation now going on is a good illustration: Dewan Moolraj has concentrated his whole force, for one decisive effort against the Dâoodpotra army, east of the Chenab, with the avowed intention of destroying that army and mine, successively and separately, and so ridding himself of the only enemies he sees in the field. It is quite possible that the Dâoodpotra army (which, by my advice, has in the course of the last two days strengthened itself, by calling in its detachments west of the Chenab and south-east of Mooltan) would be equal to encountering the Moolraj troops; but they evidently were not of that opinion themselves, and repeatedly called on me to come to their assistance. The impolicy also of leaving them to run the risk was sufficiently obvious, when the event could be made certain by junction; yet I had no authority from you to cross the Chenab, and only a reluctant permission to cross the Indus under pressing emergency.

"In resolving to follow the Koreyshee army across the Chenab, and unite with Bháwul Khan's troops, I have been obliged to incur the, at all times, dangerous responsibility to a political officer, of acting contrary

* Wrong, Master Herbert. You had no business to express anything but your thanks to Sir Frederick; you should not have quoted his own twaddle to him. [J. R.]

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to orders;* and it is a relief to me, on the very bank of the forbidden river, to receive your kind and considerate *carte blanche*.

"I am happy to inform you that the heavy firing heard by us at Khangurh yesterday morning, in the direction of the Dâoodpotra camp, turned out not to be an engagement with the enemy, but a prolonged *feu-de-joie* of artillery, on hearing of our rapid approach to their assistance.

"Dewan Moolraj's force, under Lalla Rung Rám, is still encamped within two koss † to the south of Shoojabád, taking up a strong position, it is supposed to await our united arrival, instead of hurrying on a collision this morning, as positively ordered, with the Dâoodpotras before I could come up. This is a fatal error, as, please God, they will find. The rebel movements show occasional flashes of military skill and enterprise in their design, but they invariably fade away when it comes to execution, and end in a weak retreat.

"The Dâoodpotras are still at Goweyn, twelve koss from Shoojabád, where they have wisely intrenched themselves till our arrival.

"General Cortlandt, with the guns and regular troops, joined me yesterday, at Klángurh; and as soon as the moon rose, the march was again resumed to this place, between nine and ten koss;‡ even this distance is a great effort in this severe heat. The Dâoodpotras are sending us up forty-seven boats, in which Moozooddeen Khan crossed his detachment yesterday. They will be here in a few hours, when the passage of the Chenab will immediately commence. Our numbers have swelled to nearly nine thousand men, and I am afraid we shall not be all over under three days; I have left it to Futteh Mohammed Khan, Ghoree, to fix the point of junction.

"When our two forces unite, we shall not be under eighteen thousand men, twenty-one guns, and about fifty zumbooruhs; and I cannot conceive the enemy awaiting such a force at Shoojabád. Even in intrenchments natives look to numbers, and the rebels have got neither the consciousness of honesty, nor the prestige of success, to support them.

"Were the Sikh troops on the frontier to be relied on for a moment, I would at this juncture make a rush at Mooltan, and, leaving Rung Rám in his intrenchment, get between him and his master, who is left, with a few personal guards only, in the fort.

"But the struggle now going on is of such a mixed nature, that the step would probably be unsuccessful; Moolraj is chief of the rebellion, merely by the accident of holding the *moshuksah* (lease, or contract, of the revenues) of Mooltan. The Sikhs have not espoused his cause out of attachment to him, but because it holds out an opportunity of renewing the old Khalsa struggle. It would therefore annoy them but little to separate Moolraj from the rebel army; they would probably abandon him

* Yes; but you needn't have said so; and Sir Frederick could then have left everybody to suppose you didn't, and that all the credit of the affair was his. I don't say he would; but your book would have been better received at Knightsbridge.[1] [J. R.]

† Three and one-eighth miles. [J. R.]

‡ Fifteen miles. [J. R.]

[1] [For the reference here, see the Introduction, above, p. xxxix.]

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to his fate, cross the Chenab, join Jhunda Singh's force at Leia, and call on those at Bunnoo and Peshawur to rise at once, in the name of the Khalsa. We should quell a rebellion, and get an insurrection in its stead.* I shall bend all my efforts, therefore, to driving the rebels into Mooltan, if we cannot bring them to an engagement in the plain.

"The force beyond Leia is a source of considerable anxiety to me; the majority of the Churunjeet regiment has joined Juss Mŭll,† Dewan Moolraj's Kárdár at that place; and it is but too apparent that the guns of Umeer Chund and Dhara Singh's infantry regiment are inclined to join them. Your orders are, to send Jhunda Singh's force to Jhung—most probably to avoid this very catastrophe; and I have forwarded the order to Jhunda Singh; *but I have also told him not to act upon it*,‡ if he thinks it would only make the men declare themselves, and go openly over to Moolraj. The Churunjeet regiment were led to decide for Moolraj, by Jowáhir Mull trying to get rid of them, by sending them on a frivolous excuse to Pind Dadun Khan. Seeing that they were suspected, they threw away the mask, and instead of marching on Pind Dadun Khan, bent their steps to Leia. It is a serious addition to our difficulties, thus to find our allies turning enemies, but there is no help for it; all we can do, is to increase our efforts to shut Moolraj up in Mooltan, and thus discourage all his friends.

"Your appointment of Lieutenant Lake to the political charge of the Bhawulpoor force is both timely and happy.

"That officer's personal courage, and professional talent, will find a field prepared for them."

As my next letter to the Resident was written "on the field of battle," after fighting for nine hours under an Indian sun in June, with the wrecks of a bloody struggle lying round me as I sat on the ground, and as yet the details of that struggle only imperfectly known to myself; I shall

* The distinction is a little too subtle in terms so short. He means, of course, by a "rebellion," the disobedience of a few rebellious persons to an established government; by "insurrection," the resolution of a nation to change its government—if it can. [J. R.]

† Sir Herbert's lovely book was made nearly unreadable, at the time, by these unlucky Jeets and Jusses and Mulls. He had no time to weed it of them.—The reader will have sense to see the difference between my revision in such points of my friend's rapid work, and the mastication by vile publishers of Scott's and other great men's deliberate work, for the mob's maw, and their own profit. [J. R.][1]

‡ Italics mine. The "rider" is very characteristic of Sir Herbert's combined audacity and subtlety. The Duke would have sent the order as he received it, held himself silently prepared accordingly, and lost a thousand men or so in redeeming the damage. It was his notion of "duty"—but he always meant duty to the barracks. Sir Herbert would neither have had his windows broken by the mob, nor, if he had, put up iron shutters afterwards. [J. R.]

[1] [See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 94, § 2 *n.* (Vol. XXIX. pp. 480–481).]

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here depart for a moment from the general rule I have adopted of letting the "Blue Book" tell the tale with the addition of occasional new comments and explanations; and shall endeavour to give the reader a more full and just idea of the battle of Kineyree.

On the day of the 17th June, the relative strength and positions of the three armies were as follows:—The rebel army, of from eight thousand to ten thousand horse and foot, and ten guns, commanded by Moolraj's brother-in-law, Rung Rám, and the Dâoodpotra army of about eight thousand five hundred horse and foot, eleven guns and thirty zumbooruhs, commanded by Futteh Mohammed Khan, Ghoree, were on the left bank of the Chenab; and my force, consisting of two divisions (one of faithful regulars, foot and artillery, of the Sikh service, about one thousand five hundred men, and ten guns, under General Cortlandt, and another of about five thousand irregulars, horse and foot, and thirty zumbooruhs, under my own personal command), was upon the right bank.*

Rung Rám's camp was pitched across the high road to Mooltan, three miles south of Shoojabád; Futteh Mohammed's at Goweyn, fifteen miles farther south; and mine at Gaggianwallah Ferry, about twelve miles south of Khángurh.

The three formed a triangle; in which the Dâoodpotras were nearer to me than to the enemy, but nearer to the enemy than I was; while a river about three miles wide divided the allies.

It is obvious that, in such a position of affairs, had Rung Rám marched upon the Dâoodpotras on the morning of the 17th, his numbers being equal, if not superior, and his *matériel* far better (Moolraj's soldiers being chiefly experienced regulars, and Bhâwul Khan's chiefly irregulars who had never seen a round shot fired), he must have defeated my allies before I could get across the river, and perhaps have prevented me from crossing at all.

That he did not do this, I attribute partly to the divided councils of a native camp, but chiefly to Rung Rám's uncertainty as to my intentions. He was afraid I should cross the Chenab above him at Khángurh; and he had no wish to be placed between two fires.

About noon on the 17th, he obtained correct information that I had moved south to Gaggianwallah, and was endeavouring to effect a junction with the Dâoodpotras. But it was too late to march fifteen miles to Goweyn, and fight a battle with Futteh Mohammed before night. So Rung Rám waited till the evening, and then moved eight miles lower down the Chenab, to the village of Bukree, which brought him within an easy march of Kineyree, where he knew I must cross from Gaggianwallah; and he calculated on occupying Kineyree early the next morning, and so keeping me on the right bank while he thrashed the Dâoodpotras on the left.

The merit of defeating this plan is due to Peer Ibraheem Khan, Buhadoor, the Native Political Agent of the British Government at the Court of Bhawulpoor.

This able and faithful officer had accompanied the Dâoodpotra army

* In all, fifteen thousand men (not eighteen thousand as he had hoped), twenty-one guns, and sixty zumbooruhs. [J. R.]

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from Bhawulpoor to Goweyn, and counteracted in no small degree the imbecility of its General, Futteh Mohammed Khan.

No sooner did Rung Rám issue orders for a move to the south on the evening of the 17th, than the Peer's spies brought him the intelligence; and the Peer immediately sent it on to me, adding his own belief that the place where the rebels meant to halt for the night was Bukree. "Under these circumstances," said the Peer, "I would advise our moving down to Kineyree, to secure the ferry, and cover your disembarkation."

The Peer was one of those men who are found only on frontiers, as the chamois is found only amid snows. On one side of his girdle was a pen, and on the other a sword; and he had a head, a hand, and a heart, ready to wield either with vigour.

The advice which he now gave was admirable; and I not only adopted it, but gave him a positive order to carry it out upon the spot. "Tell Futteh Mohammed," I sent him word, "to strike his tents, and march down to this ferry at whatever hour of the night this letter reaches you; and if he refuses, supersede him.* *It must be done*, and there is no time for correspondence." At the same time I promised, if possible, to have three thousand men and ten guns across the river to meet the Dâoodpotras on their arrival.

While this order was on its way to the Dâoodpotras, I held a consultation with General Cortlandt and Foujdar Khan (who by this time had become "Adjutant-General!" of the Puthán levies), as to the order of our passage over the Chenab.

We had as yet but a few boats, which had been collected for us by Moozooddeen Khan, Khághwánee, an officer of Nuwab Bháwul Khan's; and if we attempted to pass the regular troops over first, very few could be got over before morning; and as to the guns, it was deemed unsafe to cross them during the night at all. Finally, therefore, it was resolved that the boats should be filled choke-full of picked Irregular Infantry and dismounted cavalry, whose chief officers should be allowed to take their horses, but no other horse were to go till morning.

In this way a strong division of three thousand Puthán Irregulars, with about fifty mounted chiefs, effected the passage; *and their commander, Foujdar Khan, boldly led them forward*† in the direction whence the Dâoodpotra column might be expected, and met it about a mile from the river, a little before sunrise.

* This is quite official: but brief! as was needful. [J. R.]

† The reader cannot pay too much attention to the character of Foujdar Khan, faultless in all relations, and fearless in all act. [J. R.]

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CHAPTER XV

THE CHARGE OF FOUJDAR KHAN

[In this chapter Ruskin quotes from *A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. ii. pp. 316–326.]

"I SLEPT that night on the right bank, intending to take over a second division as soon as the fleet returned from its first voyage. But at six o'clock on the 18th there was no fleet to be seen. Two little ferry-boats had, however, come up from another ferry; and, getting into these with a few horsemen and servants, and leaving General Cortlandt to pass the rest of the force over as rapidly as he could, I pushed off for Kineyree.

"About a hundred yards from the left bank, I was roused from a 'brown study,' not unnatural amid plans so doubtful in their issue, so heavy in their responsibility, by a burst of artillery within a mile or two of the shore. A second cannonade replied, was answered, and replied again; and two tall opposite columns of white smoke rose out of the jungle, higher and higher at every discharge, as if each strove to get above its adversary, then broke and pursued each other in thick clouds over the fair and peaceful sky.

"Gazing at this unmistakable symbol of the fight below, I could scarcely forbear smiling at the different speculations of my companions in the boat. The servants, men of peace, declared and hoped it was only 'a salute,' fired by the Dâoodpotras in honour of the allies who had joined them; but the horsemen knit their brows, and devoutly cried 'Al-lah! Al-lah!' at every shot, with an emphasis like pain on the last syllable. They quite *felt* there was a fight going on.

"For my own part, I felt so too; and as I stepped on shore, and buckled the strap of my cap under my chin, I remember thinking that no Englishman could be beaten on the 18th of June.

"Nor am I ashamed to remember that I bethought me of a still happier omen, and a far more powerful aid—the goodness of my cause, and the God who defends the right. A young lieutenant who had seen but one campaign—alone, and without any of the means and appliances of such war as I had been apprenticed to—I was about to take command, in the midst of a battle, not only of one force whose courage I had never tried, but of another which I had never seen; and to engage a third, of which the numbers were uncertain, with the knowledge that defeat would immeasurably extend the rebellion which I had undertaken to suppress, and embarrass the Government which I had volunteered to serve. Yet, in that great extreme, I doubted only for a moment—one of those long

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moments to which some angel seems to hold a microscope and show millions of things within it. It came and went between the stirrup and the saddle. It brought with it difficulties, dangers, responsibilities, and possible consequences terrible to face; but it left none behind. I knew that I was fighting for the right. I asked God to help me do my duty, and I rode on, certain that He would do it.*

"On the shore, not a creature was to be seen, so we had to take the smoke and roar of the guns for our guides to the field of battle. But how to find out our own side was the difficulty, and not to fall into the hands of the enemy. On one side, the firing was regular, and apparently from guns of equal calibre; on the other side irregular and unequal, as if from guns of different sizes.

"Obliged to choose between them, I paid the enemy the compliment of supposing their guns would be the best, and those of Bháwul Khan the worst, and rode straight through the jungle to the latter.

"At the village of Kineyree I got a wretched peasant to put us in the road, though he would not go a yard along with us; and soon we met a horseman who had been despatched by Foujdar Khan to tell me what had happened, and conduct me to the field.

"This was Peer Mohammed Khan, Foujdar's uncle; and from him I learnt that Rung Rám had marched before dawn from Bukree to seize the ferry at Kineyree, but finding it occupied by my men and the Dâoodpotras, had taken up a strong position on the salt hills of the village of Noonár, and then opened on the allies. Hot-tempered, brave, but ignorant of fields, and consequently rash, the Dâoodpotra levies lifted up their voices in one vast shout of their master's name,† then rushed impetuously forward, without either waiting for an order or asking for a plan. Their very baggage was mixed up with them; the artillery was entangled; and the fire which poured down from the heights of Noonár was so different from the matchlock volleys of their own border warfare, that they staggered, stopped, and finally fell back in a mass of confusion upon a village in their rear. Here Peer Ibraheem Khan, assisted by the oldest soldiers in the Nuwab's army, endeavoured to restore order, and persuade their General to issue the necessary commands for taking up a position, occupying the village, knocking embrasures out of the mud walls for the artillery, extricating the baggage and sending it to the rear, and, in short, putting themselves into something like an attitude of defence, since it was clear they were unable to attack.

"It was at this moment that, led by Peer Mohammed, I arrived upon the field, a plain covered with jungle, amongst which loaded camels were passing to the rear, out of range of the enemy's guns, and detachments

* Not certain of the issue, observe; but feeling safe that, whatever the issue, his own work would be, after his prayer, the best that could be done. [J. R.]

† Nothing can exceed the reverence with which the Dâoodpotra tribe regard their master, the Nuwab, or, as they call him, the Khan. They have a most impressive custom of calling on his name every evening, just as the sun sets below the horizon, the whole camp joining their voices as one man. The same takes place when they enter battle.

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of wild-looking warriors, with red hair and beards,* were taking up a line of posts. Suddenly, a European stepped out of the crowd, and advanced to me in a hurried manner, wiping his forehead, and exclaiming, 'Oh, Sir, our army is disorganised!'—a pleasing salutation on arriving at a field of battle! He then told me his name was Macpherson, and that he commanded one of the Nuwab's two regular regiments. I asked him where his General was? He laughed, and pointed to a large peepul-tree, round which a crowd was gathered. I galloped up, and looking over the shoulders of the people, saw a little old man, in dirty clothes, and with nothing but a skull-cap on his head, sitting under the tree, with a rosary in his hands, the beads of which he was rapidly telling,† and muttering in a peevish, helpless manner, '*Ulhumdoolilláh! Ulhumdoolilláh!*' (God be praised! God be praised!) apparently quite abstracted from the scene around him, and utterly unconscious that six-pounder balls were going through the branches, that officers were imploring him for orders, and that eight or nine thousand rebels were waiting to destroy an army of which *he* was the General.

"He had to be shaken by his people before he could comprehend that I had arrived; and as he rose and tottered forward, looking vacantly in my face, I saw that excitement‡ had completed the imbecility of his years, and that I might as well talk to a post. Turning, therefore, to the many brave and experienced officers of his staff, and to Peer Ibraheem Khan, who now came up, I learnt the general nature of their position, and then struck out a plan for the day. 'Nothing,' I said, 'can be done with an army so disorganised as this, or with guns such as Peer Ibraheem describes yours to be. The enemy has taken up a strong position, and will probably prefer being attacked. It is not likely that he will attack us until he thinks we don't mean to attack him. We have therefore got the day before us. I will write to General Cortlandt on the other side of the river to send us over some guns that are better than the enemy's, and not a move must be made till they come. In the meanwhile, occupy yourselves with recovering the order of your force; make the whole lie down in line in the jungle; keep them as much under cover as possible, and let your artillery play away as hard as they can on the enemy's guns. Above all, stand fast, and be patient.'

"The Nuwab's officers readily comprehended what was to be done, and cheerfully promised obedience.

"I then betook myself to the left, where I heard that my own three thousand men were posted; and as I rode down the Dâoodpotra line, and received the loud greetings of the soldiers, I saw how timely had been my arrival. I had not joined them in a moment of triumph, but of trial. They found their ally for the first time when (in Asia at least) allies are most seldom found—in the hour of difficulty; and seeing even a single

* The Dâoodpotras are as fond of staining their hair red with henna, as other nations are of staining it black.

† I am not so much of a Turk, myself, as to know how *they* use their rosaries. I hope the reader knows more about it. [J. R.]

‡ I say excitement, and not fear, because I have been assured that in former years he possessed the one good quality of courage.

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British officer come among them to share dangers which they were encountering for the British Government, they felt its justice, and took heart again.

"On reaching the left of the Dâoodpotras, I found their straggling front prolonged by my own three thousand men, who had stuck their standards upright in the turf, and were lying down in a beautiful line between them. This was the work of Foujdar Khan; but I loudly praised all the other officers as they flocked about me.*

"I now dismounted from my horse, and asked (without much hope) if any one had got pen and paper.

"'Sahib!' replied a well-known voice behind me; and turning, I beheld Sudda Sookh,† the moonshee of my office, pulling out a Cachmere pen-box and paper from his girdle, just as quietly as if he had been in cutcherry. He had no sword, or other implements of war, but merely the writing materials, with which it was his duty to be furnished; and though he looked serious and grave, he was perfectly calm amid the roar of hostile cannon, and men's heads occasionally going off before his eyes.

"'What are you doing here, Sudda Sookh?' I asked in astonishment. He put up his hands respectfully, and answered: 'My place is with my master! I live by his service; and when he dies, I die!' A more striking instance of the quiet endurance of the Hindû character I never saw.

"Seating myself under a bush (in humble imitation of the Dâoodpotra General), I wrote two short notes to General Cortlandt, informing him of our critical position, and my belief that I could hold it until 3 P.M., by which time he must send me guns, or the battle would be lost.

"These two notes I sent by two different horsemen, with an interval of half-an-hour between them, and the second reached the General first.

"They were written at 8 A.M., and what I had engaged to do was to stave off Rung Rám's army for *seven hours*. Those seven hours I should never forget if I lived seven centuries.

"The firing on both sides continued for six hours without slackening; and though the Dâoodpotra artillery drew the heaviest of the enemy's fire on to the right of our line, yet my Puthâns on the left got so much more than they had ever been used to in the petty raids of their own frontier, that they were continually springing up and demanding to be led on against the enemy. 'Look here,' they cried, 'and there, and there' (pointing to men as they were hit), "are we to be all killed without striking a blow? What sort of war do you call this, where there is iron

* See his instant and subtle courtesy, and his knowledge of men. He could trust Foujdar Khan not to be jealous. [J. R.]

† "Sudda Sookh" was the same moonshee who taught Herbert the languages when he first went out to India and studied in order to pass his examinations. He remained with him all the years he was in India—a most faithful and loving servant to the master he greatly honoured and respected. He was the head moonshee of his office to the last—*an honest man*. (Lady Edwardes.) This is the most beautiful example of the Hindû character which occurs during the course of events included in this book. [J. R.]

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on one side, and only flesh and blood on the other? Lead us on, and let us strike a blow for our lives! If we are to die, let us die; but let us kill somebody first!'

"Then the officers crowded round, and every one thought he was a General; and 'if I would only listen to *him*' (pulling me by the sleeve to interrupt my rebuke to some one else), 'the battle would be mine.' But of all the advisers, I must do them the justice to say, that none counselled a retreat. Every voice was for attack. Foujdar Khan, and one or two others, alone supported my opinion, that we must wait for General Cortlandt's guns. Happily, I had no doubt or misgiving in my own mind. I never had a clearer conviction in my life than I had that day that I was right, and they were wrong; and with a patience, which in the ordinary affairs of life I never had possessed, I strove hour after hour to calm that rash and excited throng, and assure them that when the proper moment should arrive, I myself would lead them on.

"And so I sat out those seven hours, under a June sun, with no shade but that of a bush, and neither a drop of water nor a breath of air to lessen the intolerable heat.

"A little after 2 P.M. the Dâoodpotras began to slacken the fire of their artillery; and, as I afterwards learnt, Futteh Mohammed, without giving me any information, and without any sort of necessity, gradually withdrew his own line, beginning with the right, and commenced falling back upon the river.

"The ground we held all day was covered with jungle, which both screened and protected us so long as we lay down. No sooner, however, did the Dâoodpotras retire, than the enemy from their high post at Noonár detected the movement, and determined to follow up their advantage.

"Slowly their infantry and artillery were disengaged from the village at Noonár, and their cavalry employed the interval in reconnoitring our position.

"Foujdar Khan had brought across the Chenab the ten zumbooruhs which we had captured from the rebels at Leia. As yet I had not allowed these to be fired, for fear of betraying our position; but they were now opened with effect on the reconnoitring parties of horse, who hastily fell back on the main body with the intelligence they had gained. This was about three o'clock. A short pause followed, and then the whole fire of the rebels was turned from the retiring Dâoodpotras on to the newly-discovered enemy still occupying the left.

"If the wild Puthán levies had been difficult to restrain before, they were now perfectly mad, as the shot tore through their ranks and ploughed up the ground on which they lay; and when presently the fire ceased, and bodies of horse were again seen stealing up towards our front in numbers that set our ten miserable zumbooruhs at defiance, I saw that none but the most desperate expedient could stave off the battle any longer.

"Imploring the infantry to lie still yet a little longer, I ordered Foujdar Khan, and all the chiefs and officers who had horses, to mount; and forming themselves into a compact body, charge down on the rebel cavalry, and endeavour to drive them back upon the foot. 'Put off the fight,' I whispered to Foujdar, 'or not a man of us will leave this field.'

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"Gladly did those brave men get the word to do a deed so desperate, but with set teeth I watched them mount, and wondered how many of my choicest officers would come back.

"Spreading their hands to heaven, the noble band solemnly repeated the creed of their religion, as though it were their last act on earth, then passed their hands over their beards with the haughtiness of martyrs, and drawing their swords, dashed out of the jungle into the ranks of the enemy's horse, who, taken wholly by surprise, turned round and fled, pursued by Foujdar and his companions to within a few hundred yards of the rebel line, which halted to receive its panic-stricken friends.

"In executing this brilliant service, Foujdar Khan received two severe wounds, and few who returned came back untouched. Many fell."

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CHAPTER XVI

THE GIFT OF ESAUKHEYL

[In this chapter Ruskin quotes from *A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. ii. pp. 326–329.]

"The purpose, however, was completely answered; for though the enemy quickly rallied, and advanced again in wrath, and I had just made up my mind that there was nothing now left but a charge of our whole line, unsupported by a single gun, of which there could have been but one result—our total annihilation—at that moment of moments might be heard the bugle-note of artillery in the rear. 'Hush!' cried every voice, while each ear was strained to catch that friendly sound once more. Again it sounds—and again. The guns have come at last—thank God!

"'Quick, quick, orderlies, and bring them up. There's not a moment to be lost! Now, officers, to your posts, every one to his own standard and his own men. Let the infantry stand up, and get into as good a line as the jungle will allow; let none advance until I give the word; but when the word is given, the duty of every chief is this,—to keep the standard of his own retainers in a line with the standards right and left of him. Break the line, and you will be beaten; keep it, and you are sure of victory.'*

"Away they scattered, and up sprang their shouting brotherhoods. Standards were plucked up, and shaken in the wind; ranks closed, swords grasped, and matches blown; and the long line waved backwards and forwards with agitation, as it stood between the coming friend and coming foe. Louder and louder grew the murmur of the advancing rebel host; more distinct and clear the bugles of the friendly guns. And now the rattling of the wheels is heard, the crack of whips, and clank of chains, as they labour to come up; the crowd falls back, a road is cleared, we see the foremost gun, and amid shouts of welcome it gallops to the front.

"Oh the thankfulness of that moment! the relief, the weight removed, the elastic bound of the heart's main-spring into its place after being pressed down for seven protracted hours of waiting for a reinforcement that might never come! Now all is clear before us. Our chance is nearly as good as theirs; and who asks more?

"One, two, three, four, five, *six*† guns had come; and panting after

* This is the only manœuvre I ever attempted to instil into that impatient mass.

† In my despatch after the battle, I reported my own guns as ten, and those captured from the enemy as six; but we had only six of our own, and took eight—errors on the right side.

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them, with clattering cartridge-boxes, might be seen two regiments of regular infantry—Soobhan Khan's corps of Moossulmâns, and General Cortlandt's Sooruj Mookhee. It was well thought of by the General, for I had only asked for guns; but he judged well that two regiments would be worth their weight in gold at such a pinch.

"There was scant time for taking breath, for the enemy was close at hand; so bidding the guns come with me, the two new regiments to follow on the guns, and the whole irregular line advance steadily in rear under command of Foujdar Khan, I led the artillery through the trees on to the cultivated plain beyond. There we first saw the enemy's line.

"Directly in my front, Moolraj's regular troops were pushing their way in some confusion over fields of sugar; and through an interval of space caused by a few wells and houses, some horse-artillery guns were emerging on the plain.

"Round went our guns; and round went theirs; and in an instant both were discharged into each other. It was a complete surprise, for the rebels believed truly that all the guns we had in the morning had left the field with the Dâoodpotras; and of the arrival of the others they were ignorant. Down sank their whole line among the long stalks of the sugar; and as we afterwards learnt from a Goorkha prisoner, the fatal word was passed that the 'Sahib had got across the river with all his army from Dera Ghazee Khan, and led them into an ambush.' To and fro rode their astonished and vacillating Colonels; and while the guns maintained the battle, the intelligence was sent by swift horsemen to the rebel General, Rung Rám, who, seated on an elephant, looked safely down upon the fight from the hills around the village of Noonár.

"Meanwhile the Sooruj Mookhee and Soobhan Khan's regiments had come up, followed closely by the line; and I made the two former lie down on the left and right of the artillery, and the latter halt under cover of the trees.

"The gunners were getting warm. 'Grape! grape!' at length shouted the Commandant; 'it's close enough for grape;' and the enemy thought so too, for the next round rushed over our heads like a flight of eagles. And there for the first time, and the last in my short experience of war, did I see hostile artillery *firing grape into each other*. It was well for us that the enemy was taken by surprise, for they aimed high, and did little mischief. General Cortlandt's artillery were well trained and steady, and their aim was true. Two guns were quickly silenced, and the rest seemed slackening and firing wild. A happy charge might carry all. I gave the order to Soobhan Khan's regiment to attack, and away they went; Soobhan Khan himself, a stout heavy soldier, leading them on, and leaping over bushes like a boy. Before this regiment could reach the battery an incident characteristic of irregular troops occurred. A cluster of half-a-dozen horsemen dashed out from the trees behind me, and passing the regiment, threw themselves on the enemy's guns. Their leader received a ball full in his face, and fell over the 'cannon's mouth.' It was Shah Niwaz Khan of Esaukheyl."[1]

[1] ["Whose family," adds Sir Herbert Edwardes, "I had recalled from exile to rule over their own country."]

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CHAPTER XVII

CONCLUSION

[Ruskin here quotes from *A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. ii. pp. 330–332.]

"The regiment followed, and carried at the point of the bayonet the only gun which awaited their assault. Another gun lay dismounted on the ground.

"While this was doing, our guns poured grape into the cover where the rebel infantry were lying; and these, hearing their own artillery retire before Soobhan Khan's charge, retreated hastily through the high crops with which the fields were covered, but suffered heavily from the fire behind them, and formed again in great confusion when they reached their guns.

"Our whole force now advanced over the contested ground, the men shouting as they passed the captured guns. The enemy then rallied, and the artillery on both sides reopened.

"It was at this point of the battle that a small body of cavalry approached our battery from the left. I asked an orderly if he knew who they were? He thought they were Foujdar Khan and the mounted chiefs of the Puthâns, and I had just turned my horse to ride towards them with an order, when a single horseman advanced, and, taking a deliberate aim, discharged a matchlock at me, within fifty or sixty yards. The ball passed first through the sleeve of the brown holland blouse which I had on, then through my shirt, and out again on the other side through both, and must have been within a hair's-breadth of my elbow. But the party paid dearly for their daring, for two guns were instantly laid on them, and horses and riders were soon rolling in the dust.

"And now I gave the word for the whole line of wild Puthâns to be let loose upon the enemy. One volley from our battery, and they plunged into the smoke-enveloped space between the armies with a yell that had been gathering malice through hours of impatient suffering. The smoke cleared off, and the artillerymen of two more rebel guns were dying desperately at their posts, their line was in full retreat upon Noonár, and the plain was a mass of scattered skirmishes.

"Once more our artillery galloped to the front, and harassed the disordered enemy. In vain the rebels tried to rally and reply. Our infantry was on them, and another and another gun was abandoned in the flight. Rung Râm, their General, had long since fled; Moolraj's Puthân cavalry, who had stood aloof throughout the battle, were supposed to have gone over; the regular regiments, and especially the Goorkhas (who had deserted

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Agnew and Anderson at Mooltan, and now fought with halters round their necks), had borne the brunt of the day, and suffered heavily. More than half the artillery had been already lost. The pursuit was hot, and fresh and overwhelming numbers seemed to be pouring in upon both flanks; for at this juncture the Dâoodpotras had come up again, and were burning to retrieve their place.

"Thus, without a General, without order, and without hope, the rebels were driven back upon Noonár; and having placed its sheltering heights between them and their pursuers for a moment, they threw aside shame and arms, and fled, without once halting, to Mooltan.

"Few indeed would have reached that place had I had any cavalry to carry on the pursuit; as it was, the cavalry of Nuwab Bháwul Khan maintained it for some miles, and brought in two more guns at nightfall. Out of ten that the rebels brought into the field of Kineyree, but two returned to Mooltan.

"Their camp at Noonár, and all their ammunition, fell into our hands; and the former furnished many of our irregular levies with tents for the first time.

"On our side, upwards of three hundred* men were killed or wounded in my own and the Nuwab's forces, and the enemy left five hundred dead upon the field.

"And so ended the battle of Kineyree, which began a little after 7 A.M., and was not decided till half-past 4 P.M.

"At 5 P.M., after nine hours' constant exertion of mind and body, under a fiery sun, I leave the reader to imagine the feelings of thankfulness with which I sat down at Noonár, on the very ground occupied by Moolraj's army in the morning, and penned a hurried despatch to the Resident, announcing our victory."

There is no need to point the moral of such a story; but of its many pointed morals, let me note these following chief arrowheads.

* Observe, only three hundred lost out of fifteen thousand, and the victory, total and conclusive. I did not feel it necessary to fortify with notes the assertion made above (p. 480), of the needlessness of the slaughter at Waterloo; but I have since chanced on the following passage in the account of the battle given at the time in the *Quarterly Review*,[1] which contains a saying of the Duke's not often quoted, and of great significance. "The Duke's aides-de-camp,—men endeared to him by their long service in the career of glory, and by their personal devotion to him,—fell, killed or wounded, one after another. At one moment, when the Duke was very far advanced, observing the enemy's movements, one of his aides-de-camp ventured to hint that he was exposing himself too much. The Duke answered, with his noble simplicity, 'I know I am, but I must die, or see what they are doing.'" This is even worse than Lord Raglan's "Our presence here will be of the greatest advantage."[2] [J. R.]

[1] [See the number for July 1815; vol. xiii. p. 522.]
[2] [See above, p. 478.]

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You have seen * a course of actions, political and military, carried out from beginning to end without a fault—without a failure, and closing in unexampled success, on all sides, and in the most difficult circumstances. But its success is not owing to Parliamentary, or any other sort of collective wisdom. It is not by a majority of votes that the Bunnoochees throw down their forts—or that the Sikhs recross the Indus—or that the Afghans abide due time of battle. In every vital moment—the Right opinion is in the minority of one!

It is not, then, by political majorities that you will get your business done well—neither is it, according to the common saying, by getting the right man in the right place. Sir Herbert fits himself for any kind of place, and is magistrate, ambassador, minister, or general, as occasion calls. You need not think to measure the angles and the contents either of places or men. See only that you set over every business vital to you, *one* man of sense, honour, and heart.

Yet again;—you rejoice, and are proud, that your Queen, by the ministry of her brave officers, may now most truly be called Empress of India.[1] Would it not, therefore, be well to see that she be also Empress of England: and that you are yourselves doing what the Queen would like you to do; and acting faithfully under *her* orders, instead of under the orders of the last penny print, or last absconding stockjobber?

And to close.

I do not, by any words of mine, think to deepen the impression made on you by those of the Christian hero, whose Heaven-guarded life you have to-day watched through

* Hence to the close I leave the text of original lecture—addressed now, not to the good people of Coniston only, but to the British public in general.[2]

[1] [For another reference to this title, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 74 (Vol. XXIX. p. 40 *n.*).]

[2] [In a letter of June 26, 1886 (reprinted in a later volume of this edition), Ruskin referred to this closing passage in connexion with his political opinions.]

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every danger to victory. But I may tell you that the most grave personal lesson I ever received from friendship, was when Sir Herbert Edwardes read to me, in my father's house, Wordsworth's poem of the "Happy Warrior,"[1] and showed me that it was no symbol of imaginary character, but the practical description of what every soldier ought to be.

Such, in truth, and to the utmost, were Havelock—Lawrence—Edwardes,—and (he himself would have added) many more of the sons of Sacred England, who went forth for her, not only conquering, and to conquer,[2] but saving, and to save. Crusaders these indeed,—now resting all of them on their red-cross shields among the dead—but who may yet see, as the stars see in their courses, the Moabite Ruth, and the Arab Hagar, look up from their desolation to their Mother of England; saying,—"Thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God!"[3]

[1] [See Vol. XVIII. p. 516, for this incident.]
[2] [Revelation vi. 2.]
[3] [Ruth i. 16.]

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APPENDIX

PASSAGES FROM THE FIRST DRAFT OF "A KNIGHT'S FAITH"

1. THE GEOGRAPHY OF INDIA

IN order to qualify myself for the office of Editor to this book, giving account of an Englishman's influence in a province of India, I conceive it first of all necessary to learn something myself clearly, concerning the geography of total India, and to recall what fading fragments of knowledge remain to me, of what I had heard about Indian people and things, that out of such small personal property of knowledge I may accurately dispense to the reader what to him may be indispensable.

I say the "*geography*" of India, observe:—not the "Residentography," "Presidentography," or "Politography." Opening my best Atlas (Black's General) at the elaborate map—misty with delicately illegible names, some fifty thousand of them utterly useless to all mortals—forming a grey tone over the double folio page—I find the great inversely pyramidal space of all India stained so as to distinguish it into four irregular, and evidently quite irrational and accidental enclosures of space, through and across which, to be laboriously picked up, when one has once got on the trail of them, I find sprinkled an erratic diluvium of capital letters—forming indeed names somehow and somewhere; but names that have nothing whatever to do with the colours, and round which no limits or fences of the countries they belong to can be found: while by reference to a marginal note I discover that the iridescent colours express only "the Bengal Presidency," "the Madras Presidency," "the Bombay Presidency," and the "Independent States"—divisions which, alterable to-morrow by the scratch of a clerk's pen,[1] may indeed be of importance to people going into the Civil Service of Peace, or Uncivil service of War: but are of no concernment whatever to the student of either Indian Geography or Indian Race. And it is of the Earth of India, and the Soil of it, that the purpose of this book is to tell.

Closing my grand Atlas, and taking up my schoolboy's one—Harrow: Crossley and Clarke, 1856[2]—I find that India is represented thereon to the schoolboy mind, as mottled into a sort of shawl-pattern by patches of yellow and pink, wonderfully crinkled and crumpled at the edges, and

[1] [As, for instance, the Partition of Bengal in 1905.]

[2] [For other references to this atlas, see Vol. XV. p. 441 *n.*; and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 95 (Vol. XXIX. p. 504 *n.*, where "Crowley" is a misprint for "Crossley").]

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vigorously defined by a crimson line of boundary. These I perceive to be also sprinkled over with names, of which generally one third of the letters are in a pink province, and two thirds in a yellow one. Looking more closely I find that most of the provinces are islands in the middle of others; and have other little islands of province inside themselves; and looking more closely still, I perceive that it is not expected of me to depend for my final knowledge either on the colours or the capital letters—but on small numbers, hidden in unexpected corners, to the total of fifty (no—fifty-two—for twenty-four is doubled with "a")—these numbers, with absolutely no traceable limits round them, indicating by attached catalogue the "whereabouts" at least of such localities as "Bengal," "Chittagong," "Assam," &c.

Excited hereupon by my bright childish memories of the Royal Bengal Tiger,[1] I close my still too elaborate school atlas and fall back to my earliest friend the Terrestrial Globe—which the present baby of the house rejoices in investigating, and above all in revolving with me. And applying hereto my simple method of map projection,—used in the *Laws of Fésole*,[2]—I draw for myself this first plan of total India[3] (omitting the islands—even Ceylon—for greater clearness of main idea), which I thus apprehend—and baby, when but a little older, will as easily apprehend with me—to be a triangular country, point southwards—roughly, two thousand miles long, and a thousand, less and more, wide (the ten degrees, you know, are always six hundred long miles;—so you can measure from the middle this way and that), for the most part flat and therefore riverless, the rain falling on it in a soaking and soppy manner, at its seasons; the soil of it, mainly muddy, absorbing the same and restoring it, chiefly in the form of rice and reptiles, to the Universe, thus mightily—often monstrously—differing from the granite and calcareous deserts of Africa, which are at least healthily uninhabitable and don't fester into filth and jungle, loathsomely alive with languid beasts and men.

2. THE PLAIN OF BUNNOO

I find the Bunnoo to be a country a hundred miles long, from east to west, and fifty broad—geographically, as a plain enclosed by mountains;—but politically—only some forty miles across, the northern ten miles of this valley being called Murwut. Practically it is the piece of land south of the southernmost part of the river Tochee.

This plain, being as nearly as possible of the size of the piece of Yorkshire north of the Humber and Aire, is enclosed on all sides by chains of mountain ground; by the mountains of Solomon on the west, by the Salt range on the north, by a branch of them on the east, which separates the valley of Bunnoo from that of the Indus, and on the south by the lower Buttunnee Hills. Why one range is called Solomon's, another Salt, and another Buttunnee, we will inquire further on.

[1] [The badge of the old 17th Foot, granted for services in India (1802–1823).]
[2] [See Vol. XV. pp. 440 *seq.*]
[3] [See above, Plate V. p. 388.]

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Out of Solomon's mountains, the river Tochee—out of the Salt mountains, the river Khoorum, descend into this plain, each through its mountain defile, join their waters in the centre of the plain, and are exhausted in its irrigation, all but a narrow thread of remainder stream, which is just strong enough to find its way down to the Indus.

[Here Ruskin noted for quotation passages from *A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, partly given above, p. 398.]

This most precious plain I find, then, at the time when Sir Herbert's story opens, had been scrambled for and, as far as scramblers can take possession of anything, taken possession of by a mongrel multitude, refuse of the Afghan tribes; generally described by Sir Herbert as "outlaws and vagabonds,"[1] but without telling me as fully as I want to know, whose laws they had broken, and from what homes they had wandered. Thinking over this matter quietly, it seems to me that we must allow for a greater distinction between the mountain and lowland tribes of India, than any existing between the races inhabiting the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland;—or those who debated to the death under what laws the Oberlands of the Alps and vineyards of Burgundy should be ruled. And if the mingling of the blue-eyed and noble race of the Scottish Lowlands with that of their Highland tormentors could be thought of by the latter—so lately as the year 1715—in any colour or temper such as that which Scott has assumed for the warp of his story of *Rob Roy*,* how much more must a tribe of shepherds inhabiting from dateless æras a chain of Alps, the mightiest in the world, have become separated, if pure in blood, from the languid nature of the labourer in the slimy and sultry plains of Hindostan; and how much of degradation and contempt must have accompanied the gradual development of a mixed race on the borders.

And so it had come to pass that the little plain of Bunnoo being entirely an out-of-the-way place, barred or moated by the Indus from the great plains of Hindostan, and yet like them in climate, and as it were a rubbish hole or pit among the mountains of which the real mountaineers disdained or disliked the necessary digging and irrigating, the lazier refuse of them slidders down into the dust hole, having yet so much of mountaineers' pride left in them that they do not choose to cultivate for

* "I dinna ken," said the undaunted Bailie, "if the kindred has ever been weel redd out to you yet, cousin—but it's ken'd, and can be proved. My mother, Elspeth MacFarlane, was the wife of my father, Deacon Nicol Jarvie—peace be wi' them baith!—and Elspeth was the daughter of Parlane MacFarlane, at the Sheeling o' Loch Sloy. Now, this Parlane MacFarlane, as his surviving daughter Maggy MacFarlane, *alias* MacNab, wha married Duncan MacNab o' Stuckavrallachan, can testify, stood as near to your gudeman, Robin MacGregor, as in the fourth degree of kindred, for——"

The virago lopped the genealogical tree, by demanding haughtily, "If a stream of rushing water acknowledged any relation with the portion withdrawn from it for the mean domestic uses of those who dwelt on its banks?"

"Vera true, kinswoman," said the Bailie; "but for a' that, the burn wad be glad to hae the mill-dam back again in simmer, when the chuckie stanes are white in the sun." (Ch. xxxi.)

[1] [*A Year on the Punjab Frontier*, vol. i. p. 62 (quoted above, p. 399).]

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themselves, but import cultivators and farmers from Hindostan;—and with so much of the mountaineers' dislike and ignorance of business that they cannot keep proper accounts with these farmers when they have got them, but must import also Hindoo merchants and stewards, and remain more or less at the mercy of these, and of their own priests—of whom presently—they themselves neither reaping crops nor gathering money; but living a partly idle, partly military life, not so wholly degraded but that it can maintain itself independently after a fashion, covering the country with mud fortresses, and refusing obedience to their own former Afghan governors on the one side, and to the Sikhs on the other, except when the latter send invading and pillaging armies whose retreat must be paid for in some kind of tribute.

I have used the word "Hindoo" in the preceding paragraph simply in meaning an inhabitant of the great plain of Hindostan. That it signifies also the devotee of a particular religion is an unlucky chance of language (partly following necessarily on the facts of things, but partly also, too long admitted by the carelessness of scholars), which greatly complicates and confuses our powers of rightly thinking out any Eastern History. The fact on which the practice is grounded is that most Asiatic nations, and especially this central one, practically limit their faiths to their native lands, and are neither travellers nor missionaries;—so that one may talk of the Hindoo religion as of the Indian climate, and of the Chinese or Japanese religion as of Chinese or Japanese plants—but when we have any account to give of wandering and adventurous races like the Normans, Franks, Turks, or Arabs, their religions (being the staple articles which for the most part they offer in exchange for other people's more material properties) are definable in abstract terms; and the distinction between Christian and Mahometan is a much more trenchant and vital one than that between the Spaniard and the Moor, or the Venetian and the Arab. Whereas, when we have to deal with Indian races, the national difference between a Hindoo and a Bunnoochee and a Cashmere shepherd is much more vital than that between their several faiths; and the vague and elementary notions which any of the three can form of the spiritual world may often be almost ignored by the historian, except in the one general certitude that, whatever their theologic definition, the belief in them always makes bad men worse, and good men better.

Nevertheless, it greatly increased the difficulty of Sir Herbert's task in Bunnoo, and it called for peculiar sagacity and admirable subtlety on his part, that the several groups of humanity with which he had to act—and over which he had to exercise, above all things, moral control—were each separated from the other by irreconcileable, as unintelligible, differences of creed, while it adds very singularly to the interest which the entire history possesses in the eyes of a thoughtful observer, that the eddy of the mingling Afghan, Indian, and Sikh religions in this narrow hollow of the Mountains of Solomon marks—like one of the whirlpools of Indus in the lee of its sandy islets—the limit between the Western and Eastern worlds, hitherto impassable, and set, as by heaven's decree, so that "they who would pass from hence to them, cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence."[1]

[1] [Luke xvi. 26.]

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APPENDIX

SPECIMENS OF RUSKIN'S MUSIC

1. AT MARMION'S GRAVE
2. "ON OLD ÆGINA'S ROCK" (*Facsimile of Ruskin's MS.*)
3. FAUNE NYMPHARUM (*Facsimile*)
4. "COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS" (*Facsimile*)
5. "TRUST THOU THY LOVE" (*Facsimile*)
6. A NOTE OF WELCOME (*Mrs. Severn's copy*)

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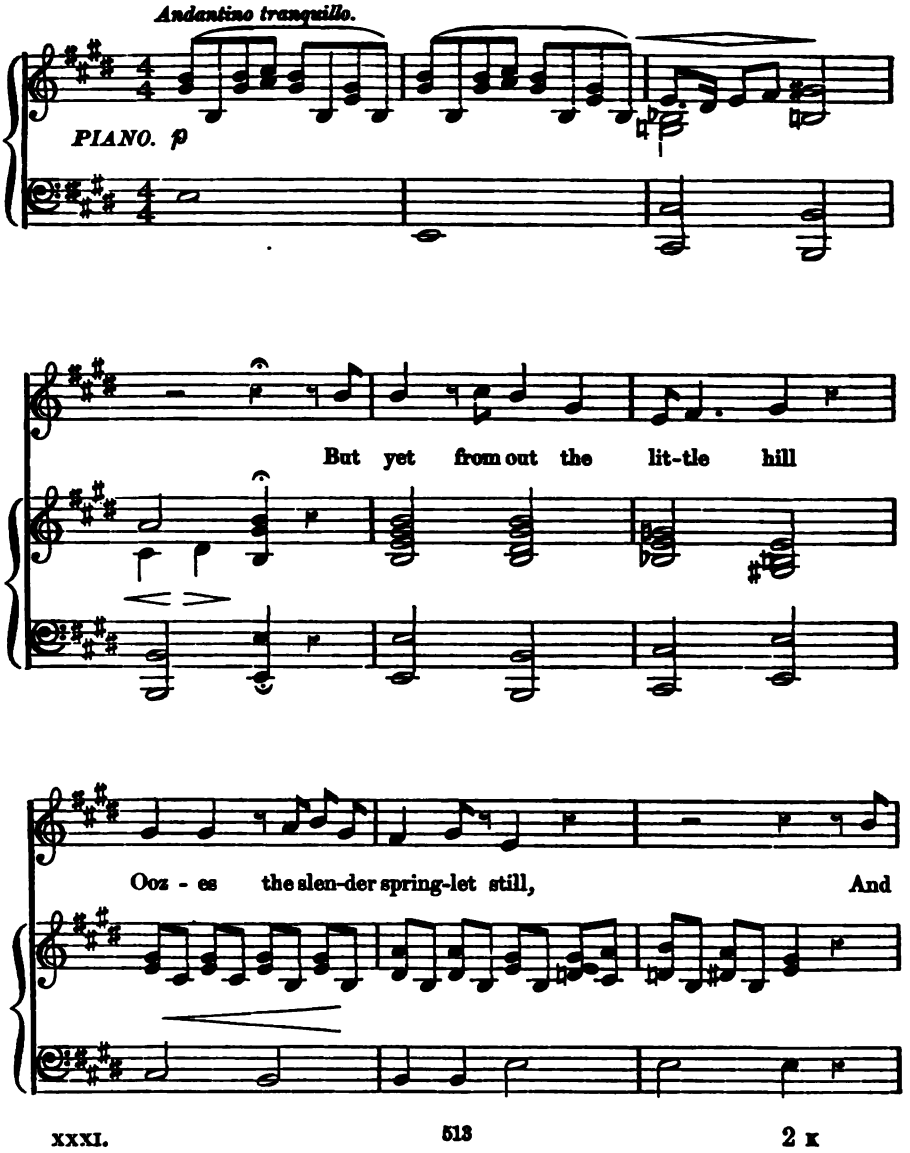
AT MARMION'S GRAVE

WORDS BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

AIR BY JOHN RUSKIN, 1881



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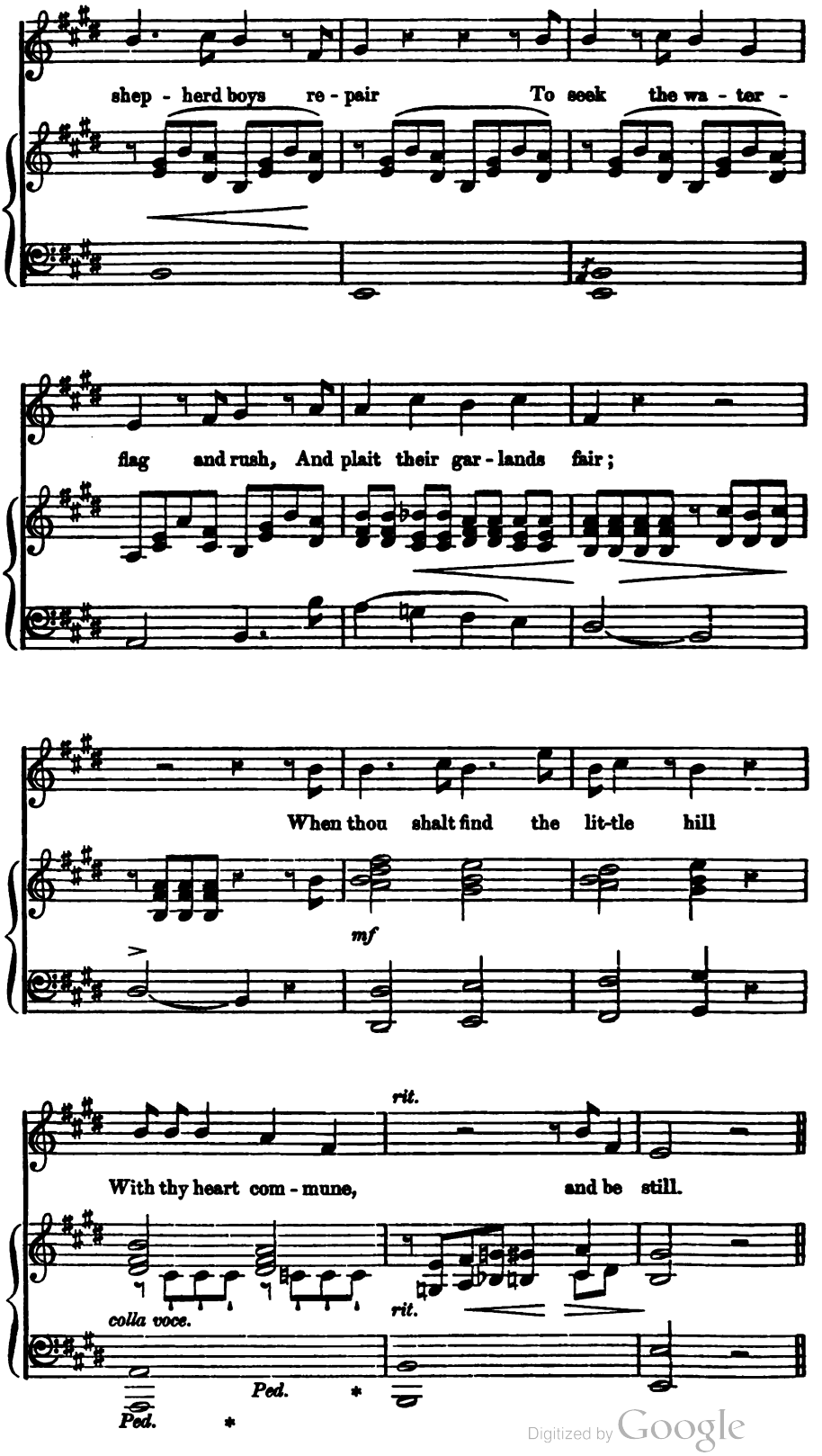

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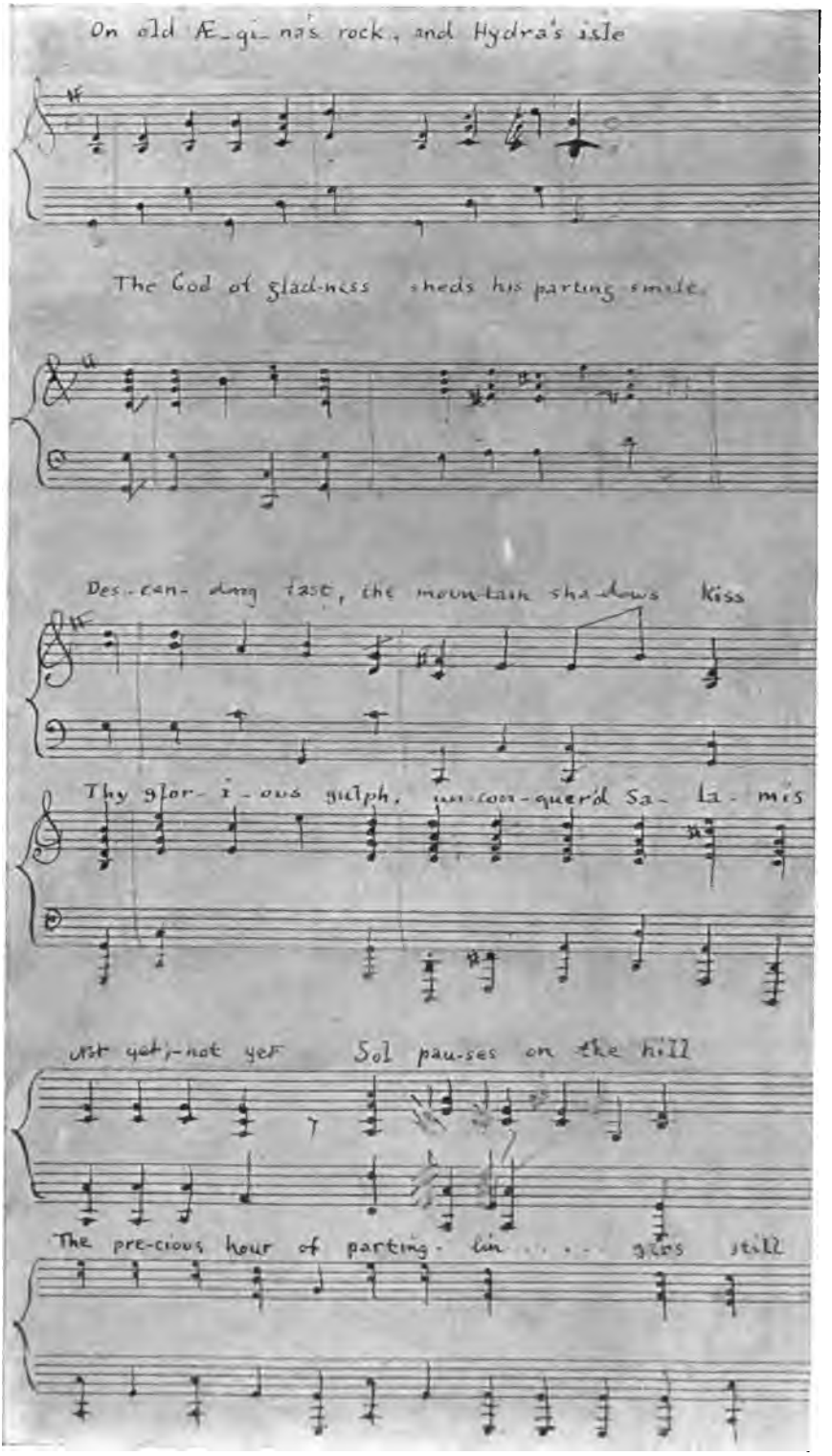

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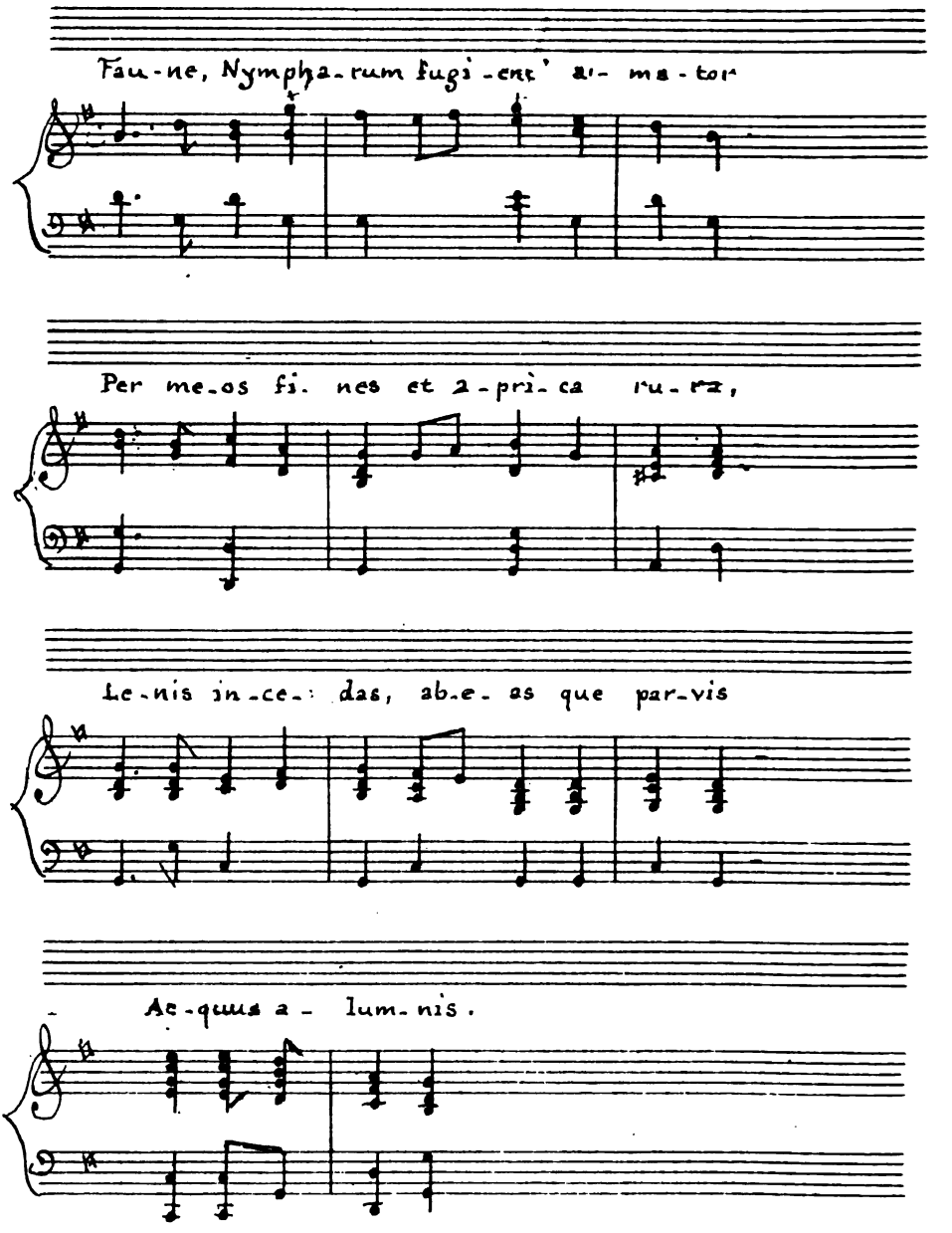
The Long line is 1/8th of a minute.
The whole verse in half a minute

FAUNE, NYMPHARVM.

It goes comfortably in 25 seconds.



1

Fau-ne, Nympha-rum fugi-ent' a-ma-tor

Per me-os fi-nes et a-pri-ca ru-ra,

Le-nis in-ce-das, ab-e-as que par-vis

Ac-quus a-lum-nis.

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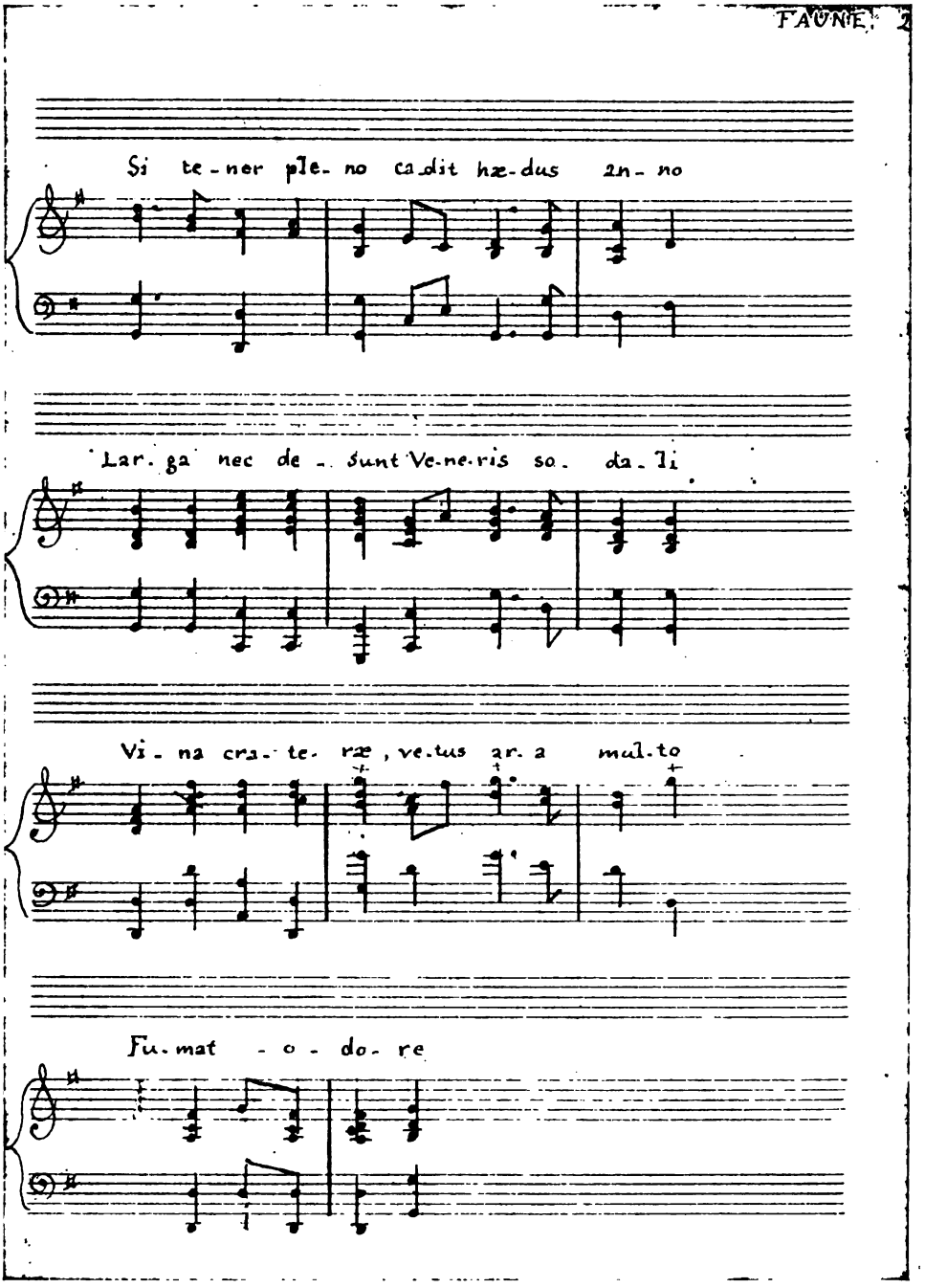

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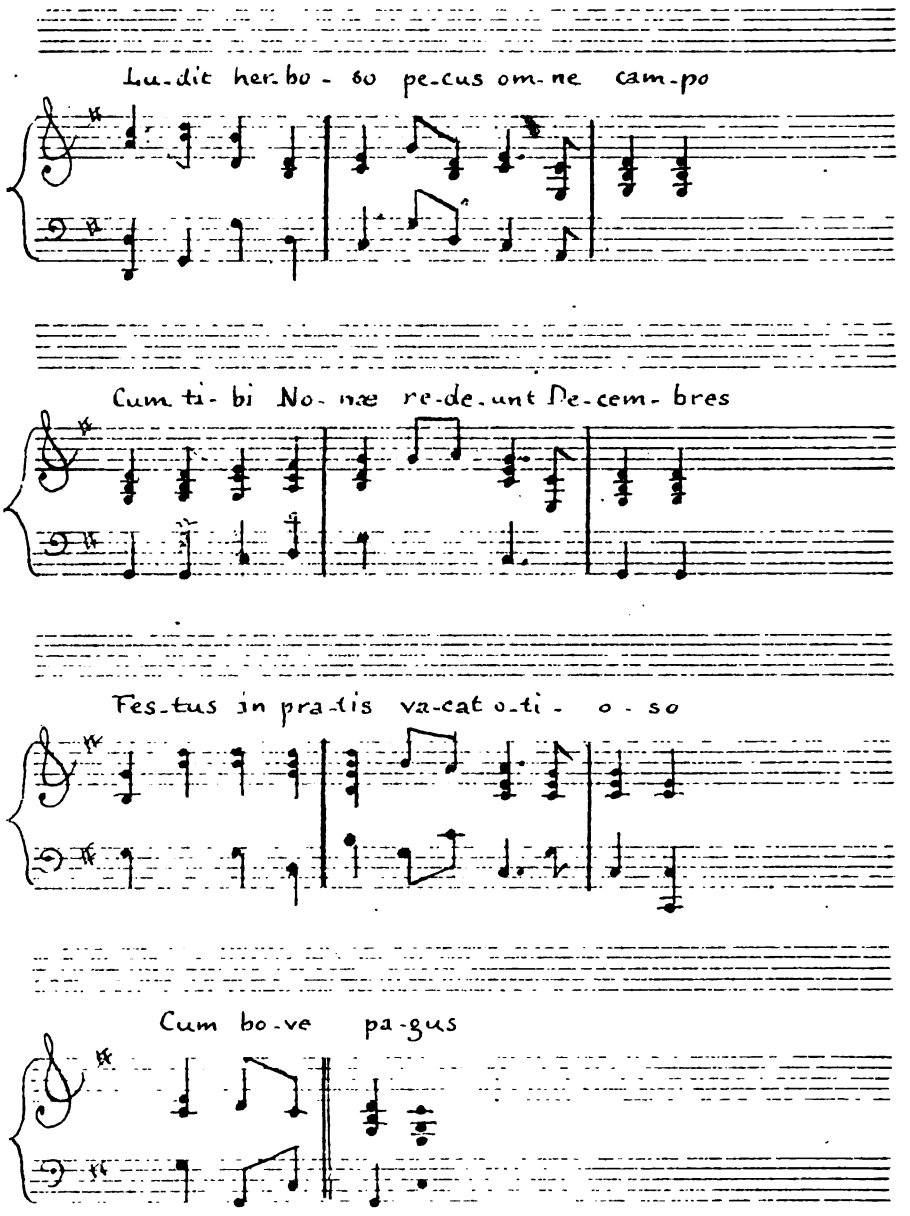
FAUNE. 3



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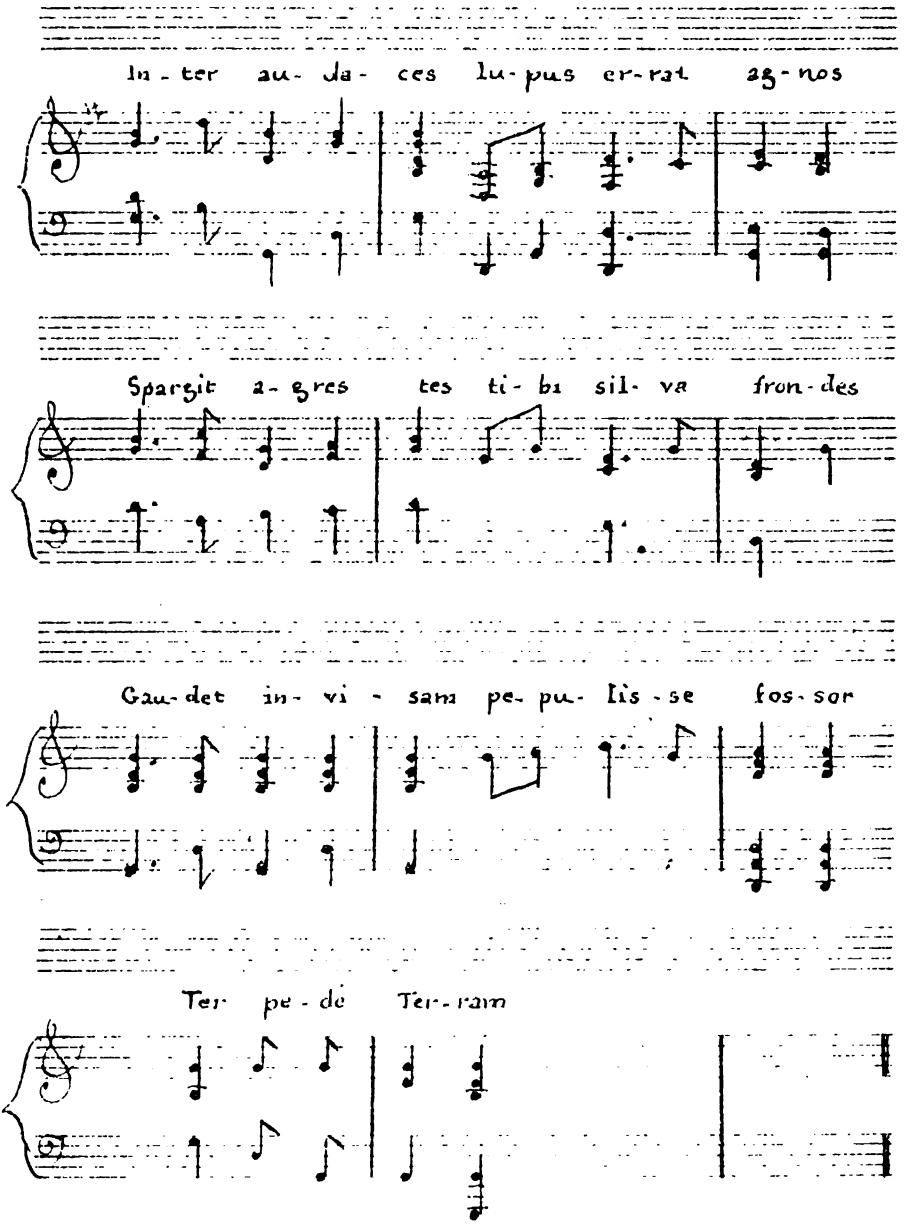
FAUNE.
4



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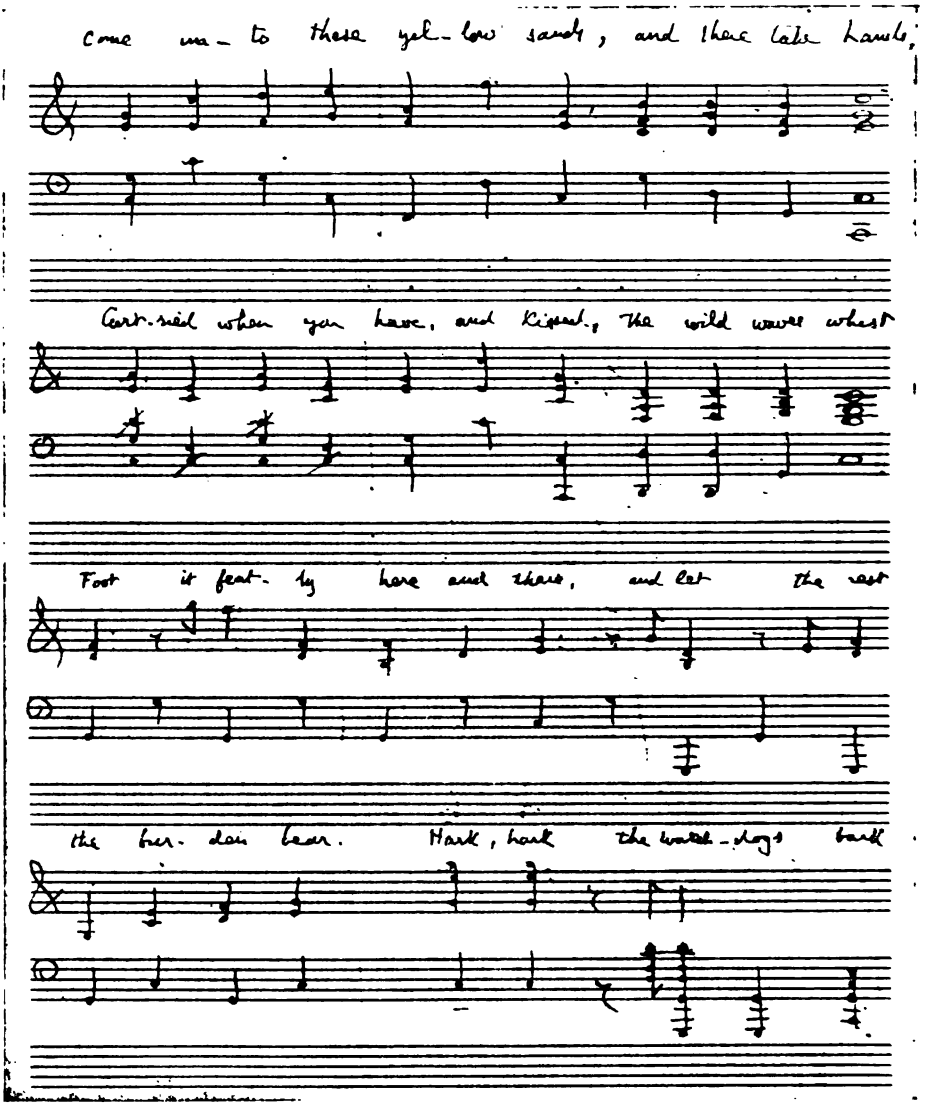
"COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS"



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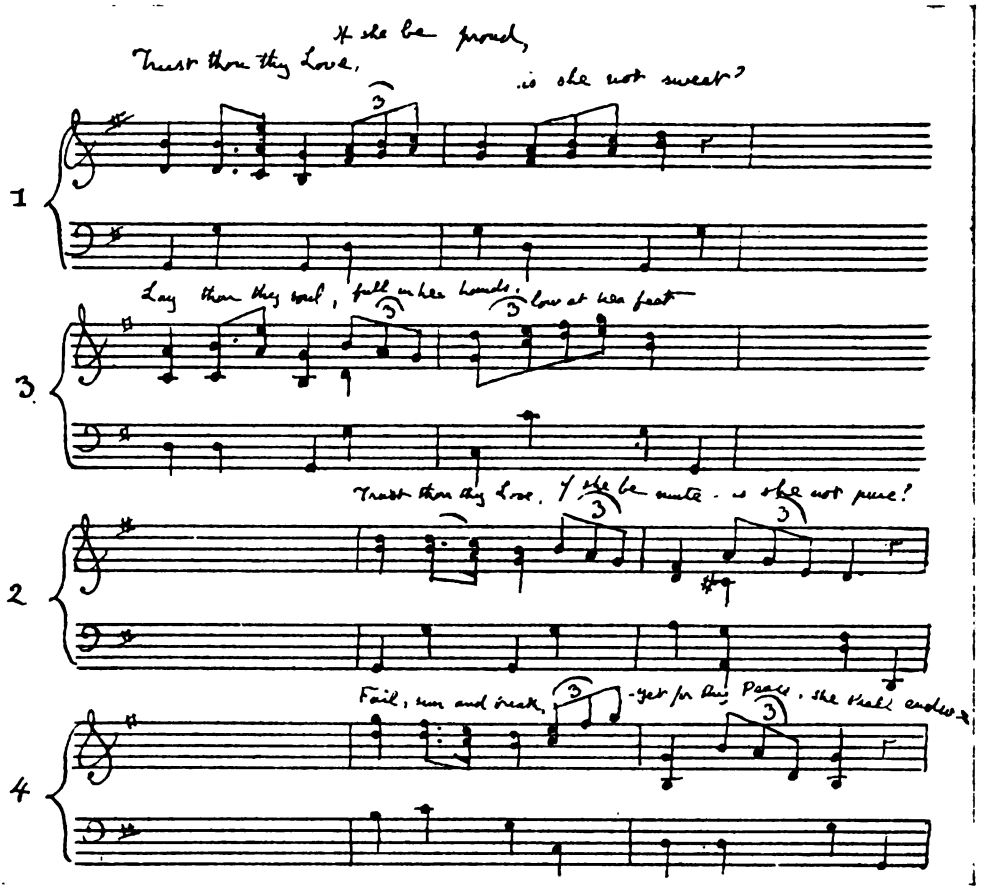
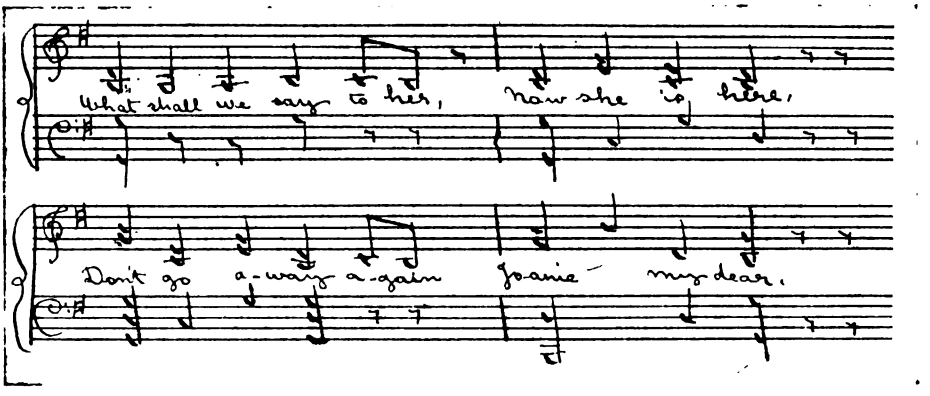


A NOTE OF WELCOME



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